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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 5.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.50, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea. Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 18, 1899, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15 a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8.30, then 9.30 p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden 8.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co. for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS.
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hav, Straw,
Coal and Wood
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 415 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Troubled With Corns?
QUICK EASE CORN CURE
Will remove them. Prepared by
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

GLUSKAP'S HOUND.

[Canadian legend.]

They slew a god in a valley
  That faces the wooded west,
They held him down in their anger,
  With a mountain across his breast,
And all night through and all night long
  His hound will take no rest.

From the low woods, black as sorrow,
  That marshal along the lake
A cry breaks out on the stillness
  As if the dead would wake—
The cry of the faithful dog, who runs
  No more for the running's sake,

But follows the sides of the valley
  And the old familiar trail,
With his nose to the ground and his eyes
  Red lights in the cedar swale;
All night long and all night through
  Till the heavy east grows pale.

Some say he foreheralds tempest,
  Outrunning the wind in the air.
When the willows are blowing yellow
  And the alders are wet and bare,
He hunts, with no joy in the hunting,
  Giving tongue to his mad despair.

Another stick on the campfire,
  For the shadows are leaning near,
And something runs in the thicket
  That the spruces bend to hear!
The white stars wonder why he runs,
  With his grief of a thousand year.

—Theodore Roberts in Youth's Companion.

THE CONSCIENCE STRICKEN CAPTAIN.

A Tale of the Sea In Which Summary Punishment Is Meted Out to Two Cowards

BY CAPTAIN A. J. KENEALY.

Copyright, 1899, by Ervin Wardman.

It was in the East India museum at Salem, Mass., that I first met my friend the captain. He was gazing reminiscently at a large case of curios which he had brought from Calcutta ever so many years ago. Fashioned in Benares by the cunning hands of Hindoo artificers, the exhibit was representative of the ingenious handicraft of those patient and indefatigable workers. The glass case on which his eyes were fixed mournfully and yearningly reminded him perhaps of Salem's maritime decadence.

In the good old times Salem's clippers were the proudest and fastest of all the gallant argosies that plowed the southern ocean, bravely breasting the towering seas encountered off the Cape of Good Hope when running "easting" down and making fast passages out and home. Then it was that Salem had a mighty rival in Boston, and the fastest vessel picked up the choicest freight from the Indian, Chinese and Parsee merchants anxious to send by the smartest ship their soft and gleaming silks, their fragrant teas and aromatic spices and all the other fantastic products of their old and storied countries to the new and rising nation of the occident.

I don't know how it was that I came to be on speaking terms with my friend the captain. There is a kind of Freemasonry among those who follow or have followed that cruel and capricious mistress, the sea, for a livelihood that frequently amounts to a magnetic attraction, just as two ships in the doldrums, without a breath of air blowing or an inch of current running, gradually will approach each other, coming nearer and nearer, until eventually (if the calm continues) they drift close alongside each other and either collide or exchange friendly courtesies.

In the same mysteriously magnetic way the captain and I drifted together and became good chums. He was a striking personality. Although past his ninetieth year, his eyes had not lost their fire. Above the average height of man, he towered erect in spite of his burden of days, and his white hair, eyebrows and beard were in striking contrast to his mahogany complexion, tanned by many tropical suns. He had a powerful Roman nose, a short upper lip and a massive lower jaw, denoting dogged determination and an obstinate will.

He was clad in the costume affected by mariners a half century ago—a blue coat and waistcoat with brass buttons, trousers of snowy duck, a white shirt and well starched choker. On his crisp thatch of glistening silver hair he wore an easy hat of felt.

It had an irresistible fascination for him, he said, that quaint old museum at Salem. There he spent much of his time. It reminded him of his past. An old East India skipper feels always a longing to revisit the scenes of his earlier triumphs.

The captain lived in a delightful cottage outside the town, far from the maddening clang of the trolley car gong—a sweet, old fashioned dwelling of red brick, with clematis, honeysuckle and trumpet vine shading its spacious veranda. There, with an old colored manservant whom he had bought from a slave ship and who refused to be liberated, he kept bachelor's hall. Many a quaint and barbaric dish did the old slave cook for us—highly seasoned Indian curries and dishes savoring of the Kongo, whence he had been stolen by Spaniards in his youth.

One evening over a bowl of punch, in which Medford rum and fragrant limes were the chief ingredients, the captain unbosomed himself to me. He said he was haunted by the memory of one sin which he had committed and which he was afraid might make things go hard with him on the day of judgment. He said he had repented bitterly of his crime, which was done in a moment of anger, and he thought he would like to have the views of another old salt as to whether he was justified in the drowning of two sailors.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when the captain thus gave me his confidence. This kindly old gentleman with distinguished manners, generous instincts, leading a calm, pure life, a murderer! Never! thought I. Perhaps he is the victim of some queer hallucination such as an old man sometimes labors under. But his story was straightforward, and I have no doubt of its perfect truth. This is his yarn:

"When I was in the East India trade, I was supercargo as well as captain. My sailors used to say I was a martinet, and likely I was; but, although a strict disciplinarian, I treated my crew well, and many of them had made several voyages with me. The ship I had command of at this particular time was my only love. I never cared much for women. If I had been spliced to a nagging doll, I should be dead today doubtless.

"We sailed out of this port on the Halloween one fine morning, bound for Penang and other oriental ports. All but two of the crew were good American seamen, the exceptions being Pietro and Demetrio, two natives of the Levant whom I had been forced to ship much against my will to fill the place of two old and trusty hands who failed to turn up when the crew answered the roll call. They had cashed their advance notes and had been decoyed from the straight and narrow path of virtue and rectitude by the superior attractions of grog and tobacco, the rocks on which poor sailors split.

"Here, Pompey, fill our glasses and bring us some of those Burma cheroots!" interjected the captain. Those cheroots were precious. I never could find out where my old friend got them. We lighted up, and the old sailor continued:

"These two Levanters were not prepossessing specimens of humanity. You know the breed—snaky vermin that are neither useful nor ornamental aboard a Yankee ship. They had been shipwrecked on Minot's ledge, and good Samaritans had entertained them hospitably, and the good New England diet of pork and beans had filled out their starve gutted dago sides until they were fat and sleek as November porkers. I kept my eye on the pair, but could find no reason for serious complaint against them. They behaved pretty well until we reached the line, when two young men from Boston, named Sears and Crowninshield, whom I was training to be sea captains when their time should come, complained that the two Levanters had robbed them of several shirts which they had washed and hung up to dry.

"Now, I wouldn't tolerate theft aboard my ship. I made the dagoes bring their sea dunnage on deck, and I overhauled it. There, sure enough, were the shirts. The Levanters swore that the boy had given them the shirts. This was a lie, of course, so I had the thieves seized up, and the bo's'n gave them a devilish good lambasting with a length of ratline stuff until they howled for mercy.

"But, bless you, you can't stop a dago from playing his low tricks, and before we were out of the southeast trades Sears and Crowninshield came to me with another complaint against them. A couple of fine flying fish had come aboard one night and were pounced upon by the foreigners. Instead of asking the cook to fry them for breakfast they tacked them on wooden panels, smeared them with a mixture of oil and tar and sold them to my young sea captains (who had more dollars than sense, being sons of rich Bostonians) for $5 each.

"Of course the fish, instead of being proof against the tropical sun, soon became offensive, and the boys, who had been deluded with the idea that they had acquired valuable curios, came to me crying for justice. I forced the swindlers to refund the money and strung them up again. You know what a thief is thought of aboard ship. He might just as well be in the northeast corner of hell, with a hurricane blowing from the southwest. He gets seven bells knocked out of him, and serves him right!

"Nothing happened in particular until we got well south in the track of the westerly gales. I was anxious to make a fast passage, as the Alert, a famous Boston clipper, was racing against me. For that reason the Halloween was driven as hard as she could stand. A heavy westerly gale struck the ship, and my policy was to make the most of it. Accordingly we reduced her to close reefed main topsail, whole foresail and fore topmast staysail and let her scud. My ship steered like a boat, and I was perfectly easy about her.

"Of course if the Halloween hadn't been an exceptionally easy steerer I would have hove to until the gale abated, but the wind was too precious to lose. She didn't yaw much, and two helmsmen had little difficulty in keeping her tolerably straight on her course. The greater the press of canvas the better she steered. It never occurred to me that there was a possibility of her broaching to or being brought by the lee. In that event dismasting would have been inevitable and foundering possible in the mountainous sea then running.

"It was higher than I ever before had seen in all my long experience. To a landlubber perhaps the scene would have been appalling. The spray from the broken crests whirled along by the force of the tempest drenched the ship from stern to stem. It was almost impossible to face the furious wind in spite of the fact that the ship was running dead before it and going a good 14 knots through the water. Never had I heard such howling and hissing and rattling and roaring.

"When one of those enormous waves of a dull greenish gray curled high over the stern, you would think it could not fail to 'poop' the ship, fill the decks and dash everything to pieces. Somehow or other this did not happen. Just at the moment when the ship was menaced by a sea as lofty as the mizzenmast the stern would rise up and up, and the bow would go down and down until the bowsprit was submerged. Meanwhile an albatross circled around the ship in thorough enjoyment of the sport of following us.

"It was a maxim of mine in my younger days never to heave my ship to until the albatross furled its wings and took to the water, and I wasn't going to alter the system which I had mapped out. Fiercer and fiercer blew the gale. I never shall forget that sunset. Right astern for a moment a burst of crimson brightness illuminated the dusky clouds and showed where the sun was sinking in the leaden sea. Then all was black gloom.

"At 6 o'clock the two Levanters relieved two Cape Cod sailors at the wheel. They had proved themselves smart enough helmsmen, and it never struck me that they were curs and cowards. If it had, my ship would not have been damaged, and no sin would have rested on my conscience.

"Ten minutes after those dagoes had taken the wheel from a few hundred yards astern a huge mountain of water arose. On it moved majestically, steep as the side of a precipice, with its lofty crest toppling over and threatening to overwhelm our stout old ship. One of the craven helmsmen turned his head and, looking backward, saw it coming. With a cry of terror he let go the wheel and fled forward. His mate followed him, and, like two scared cats, they scurried down the poop ladder and made for the galley.

"The wheel, deprived of guidance, whirled madly round as if it had an electric motor attachment. The second mate and I ran for the wheel and grasped the flying spokes. We nearly had our arms wrenched out of their sockets. We were too late. The vessel came to nearly four points, bringing the sea on the starboard quarter, and it looked as though she would broach to. The monster wave which frightened the dagoes smote the ship just aft the main rigging. The shock was terrific. She trembled in every timber. She was forced over until the lee fore and main yardarms nearly touched the water. The sea made a clean breach over her, filling the main deck from the break of the poop to the topgallant forecastle. Two lifeboats on the skids were dashed to splinters. The top of the galley was stove in. A spare topsail yard that was lashed to the deck broke loose and floated about, threatening death and disaster. Luckily the sheet of the fore topmast staysail held, and that sail payed her head off, and we were able to get her once more before the wind and steady on her course again.

"On deck came the first and third mates. It had been their watch below, but the hubbub quickly awoke them. The third mate took my place at the wheel, and by giving the ship what is known as 'small helm' she was soon scooting along to the eastward at her old gait of 15 knots. I could do nothing until the ship had cleared herself of her main deck load of water. Like most East Indiamen of the old school, she had high and massive bulwarks, and thus it took some time before the deck was sufficiently clear of the water to permit me to go forward and look after my crew.

"At length my opportunity came. Forward I went with murder in my heart. If the sea had not already avenged me on the craven curs who had fled from the wheel and caused the disaster to the ship, I determined to take the law in my own hands and kill them on sight. I found them, bruised and bleeding, but in full possession of their senses, in the waist on the starboard side near the scuppers. I seemed to be imbued with superhuman strength. I grabbed one of them by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the breeches and tossed him over the side. He seemed as light as a feather in my relentless grip. I treated his companion coward to a similar bath, after which I began to look after the safety of my ship. No remorse did I then feel. It seemed to me that I had exacted only timely and righteous vengeance. The remorse came later.

"By the grace of the Almighty all the rest of my crew escaped without serious hurt. Many of them were badly bruised, but both watches managed to crawl aft and answer to their names. Only the two Levanters, Pietro and Demetrio, were marked down as missing. I was the only man on the ship who knew their terrible fate, and I never said a word. I gloried in my deed.

"I had rum served out to all hands, and we fell to and cleared away the wreckage. The huge spare spar that had got adrift played havoc with the bulwarks before we got it secured again. The splinters of the smashed boats were thrown overboard, and some sailors went aloft on the fore yard to cut away the few fragments of the foresail which had blown out of the bolt ropes when the ship broached to. The carpenter set to work with a number of sailors and rigged up a huge screen of stanchions and stout canvas aft the wheel, so that the helmsmen might not see the monstrous waves that at frequent intervals curled up under the counter and threatened to topple over the stern and cause more disaster.

"'Those two cursed cowards,' I cried, 'nearly wrecked my fine ship! They're grilling in hell now no doubt! If any other craven runs away from the wheel, I'll blow the roof of his head off!'

"All that night the Halloween scudded before the hurricane. It was too late to heave to except at imminent risk of losing our three masts, which meant foundering. The ship behaved admirably considering the violence of the tempest. In the sleet laden squalls everything aloft snapped and creaked and crackled. Every moment I expected to see the lofty fabric of spars, sails and rigging swept away. But our rigging was new, the spars stout and sound, and our main topsail, on which our existence depended, was of the best quality of canvas that money could buy. I had the clews lashed to the main yardarms, so that in case the sheets parted the sail should not blow away. If this had happened, I intended to set the fore topsail and run her till the storm lost some its force. Meanwhile we got another foresail up from the sailroom, ready to bend and set in the first lull that came.

"Luckily our main topmast held on right bravely, and the stanch ship flew before the howling blast into the pitchy darkness ahead, rolling and laboring heavily, it is true, but making better weather than even the most sanguine of us hoped for. But it was a night of anxiety and grave peril that I shall always remember. Only good seamanship on the part of all hands saved the ship. If our spars and rigging had not been of the best, our ship must have succumbed in that terrible hurricane.

"The pressure of the wind decreased next day. Forty-eight hours after we were flying a main topgallant sail over the single reefed topsail. Finally we made a splendid passage to Penang. It was the most lucrative voyage I ever made, but it wasn't until my return to Salem, some two years later, that I felt the slightest compunction for killing the two foreigners.

"It came about in a curious way. I always made it a practice when in Salem to attend the old stone meeting house yonder on the hill," continued the skipper, pointing to a storm beaten building in the distance, "and one Sunday a strange clergyman from Boston occupied the pulpit and preached a strong sermon on the text, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' It electrified me. It made me realize the extent of my offense against heaven. Instead of murdering my brothers as I did and making a false entry in the log that they had been washed overboard I should have let the law take its course. I am not sure that there was any law that they had broken, as they acted under the impulse of terror, and it was the first hurricane in the south Atlantic they ever had encountered. Anyway, I have been much perturbed in spirit ever since I heard that sermon. I feel as though the curse of Cain had blighted my being and that the vengeance of heaven will fall on me eventually. What think you, shipmate? You are the first man to hear my story, and it seems that, now I have unbosomed myself to you, I feel relieved. Do you think I shall be forgiven? I am by no means superstitious, but I am much troubled on this score."

There were tears in the old sailor's eyes as he ended. Evidently it was my business to administer consolation. I slapped him cheerily on the back, shook him heartily by the hand, poured him out another jorum of punch, and then I hailed him thus:

"Don't let the matter of those two cowardly curs trouble you for another moment. You acted perfectly right, and the law would have backed you up. An officer of a regiment shoots down cowards without the slightest twinge of conscience. It is part of his military training. The poltroons you speak of imperiled the safety of all hands. They deserved to die, but drowning was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged. You as captain were entitled to look upon them as mutineers and as such guilty of a capital crime. Had you not killed them you would have been unworthy of the respect of a brother tar."

"There seems to be good sound sense in what you say, shipmate," was the captain's grave reply, "but I am nearer my grave than you may be to yours, and naturally I feel anxious. What you have said, however, has given me much encouragement, but—but still I always shall regret sending those dagoes to their death prematurely."—New York Press.

How Missourians Were Made.

There are many ways of settling a state, according to Ainslee's Magazine. Here's the story of Missouri:

"Tennessee mountaineers took advantage of the more level lands of Missouri to fill that state in an incredibly short space of time after the treaty with the Osages, and in the state's rich and abundant soil and water they might have made one of the largest and greatest of the American commonwealths had not the vicinity been so tempting to the Confederacy and so important to the north. In the terrific contest that waged over the freeing of the slaves the young men and the adventurous of the community found it easier to migrate than to remain at home, easier even at the cost of facing the unexplored regions of Kansas, New Mexico and Arizona. The enduring ones tarried, suffered the emotions of war, posted the sacrifice of $40,000,000 to be free of serfdom and stamped upon Missouri the characteristics of combative endurance."

Royal Baking Powder

Makes The Food More Healthful

Royal Baking Powder possesses peculiar qualities not found in other leavening agents, which arise from the superior fitness, purity and healthfulness of its ingredients.

Royal Baking Powder leavens the food perfectly by its own inherent power without changing or impairing any of the elements of the flour.

Thus the hot-breads, hot-rolls and muffins, and the delicious hot griddle-cakes raised by the Royal Baking Powder are wholesome and digestible, and may be eaten without distress, even by persons of delicate digestion.

Alum baking powders are low priced, as alum costs but two cents a pound; but alum is a corrosive poison and it renders the baking powder dangerous to use in food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

SPEAKING HIS FIRST PIECE.

An Experience With Which Many of Us Will Probably Sympathize.

The author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells of his experience when a new teacher inaugurated "Friday afternoons" to be devoted to "speaking pieces." He had been well drilled at home, but his spirits ran lower and lower as the fateful Friday drew near:

Thursday night I slept little, and all Friday morning I was in a burning fever. At noon I could not eat my luncheon, but I tried manfully, and as I munched the tasteless morsels salt tears rained on the johnnycake.

Even when the girls brought in big bunches of wild flowers and cornstalks and began to decorate the platform things appeared no brighter.

Finally the teacher went to the door and rang the bell. Nobody seemed to play, and as the scholars took their seats some, very pale, tried to smile. Others whispered, "Have you got your piece?" Still others kept their lips working, repeating lines that struggled hard to flee.

Names were called, but I did not see who went up; neither did I hear what was said. At last my name was called. It came like a clap of thunder—a great surprise, a shock. I clutched the desk, struggled to my feet, passed down the aisle, the sound of my shoes echoing through the silence like the strokes of a maul. The blood seemed ready to burst from my eyes, ears and nose.

I reached the platform, missed my footing, stumbled and nearly fell. I heard the giggling that followed and knew that a red haired boy, who had just spoken and was therefore unnecessarily jubilant, had laughed aloud.

I was angry. I shut my fists so that the nails cut my flesh, and, glaring straight at his red head, I shot my bolt:

"I know not how others may feel; but, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence now and independence forever."

That was all of the piece. I gave the whole thing in a mouthful and started for my seat, got half way there, and, remembering I had forgotten to bow, turned, went back to the platform, bowed with a jerk, started again for my seat and, hearing some one laugh, I ran.

Reaching the seat, I burst into tears. The teacher came over, patted my head, kissed my cheek and told me I had done first rate, and after hearing several others speak I calmed down and quite agreed with her.

Animals' Fear of Man.

Darwin has shown that the fear of man is an acquired and not a native instinct, and from this we may infer that with other acquired instincts it would more readily be lost or fall into abeyance than those instincts that are inborn. With strange surroundings animals tend to lose these acquired instincts, as is well shown by the cowardice of the house dog in a strange house, the unruliness of the horse in strange harness and the like.

The land bird in midocean, bereft of its accustomed landmarks, loses with them its acquired instincts until the sight of land restores its confidence in itself and gives it back all its faculties.

A tameness from a similar cause has often been noticed in wild animals during convulsions of nature, floods and fire, and it is well known that panic, such, for example, as is produced by a fire at sea, falling into the water or a pestilence, will bring into abeyance all a man's acquired instincts and reduce him to the primitive instincts of a brute beast.

In 1620 the first large copper coins were minted in England, putting an end to private leaden tokens.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1900.

THE INAUGURAL.

The ceremonies of installing the city government of Woburn for 1900 took place in Lyceum Hall at 3 o'clock last Monday afternoon, Jan. 1, in the presence of a fairly large audience. A severe snowstorm then raging doubtless deterred many from going to the Hall which cut down the attendance to considerably less than its usual size. It was however a good audience in quality, and an appreciative one.

After a prayer by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, the oath of office was administered to Mayor-elect William F. Davis, and to the Aldermen-elect, by City Clerk John H. Finn, and thus the machinery of the new Administration was duly set in motion.

Immediately following these impressive ceremonies Mayor Davis arose, advanced to the front of the stage, and proceeded to deliver his Inaugural Address. The document made 29 pages, large and small, of closely type written matter, but its length did not appear to be wearisome to the attentive listeners

After heartily thanking the people for giving him a second election to the important and honorable office of Mayor of Woburn, expressing his lively appreciation of the courtesies extended to him by the different Departments during the last year, welcoming cordially the new members of the City Council, and promising to strive to merit the confidence and approval of constituents the present year, the Mayor then entered on an elucidation and explanation of the public business during his first term, and show what became of the public funds. This he did in a clear and concise manner, giving the marrow of the reports of the several Departments, accompanied by explanatory remarks as each was read off.

The Inaugural first treats of the Water Department, of which the Mayor says: "The Financial Exhibit of the Department for the year is very gratifying." The receipts for 1899 were $48,096.26, and the operating expenses $10,748.75, and "the income from the operations of the year, after paying the fixed charges, was $4,721.51." Under the able management of Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston the expenses of the Department have been greatly reduced during the last two years. Then follows a detailed account of the extension of water mains, their location, and of other done by the Department.

The Mayor congratulates the city on the greatly improved condition of the street lighting. He says: "many miles of wires have been removed from the streets under the new system, and the Company [Woburn E. L. H. & P.] has shown a commendable desire to fulfil its contract with the city, not only in letter but in spirit."

Under the head of Public Property the Mayor enumerates the repairs, changes and improvements on many public buildings and the cost of the same. More money is required for this class of work than a mere glance would disclose. A great deal of labor and cash have necessarily been expended on schoolhouses, heating plants, fire buildings, City Hall, etc., but the city has gotten value received for all the expenses incurred.

The highways are the great drain on the public treasury, and of unstinted condemnation on all hands. The Inaugural reads: "In the Bureau of Highways much has been accomplished with the comparatively small means at hand." It then goes on to treat us with a detailed account of what has been done on lower Main street, the principal scene of the Department's operations this last year, and in other localities. Sensible remarks were submitted on the subject of Sidewalks by the Mayor, one in which he, very properly, takes a deep interest. Nothing so surely indicates the character of a town as its roads and sidewalks. He recommends judicious appropriations for these public works.

The conduct of the Sewer Department by Commissioner Thomas Moore has been good.

The Police Department are given to understand in plain terms what the Mayor, who has absolute control of it, expects from the city's officers of the peace, and adds facts concerning its finances. There was no charge or insinuation that this Department were not doing satisfactory duty and no hint of the existence of unfriendly relations between the two Departments.

A succinct statement of the condition of the Fire Department was made by His Honor, and the work of Chief Littlefield approved.

Schools and Library were discussed, also boulevards and parkways.

Special stress was laid on the economical working of the municipal store, which, in the year it has been in operation, has saved the Poor Department in supplying the Almshouse about $3,000.

The Mayor paid his respects to the Board of License Commissioners in plain terms. He did not believe in grocers being granted liquor licenses, nor did he believe in granting innholders' licenses to a hotel whose only claim to being a hotel is a sign over the door through which never a nightly guest passed. The farce of the present system, he said, was only too apparent, and he trusted that the License Commission would make some needed corrections.

A resume of the financial standing of the city was given. It was said to be satisfactory. The Poor Department was also discussed, and also the proposed new schoolhouse.

In conclusion the Mayor said to the City Council: "I invite your cooperation to the end that we may do what we can in the direction of needed improvements; to keep our expenses within our income; and to preserve untarnished the good name of Woburn."

The Address was an able business paper and received warm commendation from all who heard or read it.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The General Court of Massachusetts for 1900 convened at the State House last Wednesday. Representative S. W. Twombly of Winchester, the oldest member in service, called the House to order and made a neat speech.

On Thursday Governor Crane delivered his Inaugural Address.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

It could not very well have been otherwise than that Mr. William E Blodgett should be elected President of the City Council for 1900. Naturally he would prove the choice of the Board, and, as we understand it, no other candidate was seriously considered.

Mr. Blodgett is capable of filling the chair as well as any man that ever occupied it. He is fair minded and will treat every member according to his merits. He has a good business head; he sees things quickly; and there is no question as to his judgment and ability to execute parliamentary law.

While there are others in the Council who would have made a good President, there can be no doubt but that the best man was chosen.

ALL RIGHT.

At their first meeting held on Monday evening, January 1, 1900, the new City Council organized and re-elected John H. Finn City Clerk, Albert P. Barrett City Auditor, John C. Buck City Treasurer, and John G. Maguire City Collector of Taxes.

The Council made no mistake in transacting this piece of business. Without exception the gentlemen named have been competent and faithful public officials heretofore, and equally good service may confidently be expected of them in the future.

CITY CLERK FINN.

One of the reasons why Mr. John H Finn is elected City Clerk year after year without opposition is the accommodating way he has of administering the affairs of the office. Business callers are treated urbanely and kindly, and leave with the conviction that Mr. Finn is the right man in the right place.

Again, Clerk Finn is industrious, painstaking and correct. Evidently, he has a life lease of the office he fills so well and acceptably.

☞ It grieves the JOURNAL sorely tobe obliged to record the election of J. J. Myers of Cambridge to the high office of Speaker of the Massachusetts House. But it is better than Bennett, although Saunders should have been the man chosen. Just as anybody might have known, a good share of Bennett's men deserted him and went over to Myers. Bennett's beautiful punchbowl filled with steaming lemon juice with a big "stick" in it at his headquarters could not hold his crowd; they drank his punch and voted for the other man.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

D. Thompson—Ent.
W. B. Curtis—Furs.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
H. H. Nichols—Tax Notice.

— The New Year came in like a lion.

— The days have increased in length 8 minutes.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Yesterday morning was the coldest of the season—zero.

— Mr. Douglas, Supt. of Armour's meat plant here, is sick.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— The shovel brigade gathered quite a little harvest last Monday.

— It is Commodore Russell now of the Lynn Y. C., thank you.

— Officer French is again at his post of duty at Police Headquarters.

— It is quite discouraging when the going is neither sledding nor wheeling.

— Officers of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons were installed last Wednesday evening.

— Burbank Circle will hold a Whist Party in G. A. R. Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 9.

— Better sleighing has been enjoyed here than that furnished by last Monday's snowstorm.

— Mr. Riley will preside over the deliberations of the School Board with dignity and grace.

— It is predicted that a roller polo team will have headquarters in this city one of these days.

— Fitzgerald, the hackman, was the first to appear on runners after the snow storm. Fitz is up to date.

— Refreshments will be served to the children at the meeting of the Woman's Club this afternoon.

— Have a care for thin ice, boys and girls, keep well away from it and you will be safe from drowning.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Leading Clothier, has been at his store this week after quite a serious illness.

— The health of Mr. John E. Burke of Chestnut street is improving. He has had quite a seige of sickness.

— F. S. Bassett & Co., whose machine shop was burned last week, expect to rebuild early next spring.

— Considerable damage was done by the bursting of a water pipe in Lyceum Hall building last Tuesday.

— Trains on the steam roads ran on schedule time last Monday. It takes a big storm to knock them out of gear.

— The boys and girls can get all the skates and sleds they want at Holdridge's, the very best in the market, and cheap.

— Buy tickets for Denman Thompson's—the real genuine Denman—entertainment on Jan. 11, at Gordon Parker's drugstore.

— The First church Sunday School social held at the church vestries last Monday evening was a very pleasant and successful affair.

— Ellis & Buswell have just been awarded additional large contracts for work on the Eastern Division of the B. & M. Railroad System.

— Nowell, the photographer, had a good holiday trade. He is a skilful artist and not only does good work but his prices are moderate.

— Those who are interested in furs should call and see the handsome exhibits at the store of George L. Griffin & Son, 404 Washington street, Boston. They have everything in this line to be desired and at remarkably low prices.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.
What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Mr. George W. Copp is one of the best Treasurers the Republican Ward and City Committee ever had. He is prompt and reliable.

— Miss Clara Langill is getting up a club of subscribers for the *Missionary Herald* and is meeting with encouraging success. It is a good paper.

— The city snowplows were on hand early and often last Monday. They were needed, for the sidewalks, by noontime, were hard to navigate.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Our City Treasurer, Clerk, Auditor and Collector have a good right to feel proud. They were elected last Monday evening without an opposing vote.

— Next Sunday, Jan. 7, the Week of Prayer will begin. It will be generally observed by the churches in this city, as elsewhere among Christian peoples.

— We hope the "arrangement" said to have been entered into by Nichols and Brown & Gifford will not make the price of ice much higher next summer.

— Last Tuesday Thomas Barbetto, an Italian, was fined $25 in the District Court for an assault on James Creighton and Nicholas DeLoriea on Christmas eve.

— Supt. Brackett of the N. W. S. R. had his snowplow out on Jan. 1, 1900, for the first time this fall or winter. The new year opened with a fine snow storm.

— On Jan. 1, 2, 3, 1900, a Woman's Christian Temperance Institute was held in Pilgrim Hall, 14 Beacon street, Boston. There was an excellent programme for each session.

— The Women's Relief Corps will give an assembly on Friday evening next, Jan. 12. Extensive preparations are in progress for it, and it is safe to say that it will be a grand affair.

— Look at Copeland & Bowser's change of ad. this week. Mr. Dorr reports to the JOURNAL that the establishment had a real good holiday trade and saved up a little money out of it.

— No rainbow adorned "the spacious firmament on high, with all the blue etherial sky" at any time during the delivery of his Inaugural Address by Mayor Davis last Monday afternoon.

— There was a heavy snow storm on Saturday night, Dec. 31, 1898, and on Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899, it was 8 degrees below zero at Waterman Brown's weather observatory on Church ave.

— Burdett's Business College of Boston ("Business from the Start") issues a fine 1900 Calendar, one of the best we have seen. For a thorough business education none compare with Burdett's.

— Mr. William H. Russell, Treasurer of the Russell Counter Company, and almost as much of a citizen of Woburn as of Lynn, presided at the Lynn Yacht Club's annual meeting at Lynn last Tuesday evening.

— As their pastor had not fully recovered from a recent illness the Methodist Episcopal church did not hold their customary Watch Meeting last Sunday night. But the Old Year went out and the New Year came in, all the same.

— There was an immense crowd of people at the St. Charles church midnight mass last Sunday night. The church could hold only about half of those who went, the other half being obliged to return home for lack of room.

— The Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., issues a nice calendar for A. D. 1900, one of which we have received from S. B. Goddard & Son, who are Agents for the Company in this city, and for which we return thanks.

— Mr. A. Prouty of Burlington would give notice that he will sell good hard or soft kindling wood, all dry, cut and split, ready for the stove, at 85 cents a foot, delivered to customers, by the foot, or in larger quantities. Cheap enough.

— We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edmund C. Cottle the other day. It was the first time we had seen him since his severe illness. He was looking and feeling well. He attributed the attack to high living entirely, whereas his friends were disposed to lay it to high living and hard work as Superintendent of the business of the American Hide & Leather Company here. But he is all right now, and long may he remain well and rugged.

— Miss Ada D. Carter, after a pleasant holiday visit with her grand mother, Mrs. Almira P. Richardson, and her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Carter, at 6 Bennett street, returned late this week to her school teaching, of which she is fond.

— Messrs. Fred E. Cottle and William H. Bowers are about to begin the manufacture of leather on a large scale in the White factory. Both are experienced men at the business and will no doubt make a pronounced success of their new venture.

— The Salvation Army will hold meetings on Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3 and 8 P. M., led by Staff Capt Walder of Boston. He will be assisted by Lieut. Siley and Capt. Eastwood, with her hallelujah guitar. A big time expected. Everybody welcome.

— The children of Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the ice dealer, have nearly recovered from severe attacks of scarlet fever. They were all down with it, but medical skill and good nursing fetched them through in the best of shape.

— The vesper services at the Unitarian church last Sunday evening included the rendition of a fine musical programme by the organist, Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, Miss Ramsdell, Miss Bond, Mr. George N. Parker, Mr. Waldo P. Cutler, and Mr. William W. Crosby.

— Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., and Woman's Relief Corps, 161, will hold a joint installation of officers at 161 G. A. R. Hall, at 8 o'clock next Monday evening, Jan. 8. There will be a collation, good music, and addresses. An enjoyable season is anticipated.

— LOST.—Last Monday, Jan. 1, Clara McLane lost a pocketbook on Main street between the telephone office and Kilby street containing a small sum of money, and papers of value to the loser. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at No. 2 Winn ct., off Kilby street.

— Writing in the *Congregationalist* of last week of the church at Cheshire, Conn., founded in 1724, C. S. M. says: "there have been 12 installed pastors and 11 who have served for different periods. Among the most beloved was Dr. Daniel March, until recent years pastor at Woburn, Mass."

— This community will now breathe easier. The able reporter of the Boston *Herald* says the Count Rumford replica of the Bavarian monument to adorn our Library grounds was not lost when the Hamburg steamer went down lately, because it was not aboard of that illfated vessel. That settles it.

— The new School Board organized last Monday evening by the choice of Herbert S. Riley, Chairman, and Thomas Emerson, Clerk. Riley, Bean and Mrs. Blake were appointed a committee to nominate local and standing committees to report at a meeting to be held next Monday evening. Messrs. Riley, Bean and Feeney were appointed a Finance Committee.

— When the new city government comes to make up their jewels we trust that they will remember to re-elect Mr. John Lynch Clerk of Committees, and also Clerk of the Board of Health. He is worthy of both positions. They have been filled by him for a long time and not a lisp of fault has ever been found with his work. We suppose there is no doubt but that he will be continued in these offices.

— Mr. and Mrs. William O Brown held the first of their series of "at homes" Wednesday evening, at their residence, 121 Spring st., Medford. Many friends were present to offer their congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were assisted in receiving by Mrs. George E Orrok, and the occasion was pronounced extremely pleasant by those who attended.

— The alarm from box 55 last Saturday morning was for some clothing set on fire by sparks from a chimney place in a chamber of the house of Dennis Gallagher 17 John street. The alarm sounded from box 67 last Wednesday at 3 p. m. was for the explosion of Naptha at the patent leather shop on Chestnut street. Two of the workmen were quite badly burned.

— We have seen no neater or handier calendar for 1900 than that issued by The Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, a copy of which we have received from Mr. Bryan McSweeney, local agent for that Company. It is just the thing for the desk of an Editor being provided with blank leaves for daily memoranda in addition to the dates, compact in form, and altogether a trig and handy affair.

— Mr. W. A. Hyde has moved out of town.

— The Gypsy Moth force will soon go to work again.

— The School Board will hold a meeting next Monday evening.

— The ball given by the Phalanx Rifle Team last evening was a splendid one. The series is a great success.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson received his 14th consecutive election last Wednesday evening as Treasurer of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons.

— Our respected friend, Mr. Samuel H. Leathe of St. Louis, Mo., of an old and prominent Woburn family, closes a business letter to us of date Dec. 26, 1899, as follows: "with best wishes for your personal happiness, and continued prosperity of the WOBURN JOURNAL, the New England banner weekly. Long may it wave." Which is a fine compliment, friend Leathe, keenly appreciated by us and duly grateful for.

— Captain John P. Crane and Alderman Benjamin H. Nichols expect to start for California, on a Raymond Excursion train, about next Thursday, Jan. 11. They have made no plans for their visit on the Pacific Coast but if climate, country and people are found congenial it is probable that it will extend into early spring. Both have a plenty of money and leisure and can remain away as long or short a time as suits their fancy and comfort.

— About noon last Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1900, Miss Maud Snow, 26 years old, a niece of Miss Hattie A. Kenney of No. 13 Church ave., died at her home in Swampscott, after a brief illness. She was a bright, attractive and amiable young lady, and had friends in this city who will be shocked and deeply pained on the receipt of the intelligence of her sudden death. Her remains were taken to Nova Scotia for interment. The aunt, Miss Kenney, mourns the loss of her niece deeply.

— Several of our city churches bid formal farewell to the year 1899, among them St. Charles church, at which there was solemn high mass at 12 o'clock Sunday night. The attendance was immense and the exercises were appropriate and interesting. First church also held special services. Rev. Dr. Scudder preached, and good music was one of the features. At the Scandinavian Free church, and the Swedish Lutheran church, the young people furnished pleasing entertainments.

— At 5 o'clock Monday morning, January 1, 1900, snow began to fall, and when it got through at 3.30 p. m., same day, about 10 inches covered the ground on a level. It was a light and somewhat feathery article, but for the first one of the season did very well. Snowplows and shovel brigades were busy nearly all day and kept the streets and sidewalks in passible shape. The N. W. S. R. electrics made regular trips, but the L. & B. and W. & R. failed to make connections. A few of the evening trains on the Loop of the B. & M. were a little behindhand, but through the day did well. The new year opened with a good sized snowstorm.

— An audience that will surely fill every seat in the Auditorium will be in attendance on Thursday, Dec. 11, when Denman Thompson and Geo. W. Ryer's latest success, "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," will have its first local presentation. The new play, which is closely following the career of "The Old Homestead," is not only a treat, but something which produces on the stage scenes and incidents common to every-day life of the world. It is excellently staged, its scenery realistic to a great degree, and the vivid portrayals of character and effecting scenes blended together make the play one which everybody will want to see. Tickets for sale at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

— An attraction that will no doubt have an audience limited to the capacity of the Auditorium in Denman Thompson and Geo. W. Ryer's last success "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," which has its first local presentation on Thursday, Jan. 11, in the Auditorium. The play is now in its fourth successful season, and wherever presented the past three years has drawn immense crowds, and is described as novel because it does not follow the beaten track; as a delight because it is a page of human nature. It exalts virtue and courage, teaches good manners, and its characters are drawn from life and are types to be found anywhere in our largest cities. Tickets for sale at Parker's Drug Store.

— One of the dramatic events of the present local theatrical season will be the first presentation here of Denman Thompson and Geo. W. Ryer's great success "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" which takes place at the Auditorium, on Thursday Jan. 11. It is a contrast picture to "The Old Homestead," and has a pungent undercurrent of human nature to keep it going through four acts, and makes the audience think a good deal better of "human nature" before it is over. The play is now in its fourth year continuous success. In the company are eighteen players of recognized ability, six of whom were in the original cast, including the famous Verdi Ladies Quartette. Tickets at Parker's Drug Store.

— The Gilcreast Hook & Ladder House on Montvale avenue has been put into a condition that is a credit to the city. It has been materially enlarged, revamped, and nearly all built over. Its tenant, Mr. Charles P. Buckley, will, when he once gets settled in it, no doubt, be pleased with the changes and improvements. The heating plant was installed by Mr. Edward E Parker, the steam and hot water engineer and furnisher of this city, and it differs radically from any other in the United States, or the world. It seems paradoxical in its operations. It appears to confound natural laws in this that water is made to rise above its fountainhead by gravitation. The most learned and capable students and practitioners in steam and hot water declared that Capt. Parker's invention could never be made, by any possibility, to work, but they didn't know—the plant works to a charm, and settles some questions that have always been thought to have been settled the other way. Some experts who still travel in ruts call it a "freak," but Capt. Parker proves that it works by natural laws, and is as simple as rolling off from a log, however much of a paradox it may seem to the old liners. We hope to describe this plant more fully and lucidly some day.

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Clothing
is that which best meets these five requirements:
Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
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Our clothing is manufactured in our own CLEAN workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

Fancy Dress Ball.

The fashionable event of the season, the Friday Night Club's Fancy Dress Ball, took place according to programme at Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 29, and proved a complete and perfect success from start to finish.

The company was large in numbers and choice in quality. In this latter respect the F. N. C. is famous. Its membership comprises the cream of society, and its parties and balls always eclipse similar functions by other social organizations.

The event under consideration was richness and style personified. There was nothing cheap and tawdry about the costumes; they were elegant, unique, and of the best. They were likewise kaleidoscopic.

Among those in costume were: Capt. John P. Crane, Louis VI.; Eliot F. Trull, Robin Hood; Miss Sybil Shaw, Queen of Night; H. B. Clewley, English artillery officer; Charles M. Wright, musketeer; Mrs. H. B. Clewley, colonial; Miss Grace Bond, sunflower; E. G. Barker, Jr., Fred Leathe, Charles A. P. Bartlett, Harry V. Dimick, clowns; Miss Helen Hertkorn, Spanish girl; Harry Phinney, court dress; Miss Edith Platts, butterfly; Percy A. Linscott, Romeo; Miss F. Maybelle Ferguson, morning. Others were Quincy Brackett, Archie Ralston, James Linnell, G. W. Buchanan, Henry Harrington, Herrick Brown, Miss Edith Leathe, Miss Florence B. Yorke, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. W. Phinney, Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner, Mrs. A. A. Dow, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, E. G. Barker, the Misses Barker.

The music was of a rich and rare quality, and was kept step to with a grace and spirit that did great credit to all who participated in the dances. Seldom is such sweet and beautiful music heard in a ballroom.

The festivities were continued until quite a late hour. There was no abatement of interest to the end. It was a great night for livery stables and hackmen, a rich and bountiful harvest.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

The Police Ball.

No more popular set of men do business in these parts than the Woburn Police Force. They constitute a fine body of public servants, and when they make an appeal to the people for favors the people never fail to respond heartily and generously.

The Police Relief Association is a worthy object for public aid, and to add to its funds and thus become more useful, the Department give an annual ball. These entertainments have always been well patronized, but never quite so liberally as this year. Immediately preceding the dancing Calnan's Orchestra gave a firstclass musicale which was highly enjoyed by the largest gathering of people ever seen in the Auditorium.

The concert and ball were given last Friday evening. Previously Chief McDermott feared that there would be a lighter attendance than usual, but he was mistakened, and the Relief Fund received its largest contribution on that evening. The great hall was splendidly decorated for the festive occasion and looked beautiful.

Chief of Police Charles F. McDermott was in charge of the floor, assisted by Lieut. Thomas Mulkeen. The Aids were Edward T. O'Neil, Hartley J. Tarr, Dennis C. Walsh, John A. Walsh, Bernard A. Murphy, Philip A. McKenna, John J. Roche; Reception Committee, Thomas Mulkeen, Austin G. French, Edward Fountain, Clarence H. Kean.

The dancing was kept up to a late hour, and even then the great party reluctantly left the pleasant scene. There was not a hitch or break anywhere in the grand social event.

A Proverb Calendar for 1900.

Each year when we receive the Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendar we wonder how it is possible to originate such clever designs. The "Proverb Calendar" itself is suspended in front of two little tots, one robed in delicate pink and the other in blue. On the reverse side there are the usual astronomical calculations and other facts. The Calendar is made to stand alone on desk or table, or it may be suspended on the wall. You should be sure to get one of these Calendars from your druggist, or one will be mailed to you by sending 6 cents in stamps to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty, W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

FRANK A. LOCKE
EXPERT PIANO TUNER
REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
WORK GUARANTEED
BEST OF REFERENCES
LOCKE
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
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Telephone: Oxford 630.

First Church Notes.

The Social Benevolent Society is busily planning for a mammoth entertainment to take place Feb. 22nd. It is to be of such a character that even those who rarely take an evening for recreation will be sure to attend.

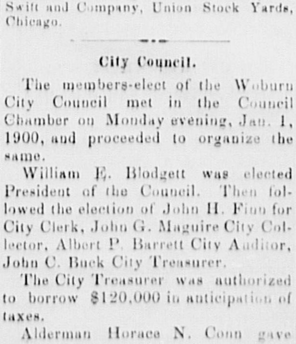
In observance of the Week of Prayer January 7–13 a meeting will be held in the Ladies' Parlor every week day evening except Saturday. It is the purpose to make these services prayer meetings in the strictest sense, as there will be no remarks, the entire time being spent in praying.

The children of the minister's Class probably never had so much fun in one evening as was given them at their social a week ago last night. The time was spent in lively games, and in partaking of ice cream and cake furnished by friends of the class. The Social Committee who arrange for "good times" consists of Mildred Fox, Eugenie Shelds, Marguerite Smith, Fred Chase, John Colby and Lester Hartshorn. The following past members were present and rendered very kindly and efficient assistance, Sibyl Fox, Agnes Cummings, George Smith, Percy Strout, Clarence Stetson, Chester Holland. The efforts of all these combined with those of Dr. Scudder made the evening pass so merrily that the memory of the occasion will linger a long time in the minds of those present.

Notwithstanding the snow storm on New Years Day about two hundred attended the sociable and entertainment of the Sunday School, and had a very enjoyable evening. After a social hour in the Parlor Prof. Eccles of Boston, entertained the audience with impersonations, dialect readings and magic, and Mr. Hayden sang. They were both much applauded. Cake and coffee were then passed around and more sociability prevailed.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.



Every New Year brings a deluge of calendars, both commercial and artistic.

We have received a copy of Swift's Home Calendar for 1900, which is unquestionably one of the most beautiful of the end-of-the-century calendars. It is in the form of a screen, its exact size being 10 x 25½ inches. In each of the four circular panels is an ideal head, typical of one of the seasons, from painting by Percy Moran, the great water colorist.

Copies of Swift's Home Calendar may be obtained by sending 10 cents in stamps to Swift and Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

City Council.

The members-elect of the Woburn City Council met in the Council Chamber on Monday evening, Jan. 1, 1900, and proceeded to organize the same.

William E. Blodgett was elected President of the Council. Then followed the election of John H. Finn for City Clerk, John G. Maguire City Collector, Albert P. Barrett City Auditor, John C. Buck City Treasurer.

The City Treasurer was authorized to borrow $120,000 in anticipation of taxes.

Alderman Horace N. Conn gave notice that he would introduce an order at the next meeting of the Board for a long term loan of $100,000 with which to build streets.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

THE MORNING BATH
cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited capacity nor where the water supply and temperature is uncertain by reason of defective
PLUMBING
or heating apparatus. To have both put in thorough working order will not prove expensive if the work is done by
C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Shaping Rural Mail Boxes.

"Deep enough to hold a rolling-pin," was the insistent demand of women living along a rural free-mail route in Illinois when the selection of mail boxes was recently considered. And in the deep, narrow receptacles clinging to gate or tree in front of the houses in the Chicago suburb is evidenced the potency of woman's voice. The selection of the regulation shallow boxes was vetoed by the women, who united in the demand that the new boxes be deep and large enough to hold *The Ladies' Home Journal* without further folding, and that they be proof against rain or snow. The women of other rural communities enjoying the free-mail delivery boon have gained similar victories, bringing to a magazine the unique distinction of unconsciously fixing the shape of the mail receptacles that are to be used in the suburban sections.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Can the Leopard Change His Spots." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Special New Year Service. Singing by Miss Trecartin. Prayer Meeting every evening except Saturday at 7.30.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Text: Ephes. 1: 15-23. "The Supremacy of Christ."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting every evening at 7.30.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday Evening Service at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—First Sunday after Epiphany. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Spiritual Relationship."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7 P. M., Holy Communion.
Monday, at 7.30 P. M., Annual Congregational Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Saturday, Jan. 13, Festival and Concert.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 1, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Arthur H. Linscott and Gertrude S. Watson, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 1, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Harry McCrillis of Providence, R. I., and Barbara V. Gilgun of Woburn.

In Woburn, Dec. 28, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Francis P. Kerrigan and Margaret Gorman, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 30, Beatrice, daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Flaherty, aged 11 days.

In this city, Dec. 30, James O'Donnell, aged 60 years.

In this city, Dec. 31, Charles P. Bradley, aged 22 years, 8 months.

In this city, Jan. 3, Francis E. Bonin, aged 75 years.

In New Orleans, La., Sunday, Dec. 3, 1899, Virginia R., wife of R. S. Rickey. Born at Leesburg, London Co., Virginia, April 17, 1837. Mrs. Rickey was the mother of Mrs. F. B. French of Woburn.

Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 8th, Annual Sale of Remnants and Short Lengths. Mark-down Sale of Shop-worn and Soiled Goods. Bargains ex raordinary in Dress Skirts and Waists.

The above announcements are of interest to every woman in the city because the prices we shall mark on the goods will be certain to insure a quick sale. Our remnant sales of past years have successfully demonstrated to our customers that we intend to close out all our Short Lengths and we shall place them on our counters at prices so they will go.

Not a complete stock of Ladies' Dress Skirts and Waists to pick from, but we believe there is a fine chance for somebody to get a bargain at the prices marked on these goods. We intend to sell out this stock and have marked them below cost to us and very much below the presnt market price.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The annual meeting of the church will be held next Monday evening, when the accounts of the church will be audited and reports received on the various phases of church work.

The annual Christmas festival of the Sunday School was celebrated last Sunday evening. About thirty numbers were rendered. The time consumed was a little over two hours. At its close, service was held when the older members of the church participated. The last hour of the old year was spent in the vestry; refreshments were served and appropriate exercises rendered.

At the last meeting of the Y. P. S. of the church, the pastor gave a talk on the South African trouble. The point was especially made, that though England's success would undoubtedly make for good ultimate, she was evidently in the wrong, as the motives for her action appear to be impure. If the final result should justify the act, then Joseph's brethren deserved praise for selling their brother into slavery. But nobody would be guilty of such specious argumentation, when the question is viewed with a mind free from bias.

Of old, Christmas festivities are supposed to continue 20 days. The twentieth day Christmas, Saturday, Jan. 13, the church will celebrate with festival and concert. Refreshments consisting of rice pudding (julgrot) and coffee will be served. All who have attended former years, considered the rice pudding a great treat. A male quartet will sing. Mr. A. B. Vikberg, member of the Brooklyn Glee Club will sing first tenor. This singing society is the best Swedish Male Chorus in the country. The Swedes excel in male choruses, and at all international competitions invariably take the first prize.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Cornelia DeLuce is at Annapolis, N. S., in attendance upon her sick mother.

The affair of the season at North Woburn was the wedding of Miss Gertrude Smith Watson and Mr. Arthur Hall Linscott, at the residence of the bride's parents, 23 Ward street, on New Year's night. The snow in its winter beauty draped the outside while within was warmth and happiness. The bride in white diaphanous material with veil and lilies made a pleasing picture. The rooms were simply and beautifully decorated with flowers and an air of home hospitality pervaded. Many guests from Woburn and Boston were present. Mr. and Mrs. Linscott are away for their honeymoon.

The recently elected officers of the North Congregational church are: Clerk, J. P. Bixby; Treasurer, Dea. S. A. Thompson; Auditor, D. L. Coburn; Standing Committee, B. F. Kimball, Frank Carter, J. W. Clark; Deacon for Five Years, B. F. Kimball. The officers of the parish are: Clerk, Frank L. Perry; Treasurer and Collector, B. F. Kimball; Auditor, O. F. Curtis; Prudential Committee, J. C. Dickerman, S. W. Merrill, W. W. Hill. Officers of Sunday School: Superintendent, B. F. Kimball; Assistant, F. L. Perry; Secretary, Miss Florence C. Buck; Treasurer, J. P. Bixby. Officers of the Christian Endeavor Society: President, J. P. Bixby; Vice-President, Mrs. S. A. Thompson; Chairman Lookout Committee, Miss Bessie Barker; Chairman Prayer Meeting Committee, Miss Emily Danforth; Chairman Social Committee, Miss Emily Perkins; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Minnie Gamble.

In Memoriam.

At a special meeting of the St. Charles C. T. A. Society held in their rooms Sunday, Dec. 31, 1899, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted;

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Arbiter to send His angel of death to remove from our midst our beloved brother, CHARLES P. BRADLEY;

WHEREAS, The divine acts of the author of our being are always for the best, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to Him who "doeth all things well," we sincerely mourn the loss of one whose many admirable qualities endeared him to all who knew him, and who, as a member of this Society, was worthy of the highest appreciation and be it

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family the heartfelt sympathy of each and every member of this organization in this their hour of affliction, recognizing the loss sustained in the death of a son and brother ever true and kind, and that

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, spread upon the records of the Society, and published in the Woburn *News* and Woburn JOURNAL.

JOHN J. HAMMOND, Chairman,
FRED J. RICE,
THOMAS W. LOOBY,
THOMAS F. O'CONNOR,
DR. JOHN F. CAULFIELD.

Linscott—Watson.

Last Monday evening the pleasant residence of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel S. Watson, No. 23 Ward street, this city, was the scene of beautiful wedding ceremonies and a delightful reception by the bride and groom at their close.

At 7 o'clock, p. m., January 1, 1900, Mr. ARTHUR H. LINSCOTT of No. 2 Poole street, Woburn, and Miss GERTRUDE S. WATSON of No. 23 Ward street, Woburn, were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Pastor of the Unitarian church of this city, at the home of the bride's parents, in the presence of a select company of the relatives and friends of the parties to the hymenial union and their families. The house of Mr. and Mrs. Watson was brilliantly illuminated and profusely decorated with palms, roses and pinks for the occasion, in which they made a striking and attractive appearance.

Miss Josephine Milliken of Saco, Maine, was Maid of Honor. In a dress of white organdie over pink silk, in which she looked very lovely, her part was performed in the most graceful manner. Mr. Percy W. Linscott, brother of the groom, in regulation dress, discharged the duties of Best Man admirably.

The ribbons were held by a handsome quartet of young ladies, Miss Grace Bond, Miss Eva L. Ferris, Miss May Barker and Miss Helen Ramsdell.

The bride was elegantly attired in a dress of crepe de chine over white taffeta trimmed with Ranaissance lace. She wore a veil of tulle, and held Bride's roses and Lillies of the Valley. She appeared every inch a bride, and a very lovely one at that.

Delightful music was furnished by a full Orchestra, and the Wedding March was splendidly executed by Mr. Joseph A. Hills of Boston. The contributions of the Orchestra were one of the most entertaining features of this exceedingly pleasant and notable nuptial affair.

A reception was held at the Bride's home, assisted by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel S. Watson, from 7.30 to 9.30 in the evening. A delicious repast was furnished by Dill, the famous Boston caterer, which, it is needless to say, was keenly enjoyed by all present.

A happy evening was spent by the bridal party, who were the grateful recipients of many hearty congratulations and best wishes; by the parents of the bride; and the guests.

There were many elegant presents.

After the reception the happy couple left on a bridal tour.

The JOURNAL adds its hope that the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Linscott may be a long and happy one.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Gordon Parker's drug store.

Statement of Expenditures

of Woburn Volunteer Aid Committee to Jan. 1, 1900:

S. H. Cutter, circulars,	$ 5 00
Harry M. Call, " p. cards, pledge slips,	7 25
Simons, Hatch & Whitten, shirts,	63 13
" " " "	28 51
" " " "	22 79
Copeland & Bowser, binding and spool silk,	1 90
Sparrow Horton, record book,	75
T. H. Marrinan, Agent, services of band,	50 00
Capt. L. E. Hanson,	150 00
Alvah Buchman, shoes,	210 80
Samuel Highley, prescription del. to Corp. Miller, H Co., 6th U. S. V.,	10 55
Samuel Highley, sponges,	5 40
Capt. E. F. Wyer, expenses to Fortress Monroe and return,	68 00
Postage and Rubber Stamps, receipts, printing and account book,	6 05
Miss S. F. Neahan, services and nurse,	13 10
A. P. Barrett, postals and postage stamps,	1 20
Capt. E. F. Wyer, silk, shoes, flannel shirt,	6 88
Chas. J. Billingsly,	100 00
Paid acct. Private Billingsly's funeral expenses,	21 65
Corp. R. J. McHugh, transportation to his company,	15 00
Capt. L. E. Hanson,	69 38
Dr. Wm. H. Kelleher, medical services,	40 00
Capt. Thomas McCarthy,	19 00
Wallace & Andrews, postals and printing,	2 00
City Treasurer J C. Buck, expenses of reception to Co. G,	71 95
Capt. L. E. Hanson,	12 00
	$1,002 20

Amount received	$1,700 44
Paid out as above statement,	1,002 20
Balance in the Bank,	$698 24

BENJ. HINCKLEY, Treas.

Literary Notices.

Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") makes a fine beginning of his Life of the Master in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January with chapters covering the period of youth and childhood. There are eight beautiful full-page pictures in color. Mark Twain contributes a sketch in which he professedly betrays the confidence of W. D. Howells, Cable, Stockton, Aldrich, and other brother authors, by telling us what has been the abiding ambition of each. Other interesting contributions are Governor Boutwell's recollections of Blaine and Conkling and their rivalry in the Republican National convention of 1880; an account of the way in which an artificial heat of nearly 4000 degrees is now generated and governed to daily service in an American factory; a popular explanation, by Prof. Simon Newcomb, of how astronomers weigh the planets; and Lieutenant Peary's account of his last year's work in the Arctic, especially of his two visits to Greely's deserted house at Fort Congor and what he found there. The Rev. C. T. Brady retells, partly from new material, the heroic story of Truxton and the United States frigate Constellation and their great victories over the French; Ray Stannard Baker tells a thrilling true story of the Secret Service; Booth Tarkington, the author of The Gentleman from Indiana, concludes his absorbing novelette, Monsieur Beaucaire; and there are a number of good short stories. The S. S. McClure Co., New York City.

The frontispiece of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for January is a reproduction of Smibert's portrait of Peter Faneuil, accompanying an article on Faneuil Hall, the gift of this wealthy Huguenot merchant to the town of Boston. The author of the article, Mr. Abram English Brown, has here collected an abundance of interesting material concerning the historic associations clustering about the Cradle of Liberty, and his paper is fully illustrated. Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows writes of Ellen Johnson and the Sherborn Prison, from a long and intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Johnson and her methods of reform work among women prisoners. The illustrations of the article include many views of the prison and its surroundings, as well as an excellent portrait of Mrs. Johnson. Mr. S. E. Bridgman describes the city of Northampton, Massachusetts, with all the enthusiasm and love inspired by a long residence there, where he has become thoroughly familiar with her history and all her activities. The illustrative material used gives the city a fine showing, and the article should attract wide attention. Mr. Henry C. Shelley's charming bits descriptive of English scenes, reproduced by his own camera, are familiar to readers of the magazine, and here are grouped several of his picturesque views to illustrate a brief chapter on White's Selborne Revisited. The little village of East Poultney, Vermont, will keep in memory the name of Horace Greeley, whose early home it was. Some of East Poultney's earlier history, together with reminiscences of Greeley's life there, are contained in Mr. Ralph Cushman's description of Horace Greeley's Early New England Home. There are several views in East Poultney and a portrait of Greeley. An Old South prize essay by Miss Caroline B. Shaw on The Struggle of France and England for the Possession of North America is here published. The Editor's Table continues the discussion begun last month, of Horace Bushnell as a citizen. In the emphasis upon Bushnell's important religious thought, his significance as a man of affairs has largely been lost sight of; and this is what Mr. Mead takes up. Three stories, The Shadow of Greatness, by Lewis E. MacBrayne; Mary Ellen's Auction, by Priscilla Leonard; and At the Fork of the Road, by Leonora Beck Ellis, with several poems, complete the number. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexceiled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

In many respects Mrs. Fiske's production at the Tremont Theatre of "Becky Sharp," her new play from "Vanity Fair," is the most important event of the Boston theatrical season. It has excited a wide and a peculiar interest, for obvious reasons. It is a lively topic in theatre circles, among patrons of the playhouse generally, and especially in the literary world. Other plays from lesser novels than "Vanity Fair" do not sweep in the same universal circle. For the first time, by common consent, Mrs. Fiske is ideally fitted with a character. The records do not disclose that any woman has ever made a great success as Becky Sharp in the occasional and not notable plays that have been made from Thackeray's novel in the past. Nor does the record tell of any actress naturally fitted for this character. "Vanity Fair" is still as vital as literature as it was twenty or even forty years ago. Unquestionably Mrs. Fiske is artistically the Becky Sharp that the novelist created. Her unparalleled success in the character is one of the achievements of the modern stage. The engagement at the Tremont extends only until the 20th, and seats are selling at a rate that ensures crowded houses to the end.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

WINCHESTER.

The Congregational church and parish is out of debt.

The family of Congressman McCall have gone to Washington for the winter.

Installation of the officers of Winchester Lodge A. O. U. W. will take place on Jan. 18.

Some of our folks want to follow the example of Brookline and change the mode of doing town business. Don't do it.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 11, the Winchester Branch of the Hospital Aid Society of the Holy Ghost Hospital, Cambridge, will give a whist party and dance in Lyceum Hall.

Wedgemere Colony, 134, U. O. P. F., have elected the following officers: Thomas J. Holland, Governor; Geo. Lynch, Lieut. Governor; Miss Mary F. Burke, Secretary; P. Dowd, Treasurer; Mrs. Maria Nelson, Chaplain; Mrs. James H. Roach, Sergeant-at-Arms; Arthur Mullen, Deputy Sergt.-at-Arms; James H. Roach, Colonel; Henry Brodeur, Sentinel; Miss Minnie Cutting, Musician; John W. Sweeney, P. Dowd and Wm. Stinson, Trustees.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of—J. A. DODGEN, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Profitless.

Miss Chicago—Money talks, you know

Miss Boston—A vulgar apothegm. Culture makes no concession to the loquacity of lucre.—Boston Courier.

It was the custom of the Greeks to offer beets on a silver tray to Apollo in his temple at Delphi. Lord Bacon loved the onion so that he declared the rose would be sweeter planted in a bed of them.

THE NILE CROCODILE.

His Live Toothpick, His Tears and His Way of Getting Caught.

To say that the crocodile has seen his best days is but feebly to express the rapidity with which he is lapsing into the class of extinct animals. As a feature of modern Egypt he is perhaps rather a curiosity than a plague, and the traveler has to get far beyond the regions of the delta before he can begin to hope for the chance of being introduced to one. Crocodile stories are no longer told. In fact, it is safer to trust to the sea serpent. Nothing can make the crocodile attractive, and even the man with the camera is shy of treating him as a subject—whether for personal or artistic reasons is not quite clear. Possibly the crocodile resents being focused, as he formerly shrank from confrontation with a mirror, an ordeal which often led to his dying of chagrin, as was supposed, at the sight of his own ugliness. Moreover, the experienced photographer is wise in "taking no risks," remembering that the crocodile's tears are only a natural solvent which the saurian applies to the tougher form of animal food.

And this is where the legend of the toothpick properly comes in. Herodotus noticed the fact, but seems to have been misled as to the motive. He discovered that the crocodile made friends with a particular bird, which he allowed to enter his mouth in order, as the writer supposed, to rid the reptile of the leeches which infested his jaws. Pliny says nothing of these pests, but considers the complaisance of the crocodile to be due to the satisfaction he felt in having his teeth picked by the bird. "He taketh so great delight in this her scraping and scouring of his teeth and jaws." Both authors speak of the bird as a wren; later naturalists described it as being as large as a thrush, while it has been reserved for the present generation of travelers to identify this useful friend of the crocodile as the spur winged plover. Of the fact of the alliance there is not the least doubt. The operation has been frequently witnessed by numerous independent observers, one of the latest of whom considers that the bird does actually perform the functions of a toothpick, "a process which the crocodile enjoys." With such corroboration the narration of Herodotus, subject to qualification, as it must be, is at least to be taken seriously and no longer regarded as the visionary idea of a mere fabulist.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics the crocodile is represented by a single wavy line, so perfectly suggestive of the contour of the animal that it is quite impossible to escape from its meaning. It might stand as an excellent contemporary illustration of the text of Herodotus, neither author nor artist overstepping the modesty of nature. This was reserved for later times, in which arose so many of the myths and extravagances which we are ready to impute to the lack of practical knowledge by the classic writers. When Fuller lucubrated so learnedly of the crocodile, he doubtless felt that he was correcting the erroneous idea of an earlier period, and the following example of his erudition may serve to show how he set about the task: "The sovereign power of saffron is plainly proved by the antipathy of the crocodile thereto, for the crocodile's tears are never true, save when he is forced where saffron groweth, whence he hath the name of saffron fearer, knowing himself to be all poison and it all antidote." As to legend of the crocodile's tears, it can only be regarded as a myth grafted upon some of the reptile's observed habits. Probably because they could offer less resistance to his attacks, women and children were especially liable to them, the office of the former as water carriers bringing them often to the Nile and the children naturally finding a playground on its shores.

Herodotus gives an amusing account of the manner in which the Egyptian brothers of the angle used to fish for crocodile, from which it would seem that they had taken a leaf out of the reptile's own book of strategy. They baited the hook with a large piece of hog's flesh, with which they made a real angler's "cast" into the middle of the river. And they employed a very special and alluring form of ground bait, consisting of a vigorous young porker, which they anchored, Irish fashion, on the bank and incited by divers irritating arts into energetic squealing. Entranced with the melodious sound, the crocodile was drawn in the direction from which it came, and, being unable to get at the pig, put up with the baited hook instead.—London Globe.

Information For Certain Hearers.

"I have noticed," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, pausing in his discourse, "that two or three of the brethren have looked at their watches several times in the last few minutes. For fear their timepieces may not agree I will say that the correct time is 11:45. I set my watch by the regulator at the jeweler's last night. The sermon will be over at 12:01. It would have closed promptly at 12 but for this digression. Let us proceed to consider now what the apostle meant when he says, 'I press toward the mark.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Saved the Edition.

Sir Frederick Gori Ouseley used to tell a story about the famous Clarendon Press, at Oxford, which shows how very easily serious blunders may be made. It was when a new edition of the Bible was coming out, and not till the final revision of the text, when in another moment it would have been irrevocably fixed in immortal type, that the printer was discovered to have given the following "free" rendering of I Corinthians xv, 52:

"The trumpet shall sound * * * and we shall be hanged!"

How Bees Embalm.

Bees, says Horbis, can embalm as successfully as could the ancient Egyptians. It often happens in damp weather that a slug or snail will enter a beehive. This is, of course, to the unprotected slug a case of sudden death. The bees fall upon him and sting him to death at once. But what to do with the carcass becomes a vital question. If left where it is, it will breed a regular pestilence. Now comes in the cleverness of the insects. They set to work and cover it with wax, and there you may see it lying embalmed just as the nations of old embalmed their dead. When it is a snail that is the intruder, he is, of course, impenetrable to their sting, so they calmly cement his shell with wax to the bottom of the hive—imprisonment for life, with no hope of pardon.

Gold.

Twenty-four carat gold is all gold; 22 carat gold has 22 parts of gold, 1 of silver and 1 of copper; 18 carat gold has 18 parts of pure gold and 3 parts each of silver and copper in its composition; 12 carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of 3½ parts of silver and 8½ parts of copper.

An Exciting Experience.

A grapeman named Antoine Vidial, at Los Angeles, had an experience he will not soon forget. He was loading grapes into his wagon from a freight car and before going to work hitched his team to the rear of the freight car while he opened the door and inspected the load inside.

While he was inside a switch engine came down the track, coupled to the front end and started off with the car, man and horses. The man commenced to shout, the horses did their best to keep up with the car, and the wagon went merrily bumping over the ties. The cries of the man finally reached the ears of the engineer, and he stopped, only to find that if he had kept on for another 50 yards he would have pulled the heads off the horses.

The teamster had a fit right there when he saw how close he had come to killing his horses. However, there was no harm done beyond a few broken harness straps and the wounded feelings of the driver, who had to stand a storm of objurgations from the engine men.—Los Angeles Herald.

A Story of the Iron Duke.

The late Lord Salisbury was then aid-de-camp to the duke, and he told me that when the Chartists began their march he galloped in great anxiety to the duke at the Horse guards and found him reading the morning paper. He lifted his head for a moment and said, "How far are they now from the bridge?" (Westminster bridge.)

Lord Salisbury replied, "One mile and a half, sir."

The great duke said, "Tell me when they are within one-quarter of a mile." And he became absorbed in his paper.

The Marquis of Salisbury went back to observe. When the procession reached the appointed distance, he galloped back to the Horse guards and again found the Iron Duke quietly reading. "Well?" said the duke.

Lord Salisbury reported that the procession was breaking up and that only small, detached bodies of Chartists were crossing the bridge.

"Exactly what I expected," said the duke and returned to his paper.—"Biography of Lord Playfair."

Strong Proof.

Hettie—So you really think that George is in love with you?

Edith—Oh, I am sure of it! You should hear some of the mean things he says about you and the rest of the girls in our set.—Boston Transcript.

One would better be trustful of 99 friends who are false than doubtful of one who is true. Suspicion and supersensitiveness are at once the badges and the bane of a little soul.

The choral service was first used in England at Canterbury in 677.

Town of Burlington
Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes

BURLINGTON, Mass., January 6, 1900.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the Town of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said Town of Burlington, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Burlington, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE SELECTMEN of said Burlington, in the Town House of said Burlington, on **MONDAY, January 29, 1900**, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of taxes, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

CLARK AND HEGGY.—About 14 acres of wood land situated in said Burlington, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Clark and Heggy, known as the unimproved land; easterly by land of Heirs of Charles Austin Wyman; southerly by land of Heirs of Geo. R Baldwin; westerly by land of Elijah Marion, Francis M. Pushee and S. W. Abbott.
Tax of 1897, $12 32

CLARK AND HEGGY.—About 2 acres of unimproved land situated in said Burlington bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of Franklin Cutler; easterly by land of Heirs of Charles Austin Wyman; southerly by land of Clark and Heggy, known as the wood land; westerly by land of Edwin A. Bennett.
Tax of 1897, 32

HARRY H. NICHOLS, Collector of Taxes for the Town of Burlington.

AUDITORIUM.

Thursday Eve'g, Jan. 11.

A Guaranted Attraction! 4th Big Year of Continuous Success!

Denman Thompson and Geo. W. Ryer's

BEAUTIFUL PLAY

The Sunshine OF ... Paradise Alley

Written for the People who enjoyed the The Old Homestead.

An Ideal cast, including the Verdi Ladies' Quartette.

Beautiful Special Scenery.

Among the scenes shown is the Great East River Dock Scene, with the Illuminated Painting of of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Don't Fail To See It!

☞Tickets at Gordon Parker's.

Fine Furs

Russian and Hudson Bay **SABLES**

SEALSKIN Sacques, Capes, Collarettes, Caps and Gloves.

SCARF AND MUFF SETS

In Chinchilla, Blue Lynx, Black Marten, Stone Marten and American Sable

Sleigh Robes & Coachmen's Capes

— ALSO —

HIGH CLASS CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING.

GEO. L. GRIFFIN & SON,
104 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

Mail Orders Solicited We send you 100 billheads for 75c; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 7 c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Ann Young of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Owen McDermott, dated December 14, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2521, Page 318, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on

MONDAY, the fifteenth day of January, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, that is to say:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Thorn street; easterly by Washington street; southerly by land now or formerly of one Patrick Garrity; and southwesterly by a private way.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

LAWRENCE MARTIN, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, December 22, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by James T. Judson and Amy S. Judson, husband and wife, both of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in her own right, to Charles E. Jennings of Everett, County and Commonwealth as aforesaid, dated the twelfth day of May in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, and recorded at Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book 2739, Page 2; for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below, on **MONDAY, the fifteenth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred**, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County and Commonwealth as aforesaid, comprising lots numbered twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14) and fifteen (15), in Block thirteen (13) on a "Plan of Section A of the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company," dated December 10, 1888; recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2; bounded northeasterly by Jones Avenue, one hundred and forty (140) feet; southeasterly by Chester Avenue, seventy (70) feet; southwesterly by lots numbered sixteen (16) and eleven (11) on said plan, one hundred and forty (140) feet, and northwesterly by Foster Avenue, seventy (70) feet. Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage of about nine hundred and thirty (930) dollars, and any unpaid taxes or assessments.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

CHARLES E JENNINGS, Mortgagee.

Everett, Mass., Dec. 19th, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Calnan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Patrick Calnan, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on him official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-third day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Allen T. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Harriet E. Hubbard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of January, A. D. 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner, is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of Mary McCabe, otherwise known as Mary McNulty and Mary Fallon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Thomas Salmon, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Farmer, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration, with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to Henry M. Aldrich of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, January 5th, 1900**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 6, will draw interest from January 1, 1900.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Dec. 26, 1899.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Beginning New Year's Night,

MRS. FISKE

And Her Admirable Company in

BECKY SHARP

(Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair")
By LANGDON MITCHELL.
The Dramatic Sensation of the season.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

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The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

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THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday Dec. 28, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

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Order a Suit of Clothes and Winter Overcoat from

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Public Lectures
— IN THE —
CITY OF WOBURN
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Frankford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter, Subject: "Summer in the Arctic."

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, E. MARIA BEAN, WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

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First National Bank
OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 9, 1900**, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8, 1899.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

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The Bridal Feast

Is not infrequently followed by a long, lenten period of enforced fasting and fleshly mortification. The cheek grows hollow, the eyes are dull and deep ringed, and the step is slow and languid. There is an "all dragged-out feeling," which makes life an utter burden. The great functional changes which follow marriage are not usually anticipated, or the wifely suffering might be avoided.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best friend of weak and sickly women. It cures the womanly diseases that rob the eye of brightness and the step of lightness. It tones up the system and establishes the womanly organism on a basis of sound health.

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Young married women will find a lasting friend in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. It contains 1008 pages and is sent *free* (in paper cover), on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Cloth binding, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew.
And the woman stopped as her babe she tossed
And thought of the one she had long since lost
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew.
And the children said as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through!
'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew.
And the man as he sat on his hearth below
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew.
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man and woman and child, all three.
And he said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind that sings in the chimney."

—Bret Harte.

The Water of Forgetfulness

The Story of One Who Desired Oblivion of His Past.

By Rudolf Baumbach.

In a round tower room, which was adorned with weapons of the chase, antlers and stuffed fowls, a young fellow sat on a wooden stool, twisting a bowstring from out a marten's sinew, and at the same time sang a merry hunting song. He wore the clothes of a hunter and by his short cut hair showed he was a servant of the lord of the castle. His name was Heinz.

Over the young fellow from the ceiling hung a swinging hoop, and in the hoop sat a gray falcon with bound wings and a leather hood over its eyes. Once in awhile the hunter paused in his work and set the slow swinging hoop again in fast motion. This was done that the falcon might not fall asleep, for it was a young bird and was to be trained to become a hunting falcon, for the training of a falcon skilled in hunting began thus—that it might be made submissive through hunger and sleeplessness.

Heinz had been the count's falconer, and the old lord had kept the young fellow very busy. But lately he had easy days. The count hunted no more. For a year past he had lain calm and still in the stone tomb decorated with the family coat of arms, and his widow, Adelheid, sat the whole day together with the chaplain and thought not of hunting.

Today the lady of the castle must doubtless have become tired of prayers, for she left her own apartments and went over all the rooms of the castle. The song of the young hunter was an agreeable change to her after the monotonous psalm singing of the sniffling chaplain. She sought the voice and entered the apartment in the tower.

Heinz was astonished when he saw the proud lady in widow's veil and gray gown enter. He rose and courtesied low. Lady Adelheid let her sparkling eyes glide over the slender figure of the falconer and smiled graciously, and her smile appeared to the young fellow like the sunlight in May. She asked much about falconry hunting and then departed.

It happened a few days after this that Lady Adelheid rode into the green forest on a swan white palfrey. However, she wore no gray garment, but a gown of green velvet, and, instead of the widow's veil, a hat of sable with a waving feather. Behind her, bearing a hunting falcon on his clinched hand, rode Heinz, the young falconer, with an expression of joy in his blue eyes.

They had ridden quite a distance, and the towers of the castle had long since vanished behind the widespreading beech trees, when Lady Adelheid turned her head and said:

"Ride near me, Heinz," and Heinz did as the lady commanded him, and thus they rode farther on the narrow wood path. The trees rustled gently, the chaffinches sang, and sometimes small forest animals glided across the way. Now and then was heard the cracking of breaking branches as the game hurried into the wood or a frightened bird flew noisily, and then a deep silence lay over the forest. Again the lady of the castle turned to the hunter and spoke with laughing mouth:

"Let me hear, Heinz, if thou art a wise young hunter—

"Dear huntsman, I pray thee to tell me aright
What ascends higher than falcon and kite?"

Without thinking Heinz replied:

"High mounts the falcon and the kite ascends high,
The eagle, however, can still higher fly."

And again spoke Lady Adelheid:

"Dear huntsman, dear huntsman, reveal unto me,
Is there nothing that mounts still higher than he?"

The falconer thought a couple of moments, then answered:

"Surely than all feathered things ascends higher,
So glorious at noonday, the sun's ball of fire."

The countess nodded approvingly and asked the third time:

"Then do not deceive me, my best beloved one,
Does not something mount still higher than the bright sun?"

The falconer's wisdom was now at an end. He looked up at the tops of the beech trees, as if help would come to him from there, and then looked down again on the pommel of the saddle, but remained silent. Then Lady Adelheid reined in her little horse, bent toward the hunter and softly said:

"The sun ascends high in the heaven above,
But higher, still higher, soars secret love."

Two woodpeckers with blue wings started up out of the hazel bushes and flew screaming into the forest in order to relate what they had heard, and by another morning the sparrows who had their nests under the castle roof twittered to one another:

"Peep, peep,
Our lady's love for the hunter is deep."

Yes, that was a happy time for Falconer Heinz. He let his hair grow, so that it hung down in golden ringlets to his shoulders, and he wore silver spurs and a heron's feather in his hat and built glittering castles in the blue air.

He certainly did not receive a castle, but instead a fine forester's house, with antlers on the gable, and fields and meadow lands besides were given him in trust, and there he sat now as forester of the reservation, and when his gracious lady came riding to him he stood in the door and waved a greeting with his hat, then lifted the Lady Adelheid out of the saddle and entertained her with bread, milk and honey.

So passed the summer, the fall and half the winter, when came Shrovetide. At this time many visitors came from the neighborhood, and the count's castle appeared like an inn. But Forester Heinz sat lonely in his huntsman's home, and only seldom news reached him of the merry life at the castle. At last came a report that was not exactly agreeable to poor Heinz. Lady Adelheid was to marry again, so ran the story, and it sounded in the young fellow's ears like the tolling of a funeral bell.

Then Heinz locked his house door and made his way toward the castle and as he went murmured all kinds of things between his teeth that sounded not like prayer.

When he reached the foot of the castle hill, where the winding road led upward, he heard hoof strokes and a silvery laugh that cut him to the soul like a double edged blade, and down the way came the lady of the castle riding on a white horse, and on her left a stately knight clad in rich raiment rode on a glossy black steed and looked with sparkling eyes at the beautiful woman at his side.

The young hunter thought his heart would break; but, mastering himself, he sat down on a stone like a beggar, and as the pair came near him he sang:

"The sun ascends high in the heaven above,
But higher, still higher, soars secret love."

The proud knight reined in his horse and, pointing with his whip toward the hunter, asked his companion:

"What means this? Who is the man?"

The blood left the countess' cheeks, but she quickly controlled herself and answered:

"An insane hunter. Come, let us hasten on. I am filled with fear in his presence."

But the knight loosed his purse and threw a goldpiece to the man by the road. Then Heinz cried out and cast himself face downward on the earth. Both knight and lady gave their horses the spurs and rode hastily on.

The hoof beats had long since died away before the unfortunate man raised himself up from the earth. He wiped the dust and dirt from his face, pressed his hat down upon his brows and walked into the forest. Without way or path he hurried along until night set in. Then he threw himself under a tree, wrapped his cloak around him and sank into the sleep of an exhausted man.

Poor Heinz slept the whole night without dreaming until the chill of morning wakened him. At once his grief again stood before him and grinned at him like a diabolical specter.

"Oh, if I could forget!" cried he. "If I could but forget! There is a spring—if one drinks of its water then vanishes all the past from memory. Who will point out to me the way to the spring?"

"Oh," called a voice near him, "I am familiar with the spring that causes forgetfulness and with my knowledge will gladly be of service to you."

Heinz looked down and saw before him a young fellow in a tattered black gown whose toes appeared inquisitively from out his shoes. The one representing himself as a vagrant student spoke again:

"The water called Lethe, which induces forgetfulness, springs in Greece. You must travel there and on the spot inquire for the details. But if you would find comfort, then accompany me to the Blue Grape inn. It lies not far from here. There the landlady will serve you with the drink of forgetfulness, provided your purse is less empty than mine."

So spoke the vagrant, and Heinz rose and followed him to the forest inn. There both drank together the whole day and half the night, and when they lay socially on the bench by the stove at midnight Heinz had forgotten everything that grieved or oppressed him. With morning light, however, tormenting memories came again, and besides he had a headache. Then he settled his own and his companion's score, made short parting from the vagrant student and went forth.

"Oh, who can forget!" said he as he went on his way and struck his forehead with his clinched hand. "I must find the spring, or I shall certainly become insane."

Near the road stood an old half dead willow, and on the willow sat a raven, who turned his head toward the lonely wanderer and looked at him attentively.

"Thou all knowing bird," said the hunter to the raven, "thou knowest all that happens on the earth. Tell me where springs the water of forgetfulness."

"That would I know myself in order to drink thereof. I knew of a nest of seven fat, nut fed dormice, and when I desired to look after the dear little creatures yesterday I found the martin had emptied the nest and left not a piece remaining. And now must I think on my own loss wherever I go and stay. Yes, who knows the water of forgetfulness! But let me advise you, my friend. Go to the woman in the woods, who knows more than other people and perhaps also knows the spring of forgetfulness." Then the raven pointed out to the hunter the way to the woman in the woods. Heinz thanked the bird and went on.

The woman who lived in the woods was at home. She sat before her cottage and spun, nodding her white head. Near her sat a gray cat with grass green eyes that licked its paws and purred meantime.

Heinz approached the old woman, greeted her respectfully and explained his errand.

"I certainly know the spring of forgetfulness," said the woman, "and I will not withhold a drink of its waters from thee, thou poor boy. But only death is for naught—if thou wilt have a cup of this precious drink thou must first perform three tasks for me. Wilt thou do this?"

"If I can."

"I demand nothing impossible of thee. Thou shalt first fell for me the forest behind my house. That is the first task."

The young fellow agreed to this. The old woman gave him a wood ax and led him to the very spot. Heinz stretched his arms and swung the ax, and with each stroke he made imagined he struck his rival, and the trees sank groaning under the mighty blows, and this pleased him. As evening approached Heinz looked about him for food, for he was extremely hungry. But he had not long to wait. From the house of the old woman came a maiden, who placed a basket with food and drink by the side of the exhausted woodcutter.

As Heinz raised his eyes he saw a wonderfully beautiful face framed in golden hair, through which gleamed the last rays of the setting sun. The maiden was the daughter of the old woman in the woods. She looked with gentle glance at the young fellow and remained standing awhile before him, but as he said nothing she went away.

Heinz ate and drank, then gathered together pine boughs and wood moss for a resting place, lay down and slept a dreamless sleep. But when he awoke in the morning so also was his sorrow awakened.

Then he seized the wood ax and hewed the trunks with such mighty strokes that the forest resounded afar with them. At evening, when the beautiful maiden brought him food, Heinz did not appear to be as melancholy as on the previous day and, feeling that he should say something to her, remarked:

"It is a beautiful day."

Thereupon the maiden answered:

"Yes, very beautiful," and nodding assent turned homeward.

So passed seven days, one after the other, and on the seventh day the last tree was felled. The woman in the woods came, praised the industrious Heinz and said:

"Now comes the second task."

Heinz must now remove the roots of the trees, that the earth might be cultivated and seed and fruit sown. For this he required seven weeks. But every evening after his well finished day's work the daughter of the woman in the woods brought him food and sat beside him on the tree trunk and listened while Heinz told of the world outside, and when he had finished she held out a white hand to him and said:

"Good night, dear Heinz."

Then she went home, but Heinz sought his couch and fell asleep at once.

When seven weeks had thus passed, the woman in the woods came, examined the work, praised the industrious workman and said:

"Now comes the third task. It is that you build a house with seven rooms for me from out the felled wood, and when thou hast also finished it then shalt thou receive a cup of the water of forgetfulness and canst go whither thou wilt."

So Heinz became a builder and with ax and saw erected a stately house. The work certainly progressed slowly, for Heinz worked without assistance, but this he did not dislike, for he loved the green forest, and he would have liked best to remain always near the old woman in the woods. He certainly still remembered at times his former sorrow, but it was like one who, having had a bad dream, rejoices in the morning that he is awake. Each evening the daughter of the old woman came to him, and they now sang together hunting songs and now songs of separation, parting and meeting.

So passed seven months. The house was finished from threshold to gable. On the gable Heinz had fastened a young pine tree, and the maiden had bound garlands of pine twigs and red mountain berries and decorated the walls.

The old woman in the woods came on her crutches, with the cat on her shoulder, to inspect the finished work. She appeared very solemn and carried in her hand a cup carved from wood, wherein was the water of forgetfulness.

"Thou hast finished the three tasks which I imposed upon thee," said she, "and now comes thy reward. Take this cup, and when thou shalt have emptied it to the last drop then is the past obliterated from thy memory."

The huntsman hesitatingly stretched forth his hand toward the cup.

"Drink," said the old woman, "and forget all."

"All?"

"Yes, everything; thy former sorrow, me and"—

"And me also," said the beautiful maiden and placed her hand over her eyes that she might repress her rising tears.

Then the young fellow seized the cup and threw it with powerful hand to the earth, so that the drink rained in many glittering drops upon the grass, and cried:

"Mother, I remain with thee!"

And before he knew what happened to him the maiden lay upon his breast and sobbed for very happiness. And though the trees went a-blowing and the yellow cornfields round about nodded in the wind, the birds sang in the branches and the white cat of the old woman went purring in a circle round about the happy pair.

Now, I could without great trouble transform the old woman in the woods into a beautiful fairy, her daughter into a princess and the new built house into a glittering king's castle, but we will remain faithful to the truth and let everything be as it was.

But, after all, something wonderful did happen. Where the drops of the water of forgetfulness had fallen on the earth there sprang up from the ground a dear little flower with heavenly blue eyes. The flower now has spread over all the land, and who knows not its name for him is this story not written.—Translated From the German For Short Stories.

Modern Methods.

Irate Tenant—It's colder than all get out in our apartments this morning. Why isn't the heat turned on?

Janitor—It's turned on in the rooms I occupy, and just as soon as they get warm I'll turn it on in the rest of the building.—Chicago News.

At His Word.

Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?

Clerk—Yes'm. We always make a 50 per cent reduction on cracked goods. Anything else today?

Customer—Yes; you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Home Manners.

The young wife's ideals begin to be shattered when she sees her husband put his feet on the best chair.—Philadelphia Record.

SUNSET.

Turn not to the east when the day is declining
  And the glory of sunset is here;
Too sad is the light the far hilltops defining
  In outlines too pensively clear.
Though fair was the morning its gladness is past,
And the day's brightest beams are reserved for the last.

The morn is for growth, and the noontide is stronger
  In all that is bravest and best,
But the hands become weary as shadows grow longer,
  And we look to the evening for rest.
And why should we sigh for the morning's delight
When ripe for the quiet and peace of the night?

Turn not to the east when the day is declining,
  Nor muse on the past with a tear,
When bright o'er the hilltops the red light is shining,
  And the glory of sunset is here.
Enjoy, then, the moment, the brightest and best,
When morning is dawning away in the west.

—Mary H. Wheeler in Boston Transcript.

WASHINGTON AND BURR.

Alleged Cause of the Break Between the Two Great Men.

An old lawyer, speaking of dramatic incidents in court, said: "Jere Clemens, a once famous United States senator from Alabama, told of a trial in which Burr appeared for the defense of a man charged with murder. My recollection is that the trial was in the southwest.

"When Burr addressed the jury, it was night. The guilty man was in the room. He had been the principal witness for the prosecution, but Burr had learned that this witness was the assassin, and in closing his address for his client he picked up two lighted candles from the table, and, holding them in the face of the witness referred to, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen of the jury, there is nature's verdict. Now write yours.' At that moment the witness fled from the room. After Clemens told this story he wrote a historical novel called 'The Rivals; or, The Times of Hamilton and Burr.' In that book he wove the incident into one of the chapters. The book is out of print and has been for many years. But it had a great sale, particularly in the south, before the civil war, for Clemens was a typical southern orator and a man of wonderful personal magnetism. The object of the novel was to make Burr a hero and to besmirch Hamilton's character.

"In one chapter where Burr was high in the esteem of Washington the latter is represented as reading a letter from Hamilton in which Hamilton detailed some scandalous gossip about Burr. Burr was standing behind Washington during the reading of the letter. Washington, incensed at the contents of the letter, turned quickly and saw Burr, to whom he said, 'How dare you read my letter over my shoulder?' Burr, as Clemens represents, stung to the quick, drew himself up and replied with all the hauteur of his nature, 'When your majesty addresses such an inquiry to me in the manner you have, the only reply decency can prompt is, Aaron Burr dares to do anything.' This, Clemens avers, was the cause of the break between Washington and Burr."—New York Sun.

Ballast For Ships.

To solve the question of ballast many expedients are resorted to, and the results obtained often are singular. The most popular ballast is stone or rock, and every shipmaster who hails from the port of New York knows, or is supposed to know at least, the relative value of certain grades of rocks at various ports besides the metropolis. He can dispose of a cargo of stone to contractors here which will more than reimburse him for the expense of loading and unloading, and if the shipmaster is alert he will arrange for such disposal many months before his return from some out of the way corner of the world.

Every time a sailing vessel returns from a foreign port she usually is visited by contractors or their agents, who make competitive bids for her ballast cargo of stone, if she carries one. This stone is used mostly for macadamizing and paving streets. Frequently material is brought over which is good enough for building purposes.—New York Press.

Music For Fish Bait.

An eccentric hermit named William Schueller, who lives at Franklin, Mich., is said to be one of the most successful fishermen in his part of the country, and he claims to call the fish to him by singing "Old Hundredth." He goes out in his boat and takes a station in fairly deep water. Then he sings, at the same time keeping his eyes on the water in search of fish. Gradually the fish crowd about his boat, he claims, and when enough are gathered together the wily fisherman casts a net and catches dozens at a single haul. The old gentleman has a famous voice, and his neighbors are inclined to believe his strange story.—Chicago Record.

Deadly War Missiles.

In 1870 an ordinary shell when it burst broke into from 19 to 30 pieces. Today it bursts into 240. Shrapnel fire in 1870 scattered only 37 death dealing missiles. Now it scatters 340. A bomb weighing about 70 pounds 30 years ago would have burst into 42 fragments. Today, when it is is charged with peroxilene, it breaks up into 1,200 pieces, each of which is hurled with much greater velocity than the larger lumps which were scattered by a gunpowder explosion.—Chicago Democrat.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

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Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

HUMAN SIGNBOARDS.

THE MEN WHO CARRY THE BANNERS FOR ADVERTISERS.

One of the Brotherhood Who Perambulates New York's Streets Tells of the Methods and Rules Which Govern His Peculiar Occupation.

His aspect was that of a creature hopelessly gone to seed. His movements betrayed a listlessness which a fiery, sodden face, framed in unkempt white hair and beard, denoted was born of mortal apathy. From his neck hung a cheap nickel clock. Over his slender, narrow shoulders loomed a great oilcloth banner inscribed with gilt letters, which advertised to State street's multitude the eminent superiority of somebody's shoes, for he was a peripatetic sign man who went floating along in the human sea until an eddy tossed him into a side street with a precipitation due perhaps to the presence of a dingy, forlorn little saloon of evil and farreaching odors, into which the curious observer invited him that he might get a story.

"Who am I? Nobody but the veteran banner lugger in State street. Otherwise, viewed as an atom of the social system, I'm a blot, child of the gutter, and all the usual rot which an emotional imagination may be able to supply. I never was long on adjectives, and sentiment and I parted company years ago. But, as I say, I'm the veteran banner packer in this human wilderness, for I have been at it through storm and sunshine for seven years and that with few interruptions to appease the longings of moral delinquency common to the race of banner packers. Appear to have some education? I don't know. Maybe I had once, but I'm too much of a philosopher for reminiscence."

"Better remove your—your banner," suggested the curious observer as they entered the dingy, forlorn little saloon. "You'll feel easier."

"Can't," replied the red faced packer laconically. "Locked in."

"Locked in! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, that's a gospel fact," continued the packer, edging himself through the narrow door. "You will notice that the shoulder pieces attached to my banner are part of an iron band which goes around my waist. At the back the band works on hinges, and it is locked on me by the foreman of the banner packers when I start out in the morning. I come back to the starting point at noon, and the foreman unlocks them, leaving me free for an hour to eat if I have the price of a morsel or so, or to loaf around wishing I was some one else, with my teeth aching from too close an application to truffles and pheasants, if I haven't. Then at 1 o'clock I am locked into my iron frame again and set forth to pack the banner until 6 o'clock, when my work for the day ends and I am at liberty to go to my lodgings."

"Virtually, then, you are a prisoner during your working hours?" said the curious observer.

"Virtually, yes," responded the banner packer. "I am one of the hundreds who are patrolling the streets of New York today in iron frames and who are just as much imprisoned as our friends in Sing Sing or the malefactors who parade in ball and chain. For certain hours we move up and down locked in irons, and, although our shoulders may become racked with pain, we have no relief except at the noon hour and quitting time, unless we return between times and resign our jobs."

"Why are you locked in the frames?"

"Because the advertisers demand it. Many months ago they discovered that a majority of their peripatetic sign men were dishonest and availed themselves of every opportunity to hide their signs as soon as they were out of sight of the establishments employing them."

"Are banner packers governed by any fixed rules?"

"To be sure we are. We are not allowed to walk the thoroughfares in couples, and we must not keep our banners out in a rain which seems wet enough to do them serious injury. We are forbidden to talk to persons who accost us during working hours and are particularly enjoined from conversation with packers engaged by rival concerns. To be caught taking a drink means instant dismissal.

"What territory do we cover? The whole of Greater New York. Each one of us has a defined district and is forbidden to overlap another's on pain of dismissal. But men in my profession are not punctilious, and when we can get together for a chat and a pint we never fail to embrace the opportunity. Few besides members of the fraternity seem willing to talk to a banner packer. We are outcasts, pariahs, the spurned of all the little world. However, it isn't worth while to rehearse our personal histories in detail. We come from all classes, the highest as well as the lowest, from every walk of life, but all of us are united on one common plane, and that is hopeless incompetency. We're the failures, the social wrecks, whom your business man scans askance and passes on as beyond the pale of commercial recognition. He doesn't want us. Nobody will have us except those advertisers who think banner packing a good thing in their business.

"Our pay is very small. The average compensation is 50 cents a day and a meal or two, or from 75 cents to $1 for those packers who do not get a grub stake. However, there are not many of us who can get $1 a day."—New York Telegraph.

A Matter of Appearances.

"What did the football game look like, Aunt Sue?"

"Like a lot of crazy men trying to catch a chicken."—Chicago Record.

Needed a Divining Rod.

"Ho, there, Jilkins, have you got change for a twenty?" asked Van Touch, rushing up to Jilkins breathlessly.

"Yes—yes, I believe I"—

"Well, just let me have a ten, then, an"—

"Come to think of it," said Jilkins, "I left my bundle with my wife before I started down town, and"—

"Too bad," said Van Touch. "I wanted to pay you that ten," and he pulled out a crisp new twenty. "Some other old time'll do, though. S'long!" And he was off.

"What I need in my business is a divining rod," mused Jilkins as he wended his gloomy way.—Washington Post.

Notable Event.

She—Do you know, dear, that I have been thinking of nothing all night but that high note the prima donna rendered at the opera last night?

He—And I have been thinking of nothing but that other note I rendered Shaver to get the wherewithal to take you there.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I—FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 7.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ii, 1-16. Memory Verses, 8-11—Golden Text, Math. i, 21—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-5. The fullness of time had come that the Virgin should bear the promised Son, that God should send forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law (Isa. vii, 14; ix, 6; Gal. iv, 4, 5); but Mary, the chosen vessel to bring forth this promised Son, lived at Nazareth, perhaps 70 miles north of Jerusalem, and the child had to be born at Bethlehem (Mic. v, 2), for the words of God shall be fulfilled, and every purpose of the Lord shall be performed (Rev. xvii, 17; Jer. li, 29). God doeth according to His will both in heaven and on earth and turneth even a king's heart as He will (Dan. iv, 35; Prov. xxi, 1), so he permits the world's ruler to make a decree which sets the world in motion, for the census was taken, at least in Israel, not where the people resided, but at the places to which they belonged as members of the original 12 tribes. Joseph and Mary being of royal ancestry, for both were descended from David, the one through Solomon and the other through Nathan (compare Math. i, 6, 7, and Luke iii, 31), had therefore to go to the royal town of Bethlehem to be enrolled. The wise men in Israel knew that their Messiah should be born in Bethlehem (Math. ii, 4, 6), but they did not know how God would bring it about, nor did they dream that this decree of the emperor had anything to do with their Messiah. I wonder if there are many who believe that all things taking place among the nations today have something to do with the preparations for Israel's return to their land and the Lord's return in His glory as Israel's Messiah.

6, 7. "She brought forth her first son." And so it came to pass as Micah had said, and the Christ was born at Bethlehem. Money can generally find room at a hotel, but they were poor, and so there was no room for them in the inn. No one cared specially for these two poor peasants from Galilee—that is, no one on earth—but all heaven was interested in them. How very different things are to men and to God! Man sees the outward and judges accordingly, but the Lord looks on the heart and chooses the poor of this world, rich in faith (I Sam. xvi, 7; Jas. ii, 5). Even Christians are apt to calculate like Philip or despise small things like Andrew (John vi, 7, 9), instead of considering only what God is able to do.

8. "Shepherds abiding in the field." These men seem to have been, like some other shepherds as Abel, Joseph, Moses and David, heavenly minded men. They were not among the world's great ones, but they were great in the sight of God. They were not running here and there looking for some great thing to do, but were quietly abiding in their ordinary occupation. David was keeping sheep when called to be a king; Elisha was plowing when called to succeed Elijah, and Moses was tending the flocks of Jethro when called to lead Israel.

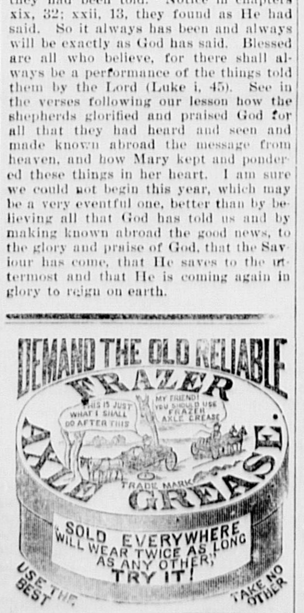
9, 10. The angel of the Lord, the Glory of the Lord, a message from the Lord: the world knows nothing of these things. Gideon, the least in a poor family in Manasseh is visited by an angel while thrashing wheat and is commissioned to deliver Israel (Judg. vi, 11-16). O child of God, hold thyself ready to let the Lord use thee all He wants to in the matter of giving the "Good Tiding of Great Joy" to all people; then quietly abide, using all present opportunities, and when the Lord wants thee elsewhere He will unmistakably call thee. There must be no fear in thine heart, for His perfect love casteth out all fear.

11, 12. "Unto you a Saviour." Or as in Isa. ix, 6 "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given." In the last verse the angel said, "I bring you good tidings." It is for Israel first, for "salvation is of the Jews" (John iv, 22), then for all nations. Israel is to blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xxvii, 6). The whole world will never hear till the glory of the Lord shall be seen upon Israel, then nations shall come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising (Isa. lx, 1-3). It is for each believer now to tell it as far and as fast as God may enable that Jesus saves.

13, 14. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." The angels know nothing of glory to man. They love to cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" (Rev. v, 11, 12). The seraphim veil their faces and cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts. The cherubim cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty (Isa. vi, 2, 3; Rev. iv, 8). The time is coming when the Lord alone shall be exalted and every high thing brought down; then shall there be peace on earth and the nations shall learn war no more (Isa. ii, 3, 4, 11, 17). If angels who excel in strength delight to do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word (Ps. ciii, 20), how gladly should we give glory to Him for whose sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich (II Cor. viii, 9).

15. The angels returned to heaven. They know what it is to go and come as a flash of lightning (Ezek. i, 14) and we shall some day. When Daniel began to pray, Gabriel was told to go to him, and while Daniel was still praying Gabriel was by him (Dan. ix, 21-23). Angels who know the realities of heaven must think it strange as they minister to the redeemed on earth (Heb. i, 14) to see us so taken up with the vanities of this life to the neglect of things eternal. The shepherds said, "Let us go and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known to us."

16. They came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe, just as they had been told. Notice in chapters xix, 32; xxii, 13, they found as He had said. So it always has been and always will be exactly as God has said. Blessed are all who believe, for there shall always be a performance of the things told them by the Lord (Luke i, 45). See in the verses following our lesson how the shepherds glorified and praised God for all that they had heard and seen and made known abroad the message from heaven, and how Mary kept and pondered these things in her heart. I am sure we could not begin this year, which may be a very eventful one, better than by believing all that God has told us and by making known abroad the good news, to the glory and praise of God, that the Saviour has come, that He saves to the uttermost and that He is coming again in glory to reign on earth.



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MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
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I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

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COOKERY IN BOLIVIA.

The National Dish, Chupe, and How It Is Prepared.

The stoves of the Bolivian Indians are curious things. A hole is dug in the ground about 18 inches deep and a foot square, and over this is built a roof of clay with holes of different sizes to receive the various cooking pots. Roasting is done on spits passed through the holes, so that the meat comes out very much smoked unless great care is taken to have only live coals at the bottom of the oven.

The national dish and the common food of the masses is "chupe," a sort of first cousin to the Irish stew. It is a conglomerate, composed of irregular constituents from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, a mess of mutton and such other meats as are available; chicken, fish, fruits, potatoes, carrots, barley, corn, rice, onions, yams, etc., chopped up, highly seasoned with peppers and herbs and stewed to a consistency of porridge. What happens to be left from one meal simmers in the pot until the next. If the fire goes out, the "chupe" is allowed to cool, but it is warmed up again and a new supply of the ingredients added to the water logged and greasy stuff for the next meal.

In the cities, at the hotels and restaurants where there are French or Swiss cooks, the "chupe" is savory and palatable, but the farther you go from the centers of civilization the worse it gets. One eats it at first under protest, then from necessity and only to escape starvation, but finally the stomach rebels, and you limit your diet to boiled eggs and fruit, which are usually to be obtained, but the experienced traveler always takes canned meat and bread with him.—Sucre (Bolivia) Letter to Chicago Record.

STREET PARADE FLOATS.

Many Difficult Problems to Be Met In Their Construction.

"The making of decorative street floats is a difficult trade," said a New Orleans scenic artist who has had plenty of experience in the line he mentioned. "There are so many things to be considered. For instance, a float must look well both near and far. It must be able to stand a dash of rain. It must be light enough to go over any kind of street and solid enough to resist a gust of wind, and, most important of all, it must be so constructed that it will appear all right to folks in upper windows.

"Some years ago a young designer from the north made several small models for tableau cars that charmed everybody who looked at them. They were certainly very beautiful and novel, but when I was called in as an expert I said at once that they wouldn't do. They were designed to be viewed from the banquette only, and from a second story window every particle of effect would have been lost. Moreover, a lot of hidden mechanism was certain to be discovered at any elevation above 15 feet.

"The young artist frankly admitted I was right and abandoned the job. He said it involved entirely too many optical problems to suit him. When I make my drawings for a float, I calculate on a visual sweep of 30 degrees. That goes from the level of children on the pavement to people looking almost straight down from the upper floors of tall buildings. Unless such a precaution is taken the car is certain to be a failure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Man and His Smoke.

Every little while you read that a man 96 years old and still hale and hearty has smoked all his life, but it is nevertheless a fact that smoking is very injurious. Men should be ashamed that they are unable to quit the habit. This is not written by a man who has no desire to smoke, but by a man who smokes a great deal, has tried several times to quit and couldn't do it.

When you find a boy who is pale and sick from his first smoke, remember that his father and his grandfather are to blame. It will take thousands of years to reform the world if we begin now. A boy is as certain to look for a pipe as he is to look for a sweetheart. His father was guilty of both offenses before him.—Atchison Globe.

Her Little Confidence Game.

"We're playing railroad train," she said as she pulled her father's paper away, "and I'm the conductor. Tickets, please."

He took a card from his pocket and handed it to her. She looked at it intently for a minute and then handed it back. "That was issued yesterday," she said, "and isn't good today. You'll have to pay cash or get off the train."

He gave her a dime. He knew he had been "worked," but what else could he do?—Chicago Post.

Some Big Salaries.

Speaking of big salaries, the biggest on record was paid to George Gould. For ten years' work his father gave him $5,000,000. The account went down as "for services rendered." That was at the rate of $500,000 a year.

The highest salary ever paid a railroad president was the $75,000 a year that went to Sir William C. Van Horn when he was president of the Canadian Pacific.—New York Press.

When old bachelors kiss babies, the babies don't like it any better than do the old bachelors.—Chicago Record.

UP HEAD ON A BLUNDER.

Erroneous Answer Wins Commendation From a Latin Teacher.

"The class in Latin will now recite," said the Latin teacher at one of the city high schools the other day.

The members of the class in Latin, consisting of 30 or more bright looking girls, with three or four boys, came forward and took their places. All moved along smoothly until the declination of the noun "donum" was in order, and there was trouble. It was the ablative that caused the trouble. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the mysteries of Latin it may be mentioned right here that the ablative is "dono," and the pronunciation is the same as if one should say "don't know," slurring the two words, as is so frequently done, to "don' know."

"Miss Jones," said the teacher to the head of the class, "what is the ablative of 'donum?'"

Miss Jones gave her version and was told to sit down. The question in turn went down the entire length of the class, all failing, until it reached the last, a boy who had a reputation for baseball and football, but none for scholarship.

"Well, Percy, the ablative of 'donum?'" asked the teacher.

Percy scratched his head and despairingly looked at his grinning classmates.

"Don' know," he finally blurted out.

"Right," said the teacher; "go up head."

And then the class broke out into a laugh that cost each member ten marks, but none peached on Percy, and the teacher to this day cannot understand what there is so comical in the ablative of "donum."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LIGHTS FOR BIRDS' NESTS.

Some Curious Habits Practiced In the World of Songdom.

Many birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most curious nests of that kind being that of the baya bird of India. It is hung from the branch, with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted bottle, secure from the approach of tree snakes and other reptiles. The most curious thing about the baya bird is that it is said to light up its nest by sticking fireflies on its sides with clay or soft mud. There seems to be little doubt of the fact.

Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each of the habitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck in the top with a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds."

Perhaps other animals are scared off by the baya bird's electric light, since a writer in Nature records this curious observation: "I have been informed on safe authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of these glow beetles around the entrance by means of clay, and only a few days back an intimate friend of my own was watching three rats on a roof rafter of his bungalow. When a glow fly lodged very close to them, the rats immediately scampered off."—Our Dumb Animals.

Broken Commandments.

The brilliant young preacher, when he makes his parochial calls, endeavors to cultivate an acquaintance with the development of the younger minds, thus after a fashion keeping tab upon his Sunday school teachers.

The other afternoon, while he was waiting in the drawing room of a beautiful Cass avenue residence for the delayed appearance of Elsie's mamma, he was entertained by the little daughter herself. Taking her upon his lap, he began a review of the church lessons that had been given to the little maid of 5.

"Can you tell me, Elsie, how many commandments there are?"

"Yes, sir; seven or eight."

"Oh, no, dear; there are ten."

"Yes, I know there used to be, but I heard papa tell mamma yesterday that you had broken two or three of them at least, and that would leave only seven or eight, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

The Sex of Ships.

The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called them by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the English speaking sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-o'-war. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.—Collier's Weekly.

No Cause to Be Discouraged.

Mr. Youngpop—My little girl is nearly 2 years old and hasn't learned to talk yet.

Mr. Henpeckke—Don't let that worry you. My wife says she didn't begin to talk until she was nearly 3, and now—.—Philadelphia Record.

New Mexico's Coal.

There is enough coal in New Mexico to supply the whole of the United States for 1,000 years.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 6.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6 20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

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W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8 30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Caluan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
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No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

WHEN PEGGY GOES TO MARKET.

When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes,
I'm stupefied with wonder at
How very much she knows.
She makes her way between the stalls
And with judicial air
Decides that this is "so and so"
And that is "pretty fair."

She knows if fish are fresh or not,
And, wise as any owl,
She differentiates between
A chicken and a fowl.
She thumbs the breastbone of the one
And pulls the other's legs;
She squints her pretty little eyes
To test the new laid eggs.

The veg'tables must be just right,
For with a critic's eye
She scans them, not inclined to pass
Their imperfections by.
She calls the market folks by name;
Ah, what a lot she knows
When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes!

When Peggy does the marketing,
My heart with pride she fills;
I go along, a useless thing,
Except to pay the bills.

—Johnstone Murray in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE.

Copyright, 1899, by Ervin Wardman.

It was in the latter part of the last century and lacked 10 minutes of 5 by the white and gold clock on the mantel shelf in one of the finest salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, when the portieres were drawn aside and a dainty maiden in flowered chintz gown, draped over a gay petticoat, stepped across the threshold.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she called, glancing at the clock, and a good looking young servant in livery joined her.

"I know what you are going to say, Mlle. Jeanette, but it is early yet."

"Five by the clock, and Mme. la Marquise may be home at any moment. You should have lighted the fire sooner, Pierre."

"It will be ready in a moment now," he answered good naturedly and, going to the richly carved woodbox in the corner near the fireplace, took out some pine cones and kindled them under the logs already laid on the andirons, Jeanette watching him the while. In the shadows of the autumn evening the flames lit up her trim little figure as they also revealed her pouting lips. Pierre, still kneeling on the hearth, looked up into his companion's face with a tender expression, but she took no notice of him.

"Always dissatisfied, Jeanette. What is it you want now?"

"Nothing from you," she answered rudely.

Pierre sighed. He rose to his feet, dusted his knees, gave a last look at the fire and then, leaning toward Jeanette, said slowly, "Why are you so unreasonable these days?"

"You always have declared that no woman is reasonable."

"But you are more unreasonable than most women. You will not even listen to a compliment nor accept the smallest gift."

"Not from you," Jeanette replied, with a toss of the head.

"You might do worse, my dear. Some grand gentleman must have turned your head with his airs, and I, being only a simple fellow, loving you honorably, cannot suit the fine tastes of the little coquette."

"I am not a coquette."

"When I offer you my hand and heart, what more do you want?"

The girl hesitated. "I am young and"—

"And pretty," put in Pierre.

"And pretty," echoed Jeanette, "and I want to see life."

"See life with me," urged her lover.

"Can you not leave me alone? I want no offers from you."

"You are not only a coquette, but cruel."

"And you are not only cruel, but stupid," retorted Jeanette, turning away and bursting into tears.

Pierre stood gazing at her, a picture of dismay. He did not approach the girl, fearing to offend her still more. His honest face flushed as he said timidly: "My dear, only tell me how I can please you. You do not know how unhappy your unkindness makes me."

"What does it matter?" began Jeanette, with a petulant stamp of her foot, when the rustle of a silk dress was heard and a tall, dignified woman entered the salon.

"Take my cloak, Jeanette," she exclaimed and crossed to the fireplace. "Put some more wood on the fire, Pierre. The air is chilly. Alack, how quickly the summer has fled!" As she spoke her eyes glanced from the girl to the young man.

"Has Mme. la Marquise any orders?" he asked.

"If any one calls, I am at home."

Pierre bowed respectfully and left the salon. As the marquise unbuttoned her gloves she looked keenly at the young girl.

"You look sad, little one. Not homesick, I hope?"

"No, madame."

"You have been crying, Jeanette. Has Pierre been unkind?"

"On the contrary, madame."

The marquise knit her handsome brow. As Jeanette was about to take the cloak and plumed hat into the boudoir a gesture stopped her. "Are you unhappy with me?" asked her mistress.

"Ah, no, madame," replied the girl, with downcast eyes.

"When my old nurse—your grandmother—wrote, asking if I could take you into my service, I thought I should please you both by bringing you here, but if city life makes you sad why then, little one, you must go home."

"Ah, no, no!" interrupted Jeanette quickly. "Madame is too good to send me back to my village."

"You are young," continued the marquise, seating herself on a sofa. "Your duties with me are light; a young man in my service asks you to marry him, a young man who is good looking and has already substantial savings, and yet you weep. It is not natural—unless—unless"— She paused, scanning the girl's face, and then said commandingly, "Jeanette, bring me a footstool."

As it was placed at her feet the marquise lightly rested her hand on Jeanette's shoulder and, pushing her down, said peremptorily, "Sit there."

"I, madame, to sit down?"

"Yes, and listen to me."

The girl sank down on the little satin stool, and her troubled eyes looked anxiously up into the beautiful face bending toward her.

The marquise, still keeping her hand on Jeanette's shoulder, asked abruptly, "Who is he?"

"He, madame?"

"Yes; the man who made you weep."

"There is no one."

The marquise smiled. "Fie, what untruths, little one! Your grandmother wrote that she wished you with me, knowing that you would be safe here. Now, why safe if there was no danger at home? And here with me, protected and in good health, living an easy life and having an honest fellow devoted to you, you weep. And why? There can be but one answer—some one has bewitched that little head and stirred that little heart. Who can it be—let me think? The miller's son?"

"Dubois? Oh, no, madame!"

"Then perhaps the farmer Laudry?"

"Never, never, madame! He is so rough."

"Ah! Some one more refined. Could it be the cure's nephew?"

"The idea of that boy!"

"Some one older? Why, I know of none in your village. A stranger perhaps, but so few go there, and you have not been away from home. But stay, did you not go to the Chateau St. Reme for some weeks last spring?"

"Yes, madame. I went there to help take care of the children, as the duchess had sent away her nurse for a holiday."

"Surely you were not so foolish as to get a heartache over a servant there?"

"No servant, madame," was the answer in a low voice.

"Not a master!" exclaimed the marquise. "Ah, there were guests, of course! Is it possible that you would listen to the idle flatteries of a penniless poet?"

"He is not penniless, madame."

"Worse; a rich guest amusing himself with a little maid."

"Not amusing himself, Mme. la Marquise."

"Really this is alarming! So an old roue"—

"Not old, madame."

"Thin and little?"

"Not thin and little."

"Tall and stout?"

"Not very stout."

"Black eyes?"

"Blue, madame—beautiful blue."

"A proud upstart of a mushroom family."

"Ah, no, madame; one of the oldest families."

"Jeanette," cried the marquise, "you frighten me; a rich aristocrat making love to a little country girl!"

"Alas, madame, I know full well that I am unworthy of him, but he told me that he loved me."

"And did he wish also to marry you?"

Jeanette sighed and after a moment's hesitation replied, "He has not settled a definite time, but promised he would if I"—

"If you—if you—quick, quick, answer me!"

Jeanette's voice sank still lower as she said, "If I went with him to Paris."

"I knew it—the traitor!" cried the marquise, springing up. "Oh, if we women tried to ruin an innocent life, how would the world deal with us? But these gay lords of creation cast their snares, kill their victims, and society continues to open its doors to them and lavish upon them its smiles. Jeanette," and she paused before the young girl, who had risen from the footstool and stood downcast and silent, "who saved you from this man?"

Jeanette raised her eyes timidly. "My grandmother arrived one day, kissed me many times as she said: 'You look pale, petite. I know that city eyes are looking too often into yours. We are plain country folk and must remain so. Come home, my child, with me,' and she packed my things and never let me out of her sight until we were home again. I tried to see him, but grandmother was like iron. She has broken my heart," and the girl wept.

"Poor little field flower," said the marquise softly. "This first sorrow, like a heavy sorrow, bends your head low in the dust; but, like others, it will pass, and you will blossom again, fairer than before, in the sunshine of honest love."

"Never, never, Mme. la Marquise," sobbed the girl.

"Listen, Jeanette. You are young and do not know the world. This man meant harm. He soon would have grown tired of your simple ways and would have put you aside as he would toss away a faded flower, and then he would have married a lady for her fortune."

"Ah, no, no, madame!"

"Yes, yes, Jeanette. Your grandmother has saved you from disgrace. Come, my child, dry those eyes and forget flattering words that were false as the man who uttered them. Poor little moth, you fluttered too near the flame and singed your wings."

Then, seeing how sad the child looked, the marquise added kindly: "There, I shall not scold you more today. But be sure that your grandmother and I are your truest friends. Believe in us, for we would shield you from harm."

Jeanette took the fair hand extended to her and kissed it respectfully. "Madame is too kind to interest herself in me and my little troubles. She has all my gratitude."

"Then show your gratitude by following my advice," answered the marquise, smiling.

"I will try, madame," and taking her cloak and hat, Jeanette quietly left the room.

As the door closed behind her the marquise crossed to the fire and stood, meditatively, with one arm leaning on the mantelshelf. The loose ruffles of her short sleeve falling back, revealed the round, white arm. On the taper fingers jewels flashed in the firelight. She was an aristocratic looking woman, adored by her friends and relatives, though Parisian society deemed her a shade too serious to accord her the popularity which her rank and wealth might otherwise have given her, but her wit and appreciation of talent filled her salons with artists, savants and men of letters. A certain simplicity of manner had kept her free from the stilted affectations of the period, and her innate dignity gave little encouragement to the ordinary scandalous gossip around her. At 18, to please her father, she had married an old courtier, who died before she was 20. Nearly ten years had elapsed since then, and she was still a widow, though suitors for her hand had not been lacking, among whom none was so devoted as the Comte de Vaugirard. No rebuff could daunt his ardor. He had proposed and been refused, yet persisted in his suit. She was touched by his pertinacity and had grown to depend upon his continuous attentions.

As Jeanette left her, after a passing regret that her little maid should already have had a taste of the bittersweet fruit of the tree of life, she dismissed the subject from her mind. Vaugirard had returned to Paris, and she would ask him who the blue eyed roue could be who had made love to Jeanette while she took care of the duchess' children, for he knew the Saverins and had visited St. Reme. With this reflection the marquise glanced at the clock. "Yes, in a few minutes Leon will be here." Her eyes grew tender, and she sighed as she took up a book and reseated herself on the stiff backed little sofa. But the book remained unread. It rested lightly in her lap while she glanced around the salon. Yes, the red and gold vase was filled with fresh flowers, and the wax candles shed a soft light from their brackets on the wall. The spinet stood open, with songs, on the music rack. Between rare Turkish rugs the polished parquet glinted. The bric-a-brac and pictures showed the taste of an artist.

The marquise cast a satisfied glance around. All was in readiness for the expected guest, but was she? "How much easier to say 'Yes' to a man one likes than constantly to refuse him," she thought. "And why do I hesitate? What is it I fear? Is not Leon all a woman could desire, and he loves me, but—how well? Does he mean all he says? Is his heart absolutely mine? Ah, who knows? If I married him and found him false, I dare not think what would be the end. To be deceived, and by the man I trust! No! We both could not breathe the same air after that! Does not he ask for all I have to give, and shall not I then have all he has to give? Love for love, truth for truth, faith for faith—or nothing!"

"M. le Comte de Vaugirard," announced Pierre as a handsome man somewhat over 30 years of age entered. He was dressed in dark maroon velvet, with pale yellow satin waistcoat. Fine old lace fell over his wrists, and in his jabot, on his fingers, sword hilt and shoe buckles diamonds sparkled. His three cornered hat he pressed close to his breast as he bowed low.

"My fair marquise, I am, as ever, your slave."

"Let me set you free then."

"But I love my chains. To others I may vaunt my pride, but at your feet I am all humility."

She made no reply, but her eyes looked at him with affection. Vaugirard knelt before her, and, taking one of her hands, he kissed it fervently. "Am I to kneel forever in vain?" he pleaded.

"Rise, M. le Comte," she said hastily. "You are not an actor to play a passionate role."

"And yet my passion, alas, is but too real! I love you, and you alone."

"For how long?"

"Until eternity?"

"If I married you," said the marquise sadly, "and you proved unfaithful it would break my heart."

"You break mine with these doubts." She held out her hand to him. "Then I will try to banish them."

"Oh, my love! May I hope?"

"Wait, Leon, until tomorrow."

"Then?"

"And then I will listen to you. Now be seated again, like an ordinary mortal. Come, you must have a glass of Tokay."

"Your words are as wine to me," said the count gayly. His face flushed with pleasure. The goal seemed near. The prize he had for years sought so eagerly was within his grasp.

"How did you spend this morning?" asked the marquise as she pulled the bell rope.

"I rode out near Issy. The Jasamines live there. They are related to the Saverins, you know."

"Ah, that reminds me. You were with them last spring. How lovely St. Reme must be in May! It should have inspired you with many a poem."

"The inspiration was lacking, as you were not there."

"But did none of the other guests write poetry?"

"No one was there while I was visiting St. Reme."

"No one?" echoed the marquise, much startled.

"I was the only friend enjoying their hospitality at the time."

"What! No gay damsels or proud seigneurs to dispute with you the role of favored guest?"

"There was no one," said Vaugirard, surprised at the agitation in her voice.

"Did Mme. la Marquise ring?" asked Pierre, entering.

"Some Tokay for M. le Comte, and," with a slight pause, "let my little maid serve it."

Pierre bowed and left.

"Did you hear of other guests at St. Reme?" asked the count, reverting to the subject and troubled by the manner of the marquise.

"Perhaps I dreamed it—like my other dreams."

Her tone jarred on him.

"Ah, these dreams!" he said impatiently. "Forget them. Think only of my love, of my devotion. Oh, Celine, do you still doubt my loyalty?"

She did not reply, but glanced toward the portiere through which Jeanette was entering, carrying a small tray.

"A glass of wine for M. le Comte." Mme. la Marquise poured it into the glass, while Jeanette stood modestly holding the tray, her eyes downcast.

"Your health, M. le Comte!"

"To you, fair marquise," replied her lover, taking the glass. As he raised it to his lips he perceived Jeanette, who at the sound of his voice had started and uttered a little cry. The glass fell from his hand and was shattered on the polished floor.

"Hush, Jeanette," said the marquise. "It is only an accident. Here a broken glass—there a broken heart."

"Oh, madame," sobbed Jeanette, "I did not know why you sent for me!"

"Child, this is M. le Comte de Vaugirard, who did me the honor to ask me in marriage some three years ago and who has repeated the offer frequently since then."

"Oh, madame, let me go!" cried the girl.

"Look, Jeanette," continued her mistress, "at the blue eyes of this proud noble of a stainless race."

"Mme. la Marquise, let me go!"

"Yes, go. Forget that you once heard words that meant less than the empty air, for the May breezes were at least laden with the scent of blossoms."

"Marquise, this is a dangerous jest," said the count in a low voice. His face was very pale.

"It is no jest."

"Ah, madame!" wailed Jeanette.

Her mistress patted her kindly on the shoulder. "Courage, petite. Let Pierre console you."

The girl turned away, still sobbing.

"You desire to insult me!" cried the count as they were left alone.

"No more than you insult me. The great honor you did me in offering the fresh, unsullied devotion of your soul I must decline," she replied, with a stately courtesy.

"Heavens! Could a badinage with a country wench stand between us and happiness! I adore you! I worship you"—

"Take that worship to another shrine."

"No, no! You cannot be so cruel! Let me implore pardon for what sins I may seem to have committed"—

"Seem!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I need no excuses. Our romance is dead. The shadow of my dream is its shroud."—New York Press.

An Epicure's Idea.
Pineapple Jelly made with
KEYSTONE
Silver White
GELATINE
Recipes with every box.
If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

His Opinion of the Sick Man.

A certain Memphian and his wife are in the habit occasionally of going out at night to entertainments and social affairs, and at such times they make themselves solid with their little boy by saying that they are going out to see a sick man.

One week these social affairs came pretty frequently. On Monday night they went to the theater and told the lad that they had to sit up with the sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man that was sick. On Wednesday night they proposed to attend an entertainment and apologized to the young chap by saying they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back to draw out the pain.

"Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?"

"Very much, my son."

"And is he pretty near dead?"

"Yes; he's in bad shape."

The lad thought deeply for awhile and then remarked:

"Well, papa, he can't die any too soon to suit me!"—Memphis Scimitar.

What She Couldn't Do.

Not long back a young farmer in an out of the way corner was successfully sued for breach of promise by a local beauty. Soon afterward there was a big show in the neighborhood, and Giles, as we will call him, decided to go by carrier's cart.

He had just made himself comfortable in the last vacant seat in the vehicle when a young woman entered and stood near the door.

Giles was the only man in the vehicle, and after a mile or so had been covered a fussy old lady remarked to him:

"I'm thinkin it wad look better o' ye if ye stood up an let the lassie sit doon."

"Nay, nay," said Giles doggedly. "That lassie be Sally. Sally once said she'd mek Oi sit up, an she did mek Oi sit up, but she can't mek Oi stand!"

And Sally didn't.—Short Stories.

Formed by an Earthquake.

Reelfoot lake is the largest body of water in the state, and it was formed by an earthquake in 1811. People who do not live in this section imagine it but a pleasure resort for fishing and hunting parties and do not know that from its waters at least 1,000 people gain a livelihood.

There are two wholesale fish houses here and several at Hickman, Ky., that have wagons constantly on the road bringing thousands of pounds of fish daily for shipment. There are 1,500 nets in Reelfoot, worked by some 500 people. Taking all that are connected, directly and indirectly, with the fishing and hunting, at least 1,000 people earn a living from the lake.—Nashville Banner.

Reservation.

"While it is true," replied the paleface, "that I have made a compact with you, it was with a mental reservation."

Here the untutored red man manifested bewilderment.

"Is that the next reservation I shall be compelled to live on?" he asked anxiously, his quavering voice betokening the depth of his emotion.

Ah, such is destiny, to say nothing of the growing scarcity of pine timber.—Detroit Journal.

DANGERS OF BEAUTY.

LOVELINESS IN WOMAN SEEMS LINKED WITH TRAGEDY.

In Fact as Well as in Fiction Extreme Beauty and Goddesslike Charms Appear to Be Freighted With Danger to Their Possessors.

Beauty—when applied, at any rate, to persons by the pen of the novelist, the dramatist and the historian—seems to be a vastly dangerous holding, and, instead of bringing in its trend that superb joy voiced by the dictum, it carries with it a burden which is indeed a very hard lot to bear.

Pick up any novel at random, and you will read that the only persecuted creature in it, to speak by the card, is the beautiful young heroine. It is her beauty which has attracted the villain, like the bright flame which attracts the moth, and made him act as a brute to her.

Beauty in novels, freely interpreted, means dreadful suffering, physical and mental. It means a deadly poison which is as fatal as the sting of a viper and which permeates the body and soul of the average heroine of the modern novel. It brings no joy except at the end of the book.

The penalty for being beautiful would seem to be more exacting and more disagreeable than the disappointments experienced by the ugly. It is because the modern heroine of books or of the stage is described as a sort of daughter of the gods in form and build and looks that you take interest in her and follow her doings, her sufferings, through every page of a novel or through every scene and act of a play.

Leave fiction for fact. Scour the villages of the United States from Maine to California, and you will find, with very few exceptions, that nearly all can tell the story of how once upon a time there lived in the village a beautiful girl who fell a slave to the mad delirium of love and after many years came back a wreck. There is recorded in the unwritten archives of nearly every village such a story as that told in one form or another.

But this is not the story of a village merely; it is the history of the world.

It was this evil fate of beauty that wrecked Cleopatra, who in turn wrecked Mark Antony, broke the heart of Octavia and brought the horrors of civil war upon imperial Rome. The great Julius fell a victim to her exquisite charms at a single interview.

Cleopatra was a beautiful and magnificent creature, and her charms never failed to captivate and conquer those who passed before her. She was not only all this, but her personal beauty seemed to have influenced her mind intellectually in a marked degree, for she was a woman of very high attainments. She was as intelligent as she was beautiful. She was a capital musician, skilled in several languages, a good singer and a brilliant conversationalist. No woman has surpassed her in cunning.

How she died is a mystery. The story of the asp biting her to death is a myth, but authorities agree that she died a violent death by her own hand—a hard price for such great beauty as hers.

There is the pitiful story of Julia Donna, who, in her maiden days a poor, humble girl, was on account of her great personal charms raised from a common sphere to the highest that imperial Rome could offer. She became the wife of Severus and thus empress of Rome. Her beauty was her evil fate. She lent herself to the flattery of courtiers, permitted all and sundry to approach her with their sentiments. Finally she fell back into the position she came from, but not before she had been stabbed in the arm by a son, who intended the blow, however, for his brother.

Disappointed of all hope of ever becoming again the power she once was in Rome, deserted by those who brought her to her misery, forsaken by her friends, she ended her days in starvation.

There was yet another beautiful Roman Julia, who, through her extreme beauty, was introduced to and became the wife of a famous senator when she was only 16. Between that tender age and four and twenty she lived up to the traditions of the times, fell a victim to the conceit of her own charms, became the prey of flatterers, conspired against her husband and was finally put to a violent death.

The story of the captivating Helen of Troy is interesting and is on a par with that of the beautiful women just alluded to. Helen of Troy was tied to a tree and strangled, a condign punishment for the errors she fell into solely on account of her beauty. She was responsible for the many years' siege of Troy, her husband, Menelaus, being determined to revenge himself on Paris. It serves as an object lesson for those women who repine because they are not beautiful.

Josephine, the unfortunate wife of Napoleon I, was said by her husband to be "most truly a lovely woman, refined, affable, charming, a goddess of the toilet, kind and humane," yet because no son was born to them Napoleon divorced her, an overwhelming sorrow. She died an absolutely crushed and saddened woman.—San Francisco Examiner.

Not Nicotine, but Pyridines.

It is doubtful whether any nicotine ever reaches the mouth of the smoker except that present in the moistened tobacco which is in contact with the lips. The smoke products of tobacco do not contain any important quantity of nicotine, the chief toxic bodies being related to that interesting series of organic bases known to chemists as pyridines.—Lancet.

The peculiar gait to which the South American horses are trained, known as the "paseo de trote," is a mincing step, so light and easy that the hoofs scarcely touch the ground. It is said to have been acquired in the early days of the Spanish invasion.

It's love that makes the world go round, but money makes it go round without squeaking.—Somerville Journal.

The Byzantine princes played a game which differed very little from our modern polo.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1900.

☞ Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, tells the papers there that the merchants of Boston are a unit in favor of the proposed lease of the Fitchburg Railroad to the Boston & Maine. He says the B. & M. is emphatically a New England System, and speaks in high praise of its management under President Tuttle.

☞ We have received from our friend, Mr. A. C. Floyd of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., this week, some lively and entertaining reading matter entitled "Statement of the Public Debt for the month of December, 1899," for which we return thanks.

☞ In making up the House Joint Standing Committees last Wednesday Speaker Myers placed our Representative Roberts of Reading on Banks and Banking, and State House; and Representative Wetherell of this city on Cities.

☞ We are indebted to our Representative, Mr. A. E. Roberts, for a copy of "Brief Outline Sketches of Massachusetts Legislators, 1900," edited by Mr. A. M. Bridgman, for which we return thanks. It is a handy and useful manual.

☞ In a speech made before the Essex Club last Saturday Congress man Quigg of N. Y., touched our amiable Senator Hoar on the raw. It brought out a long letter from him.

☞ The Legislature is slow in getting down to business. It took Speaker Myers some time to select what friends he wanted to reward and enemies to punish in making up the Committees.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

S. S. J.—For Sale.
F. H. Rand—Lost.
Crawford—Icecream &c.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
A. L. Harwood—Mort. Sale.

— Vaudeville by F. N. C. soon.

— The days have increased 16 minutes.

— 8 A. M., Jan. 12; rain last night; sleet this morning.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— There was quite a little dash of rain last Wednesday.

— F. W. Clemson has gone to North Carolina for a visit.

— Read "Lost" by F. H. Rand of Winchester in this paper.

— Fine all-wool hose are sold at Richardson's for 25c. per pair.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond has been at his store some this week.

— John Murphy of Green street is the new Janitor of the Auditorium.

— The meetings during this Week of Prayer have been very well attended.

— Neckwear in all styles and patterns at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The JOURNAL is chiefly devoted to Piety, Patriotism, and Politics, this week.

— Mr. John M. Portal has been sick, but is nearly as good as new again.

— Read what S. S. J. has to say about property for sale in another column.

— As usual following the holidays business is mighty near a standstill in this city.

— Our thanks are due to Miss Eliza A. T. Kendall for a copy of the Fitchburg *Sentinal*.

— Get a good ready for the next vaudeville by the Friday Night Club, soon to be given.

— Mr. James A. Hurley, Superintendent of Streets, is meeting with headflaws in his office.

— Remember we are headquarters for shirts, overalls and cheap pants. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The engagement of Mr. J. R. Wood, Jr., and Miss Anna Hamond of Amherst, N. H., is announced.

— The officers of Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., will be installed publicly on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17.

— There has been considerable pneumonia in this city of late, but there have been but few deaths from it.

— The meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the vestry of First church last Monday afternoon was not a large one.

— Mr. Isaac M. Phillips, baggagemaster on the B. & M. Railroad, has been quite under the weather this week.

— The Towanda Club, the crack social organization of the city, give their second annual ball this evening.

— This evening Towanda Club give their second annual ball at Lyceum Hall. It promises to be a fine affair.

— Make no engagements for Jan. 25 and Feb. 1, when there will be popular lectures in the M. E. church.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp S. of V. will hold a Whist Party in their Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 24.

— Towanda and a Melrose team fought it out in great shape at Towanda's clubrooms last Tuesday evening.

— It is expected that the cream of the town will attend the Gentlemen's Night of the Woman's Club this evening.

— Christmas greens are still seen in some windows although Twelfth Night passed in its chips more than a week ago.

— The publishers of the Woburn *News* have issued a neat, pretty 1900 calendar, for one of which we return thanks.

— Members of Innitou Canoe Club attended the opening of their house by the Puritan Club in Boston Saturday evening.

— We are informed by Decker that the bill for the annexation of East Boston to Chelsea has not yet passed in the Legislature.

— Handkerchiefs and mufflers of all kinds are displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Mr. Sam Tufts wants the Bandstand moved from its present site to the top of Meetinghouse Hill. Second the nomination.

— "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" had good weather for the entertainment at the Auditorium last night. It was firstclass and the hall was filled.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— That "sandbagging" case down at the toolhouse of the Road Department had several queer features. And then the stories about it don't hang together.

— The Woburn Democracy must have forgotten to celebrate "Jackson Day," or the "Battle of New Orleans," last Monday, at least, no demonstration was in sight.

— The Friday Night Vaudeville entertainment, soon to come off, will be given by home talent chiefly. It will be equal to the best Boston theatre productions.

— We have received this week a whole lot of Western newspapers from our old friend Warren Teel, Assistant Postmaster at Davenport, Iowa, for which thanks.

— The Melrose Club appeared at the Towanda rooms on Jan. 9. The Towanda will visit the Kernwood on Jan. 18. This in the Mass. Inter-Club League.

— Woman's Relief Corps, 84, will give an assembly this evening, as previously announced in the JOURNAL. It will be stylish, as well as an affair of extreme pleasure.

— With good ice and nearly a full moon the skaters have fine fun on Horn Pond these evenings. The favorable conditions are improved by a great many people.

— Some think that Hugh Martin will be recalled to fill his old place of Deputy Highwayman by the present powers that be. He was a mighty good man there for over 20 years.

— The brass foundry and shops at East Woburn employ 40 men. The prospect is that will become a large and flourishing industry. Good business men are at the head of it.

— Mr. Cummings of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal dealers, visited the Company's office last Monday morning for the first time since his injury. He has not fully recovered, but is much better.

— It was Mrs. John J. Mahern (Celia Reade) who cooked the Christmas goose for the Editor of the JOURNAL, and not Mrs. William B. Mahern. This correction is "better late than never."

— Miss Hannah Reardon is bookkeeper at Mr. A. L. Holdridge's hardware store, and also manager and operator of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company. She is a competent young woman.

— Mr. Fort Staples frosted both of his thumbs quite severely while at work on the big new leather factory of Beggs & Cobb in Winchester New Year's day. The snowstorm and cutting wind were responsible for it.

— Capt. Crane and Ald. Nichols started for California yesterday in great spirits. Leaving all care and business here in Woburn they launched out for a good time and pleasant winter. May their fondest hopes end in rich fruition.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— On January 28 Mr. Edward Simonds, City Messenger, will be 80 years old. One wouldn't think it to see him skip over the ground, nor from his personal appearance. We can't say whether or not his 80th birthday will be celebrated.

— The 7 o'clock meeting Sunday evening at the First Baptist Church will be addressed by Mr. Sumner A. Vinton of Rangoon, Burmah. Mr. Vinton is the son of a Missionary and the grandson of two Missionaries. Come and hear him.

— "Crawford's," 412 Main street, is a popular resort for lovers of ice cream, sherbets, frozen puddings, etc., for it furnishes the very best things in this line with prompt and courteous service. A brisk business is being done at "Crawford's."

— There is getting to be a plenty of ice on Horn Pond and soon the music of the cutter will be heard there. Provided nevertheless, that we do not have another January thaw. There will be ice enough hereabouts—no trouble on that score, thaw or no thaw.

— Looking back two or three months it must be confessed that this has been a remarkable winter. Its like cannot be remembered. The only trouble with it has been a lack of rain and too much sunshine. But for comfort it would be hard to match it.

— Mr. Simon Blake of Wakefield, N. H., is now making his regular annual winter visit to friends in this city. Mr. Gilman F. Jones, also a native of New Hampshire, has been showing Mr. Blake the beauties and business advantages of the city this week.

— Alfred E. Burr of the Hartford *Times* who when he died on Jan. 8, who was the oldest Editor in America, was a guest of Mrs. Christina A. Fowle of this city at Shawmut Beach, R. I., four weeks in 1894. He and Mrs. Burr dug clams together there and enjoyed life to the brim.

— Mr. Thomas F. Kerrigan has been promoted from a clerkship in the Woburn postoffice to a position in the mailing department of the Boston office and entered on his duties there last Wednesday morning. He became connected with the U. S. postal service under Mr. Hagerty, P. M., here more than four years ago, and has been a faithful and efficient member of the Woburn force ever since. His promotion indicates that he understands the business and has the confidence of the P. O. Department.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

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Telephone No. 31–2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Collars and cuffs, latest styles, can be purchased at bottom prices. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— There is an exhibition of the paintings of Birge Harrison at the gallery of Doll & Richards, 2 Park st., Boston. It will close on Jan. 24.

— This evening the Woburn Woman's Club will hold their annual Gentleman's Night, which means that they will give a great party. A fine literary and musical programme has been arranged, and the Club and their guests will be served with a grand banquet. Preparations have been made for a large company.

— On Saturday evening, Jan. 13th, Mr. George Campbell, Secretary of Y. M. C. A. of Winchester, will give a talk on "Results" at Salvation Army Hall. He will be assisted by Capt. Eastwood and other Salvationists; also Music and Singing Thursday evening; a Musical Meeting admission free. Everybody welcome.

— The Massachusetts Rifle Range at Walnut Hill is not likely to be sold, as has been rumored of late. A meeting of the Association held in Boston last Tuesday was largely attended and the sentiment was strongly against selling the Range. So Mr. William Kendall will remain at the front where he has been so many years.

— St. Charles Glee Club, Mr. John Lynch, Director, filled an engagement for G. A. R., Post, 75, of Stoneham last Monday evening. The Post heard and were highly pleased with the Club at the grand Campfire of Post 33, this city, on the evening of Jan. 4. The Club, containing an aggregation of fine voices, have been admirably trained by Conductor Lynch.

— Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., will give the new officers a banquet at their Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 22. Three of the best postprandial orators in Boston, among them Rev. Mr. Horton, the famous preacher, have accepted invitations to be present and make speeches on the occasion. The present intention is to make the reception and banquet a swell affair.

— Unless conditions change a good deal it is safe to say that the contemplated High School building will not be forthcoming in the year 1900. At the present time public sentiment is against it, and the school authorities do not appear to be strenuously intent on building it. At an expense of $3000 or $4000 it is believed that the present building will answer all purposes for 10 years to come.

— The 5th annual Pigeon and Cat Show by the Boston Poultry Association will open in Mechanics Building on Tuesday, Jan. 16, and close on Saturday night, Jan. 20. Nearly every State in the Union and Canada will be represented at it. The judges will make their awards on the first day of the show. The headquarters of the Association are at 110 Boylston street, Room 48, Boston.

— Clarence E. Littlefield is Superintendent of a lumber yard at San Francisco, California, where he will remain until spring, when, if nothing happens to prevent, he expects to return to Alaska. A young man of Detroit, Michigan, will accompany him. Clarence believes there is a fortune for him in that northern land, and if so, he'll get it, for he has the pluck, energy, and stick-to-it that will fetch it in the end.

— The young people of the First Baptist church are preparing for an entertainment to be given in the vestry of the church on Friday evening, Jan. 19. It is to consist of recitations, declamations, musical numbers, such as piano solos, etc., the same to wind up with a funny drama called "The Precious Pickle." The announcement that Helen Sylvester will participate in the literary exercises will doubtless draw a large audience, for she is a marvel.

— Our esteemed correspondent, "G. A. R.," strongly deprecates placing the Rumford monument on the Public Library grounds, and his letter, if our information is correct, voices the feeling of nearly every Civil War Veteran in this city. Charles Bowers Winn was their Comrade in that War and they deem it disrespectful to his memory as a gallant and patriotic soldier to place any other monument by the side of his, for the Library and grounds are his monument. It would have been better and vastly more appropriate to have accepted the suggestion of Mr. Tidd, the generous donor, to have erected the Rumford memorial on the grounds of his birthplace at North Woburn, in which case the strong current of feeling now evident would not have been arroused.

— The following are the new officers of Hope Circle of Rebekahs: President, Mrs. Flora M. Smith; V. P., Mrs. C. H. Delano; Sec., Mrs. Ada C. Kendall; Fin. Sec., Miss Brazilla Taylor; Treas., Mrs. Lillian M. Trull.

— But little business was done at the School Meeting last Monday evening. The report of the special committee on district standing and other committees was accepted. It placed Hon. George F. Bean on the High School Committee, which now consists of Riley, Adams and Bean. A request of the City Council for certain information from the School Board was taken from the table after a long wait. Nothing much was done with it.

— The Calendar that the JOURNAL works by is the one issued annually by J. H. Osgood & Co., manufacturers of Printers Rollers at 100 Milk street, Boston. Eight of them (1895 is missing), from 1892 to 1900, inclusive, hang directly in front of the JOURNAL'S Editorial eye, and when a date is wanted, or changes of the moon sought for, Osgood's is the Calendar consulted every time. Its face is as familiar as eating pie, and it is as steady and reliable as an old 8-day clock.

— Mr. George E. Fowle, Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds of the Woburn Board of Public Works, is erecting the mammouth addition to the Beggs & Cobb leather plant in Winchester with the aid of about 20 joiners and carpenters. When this building is completed it is said that Beggs & Cobb will have the largest leather making establishment in this country. They are turning out an immense amount of leather every day. Mr. Fowle is pushing the addition as rapidly as possible.

— The new officers of Woburn Post 161, G. A. R., were duly installed by Surgeon Frank W. Graves, formerly a member, but now of Post 113, Boston, assisted by Comrade Alonzo L. Richardson, Officer of the Day, and Benjamin F. Smith, Officer of the Guard. The officers of Relief Corps 84, were installed by Past Department President Mrs. Emily L. W. Waterman, assisted by Mrs. Sarah Kane, member of the Department Board. A fine collation was followed by dancing to music furnished by Mrs. Herbert E. Lord.

— Last week Innitou Canoe Club elected the following officers: Commodore, Charles M. Howe; Vice-Commodore, Edward F. Wyer; Secretary, Willard K. Fowle; Treasurer, Frank H. Sawyer; Trustee, Wm. W. Crosby; House Committee, Edward T. Brigham, W. K. Fowle, W. W. Crosby; Membership Com., Fred T. Hovey, Arthur C. Wyer, Edward Johnson; Regatta Committee, Fred W. Fowle, Fred E. Leathe, Fred T. Dow; Auditing Committee, George R. Ferguson, G. Wm. Buchanan; Captain of the Crew, W. W. Crosby.

— By a miscarriage of his material Mr. Robarts Harper was unable to give his illustrated lecture, "Around the World in a Man-o'-War" in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening, and gave in its stead "A Trip to Europe," which was highly entertaining. A few illustrations of the proposed lecture were shown and were greatly appreciated by a large audience. "Around the World in a Man-o'-War" may be given in the Course later on. The next number is to be filled by Mr. John C. Bowker, his theme being "The Transvaal" profusely illustrated.

— The First National Bank of Woburn held its annual meeting last Tuesday and re-elected the old Board of Directors, namely: John Johnson, Edward D. Hayden, John M. Harlow, Benjamin Hinckley, Julius F. Ramsdell, John W. Johnson, Edmund C. Cottle, Charlie A. Jones, Squire B. Goddard. At a meeting of the Board Hon. John M. Harlow was chosen President, and John Johnson, Esq., Vice-President. This change was made in deference to the wishes of Mr. Johnson, who could not be prevailed on to accept the Presidency, an office he had held many years.

— John G. Flagg of Woburn, whose reputation as a weather forecaster is widely known, is of the opinion that the weather of this winter will average nothing out of the ordinary. He says that January will be a moderately cold month, with two storm periods, the first between the 19th and 22d and the second between the 28th and 30th. As to the severity of these disturbances he cannot predict, yet at the same time his forecast shows no unusual precipitation. February, Mr. Flagg says, will be colder than January, and March promises abundance of raw weather, with some storms.—*Boston Journal*

— Dickey lamb lined coats $4 00 at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Mr. Thomas Hevey, City Almoner, has recovered from his illness and is again at his office in City Hall.

— Dates for Rifle Team's next Cotillion Parties are Jan. 18 and 31. Special car to Winchester after each party.

— Highland Orchestra, somewhat remodelled temporarily, furnished music for the meeting and banquet of the Massachusetts Press Association last Monday. On account of illness in his family cornetist Hern did not play with the Orchestra.

— A fairly good "January Thaw" wound up sudden and strong Monday afternoon. It was only 5 above Tuesday morning.

— Two deaths from typhoid fever have occurred in Co. H, 26th Regiment at Manila. Homer B. Grant is 2d Lieut. of the Co.

— "Gent" has become nearly obsolete; "lady" is fast following suit; and "man" and "woman" are taking their places. Good enough!

— A good communication from "Smuggler" was received too late for publication this week. It will appear in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

— In the near future, say, the last of this month or early in February, the Friday Night Club will give another Vaudeville entertainment in the Auditorium, to consist of farces, orchestral music, dancing, coon songs, and other attractive features, for which preparations are already under way.

— The only anti-imperialist in this city was mighty tickled the other day. He thought he had found a sympathizer. A teacher in one of our schools had this line in a Welch song sung by his pupils:

"Slave ne'er shall *Cymbry's* children be,"

changed so as to read.

"Slave ne'er shall *Cuba's* children be,"

which would have been all right enough if he hadn't forgotten to change this line also:

"Till we o'erthrow our *Saxon* foes,"

the "we" meaning Cubans, and "Saxon foes" Americans. It was nuts for our solitary anti-imperialist.

— Past Col. W. A. Stevens of Arlington assisted by Past Capt. E. H. Lounsbury installed the following officers of Charles Bowers Winn Camp 66, S. of V., on Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, Captain, M. H. Cotton; 1st Lieut., E. E. Foss; 2d Lieut., F. D. Taylor; Camp Council, F. E. Cotton, E. K. Porter, L. B. Richards. Capt. M. H. Cotton appointed the following as his staff: Chaplain, James F. Patten; 1st Sergt., George E. Pound; Quartermaster Sergt., N. W. Eaton; Color Sergt., Lee Watters; Sergt. of Guard, R. Foss; Principal Musician, Wallace Williams; Corp. of Guard, L. B. Richards; Camp Guard, L. Moreland; Picket Guard, James E. Cutler. Dancing followed.

— At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Charitable Society, and Branch of the Alliance, of the Unitarian church, held on Thursday, Jan. 4, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Clara H. Parker; Vice-President, Mrs. Elmira S. Ramsdell; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Vanie B. Dow; Treasurer, Mrs. Jennie P. Brown; Auditor, Mrs. Clara W. Aldrich; Directors, Mrs. Lillian C. Buckman, Mrs. Mary S. Brooks, Mrs. Mrs. Lucy A. Clewley, Mrs. V. Jeannette Davis, Mrs. Caroline G. Johnson, Mrs. Katherine G. Richards; Program Committee, Mrs. Emma C. Whitcomb, Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw, Mrs. Evelyn M. Trull; Post Office Mission Committee, Mrs. Mary A. Leeds, Miss Bertha Frost, Mrs. Anna M. Kehew, Mrs. Olive A. Gibson.

Installation and Campfire.

It was well on towards Friday morning, Jan. 5, when the campfire of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., dissolved, although the ceremonies of installation opened about 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, Jan. 4.

The installation services were performed by the Veteran John E. Gilman, Mass. Dep. Com., and suite, Adjt. Gen. E. P. Preble and Comrade Keyes of Charles Russell Lowell Post, 7, of Poston.

Bernard Fletcher, Commander of Post 33, welcomed the party, composed of the above named comrades, Post 161 of Woburn, Post 75 of Stoneham, and civic and military representatives, and introduced, very gracefully, Comrade Albert P. Barrett as Toastmaster, which position Comrade Barrett filled to perfection.

St. Charles Glee Club, 25 members, under the direction of its able Conductor, Mr. John Lynch, furnished the very best of music for the occasion which elicited commendations from every quarter.

At the close of a fine, patriotic speech Dep. Com. Gilman presented the Post, in behalf of Charles E. Smith, a large crayon portrait of Major Burbank, for whom the Post was named, for which Commander Fletcher returned thanks. Following this interesting ceremony Comrade Barrett presented Dep. Com. Gilman with a cabinet picture, framed, of Major Burbank; and a third picture was given to Fred C. Hard, who had previously given the Post the sword and epaulets of Major Burbank.

An excellent supper was enjoyed, and speech-making, songs, and stories closed the best campfire Post 33 ever held.

City Government.

The City Council held a meeting on Thursday evening, Jan. 4, 1900. President W. E. Blodgett occupied the Chair.

Petitions.—Of Henry Wolesch for license to collect junk. Leave to withdraw. Passed.—Of Solomon Smith for license to collect junk. Tabled till next meeting, pending the appointment of Com. on Police and Licenses.

Annual report of Chief of Police for 1899 received and ordered printed with City Documents.

On motion of Ald. Loring it was ordered that His Honor the Mayor be requested to petition the General Court for an amendment to the Charter permitting the City Council to have the right to elect a Clerk of Committees.

The Conn highway bill was introduced and referred to Com. of the Whole. It was voted that the City Clerk have 500 copies printed for the use of the City Council.

THE BEST
Clothing
is that which best meets these five requirements:
Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own CLEAN workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

Two members were received last Sunday. The attendance was unusually large, filling the church completely. Eleven members have been received during the last two months. Applicants for admission the first of next month have already been received.

The program for the festival, celebrating Twentieth day Christmas, Saturday evening, will be as follows:

Kapellet. Kroutzer
Messrs. A. B. Vikberg (of the Brooklyn Glee Club) N. E. Kron, Ernst Anderson, Wm. Liedman.
Recitations.
Misses Agnes Anderson and Emma Bergman.
Tenor Solo. Selected
Mr. A. B. Vikberg (of the Brkln Glee Club)
Recitation. Miss Hanna Svenson
Duet. Selected
Mr. A. B. Vikberg and Rev. N. E. Kron.
Kallan. Lagerkrantz
Male Quartet.
Hosianna. Vogler
Church Choir.
Dane liksom askan, broder. Stunz
Male Quartet.
For Two Guitarrs and Violin. Selected
Messrs. A. B. Vikberg, Ernst Anderson and William Liedman.
Where is My Boy To-night. Lowry
Messrs. A. B. Vikberg, Sigfrid Johnson, Arthur Johnson, N. E. Kron, Ernst Anderson, and William Liedman.

At close of program, refreshments (coffee and the famous Rice Pudding.)

The annual congregational meeting of the church was held last Monday evening. Mr. C. J. Johanson was elected clerk. The pastor gave a resume of the work during the year. Rev. O. A. Henry left the 15th of March for Fitchburg, Mass. and Aug. 1, Rev. N. E. Kron began his labors here. During the vacancy Deacon C. J. Johanson conducted the services. Four couples have been married during the year; three infants baptised; one burial. Number of members Jan. 1, 1900, 102. Messrs. Per Olson and Gottfrid Johnson were elected deacons for three years; Messrs. J. A. Johnson and Carl O. Carlson Trustees for three years; Messrs. Carl M. Johnson and Aug. Person Trustees for two years; Messrs. Olof Olson and John Akeson Auditors; Miss Agnes Anderson Organist. Votes of thanks were given the Ladies' Society, the Y. P. S., and the Choir. Reports from the Treasurer of the church and the Auxiliary Societies give the sum total of $1500, of which more than two-thirds was gathered during the last five months or since the arrival of the new pastor.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease of life." Only 50 cents, at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

Scandinavian Evangelical Free Church.

The last hour of the past year and the first minutes of this year were passed in prayers and thanksgivings by a goodly number in the church vestry. The prayer week is also observed with greatly increasing fervor and attendance.

The Superintendent of the Sunday School Mr. Bernard Peterson has moved to Charlestown. He has faithfully filled that position and will therefore be missed very much. The pastor has been chosen to succeed him in the work for the little ones. Through liberal contributions the School has been able to secure a good piano which music it had the pleasure of listening to for the first time Sunday.

A Grand Concert will be given next Thursday evening the 18th at 8 o'clock by the Swedish Hand Bell Ringers of Boston. This entertainment is very fine and highly recommended. Some time ago it should have been held in this town but on account of illness was postponed, but next week will undoubtedly be given at the above time and place. Admission, adults 25 cts., children 15 cents.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club was held at Music Hall, Friday afternoon, Jan. 5. A business meeting was called at three o'clock. Mrs. Blodgett, in the absence of Mrs. Wyer, had "Current Events."

At four o'clock the children, the guests of the Club for the afternoon, began to assemble. Mrs. Rutan entertained the young guests with an hour of story-telling. Her aptitude for this kind of entertainment was shown by the quiet and intense interest shown by the children during the entire hour. Ice cream and cake were served all the young guests at the close.

Next meeting is Gentleman's night, Jan. 12.

L. B. B. Clerk.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V Fisher of Liberty, W Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

FRANK A. LOCKE
EXPERT PIANO TUNER
REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
WORK GUARRANTEED
BEST OF REFERENCES
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
PRICES
SQUARE 2.00
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BOSTON OFFICE
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179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

School Committee.

At the School Meeting last Monday evening the following committees were chosen:

Buldings and Hygiene, Thomas D. Hevey, Robert Chalmers, Herbert S. Riley; Military Drill and Physical Training, George F. Bean, Josiah P. Bixby, Lizzie B. Blake; Music and Drawing, Robert Chalmers, Josiah P. Bixby, Lizzie B. Blake; Rules and Regulations, Thomas J. Feeney, Herbert S. Riley, Frank E. Cotton; Text Books and Course of Study, Jennie K. Adams, Thomas J. Feeney, George F. Bean. The following assignments were made: Cambridge school, Chalmers, Hevey, Bean; Cedar school, Bean, Feeney, Bixby; Cummings school, Riley, Hevey, Cotton; Evening School, Chalmers, Riley, Feeney; High school, Adams, Riley, Bean; Johnson school, Hevey, Feeney, Chalmers; Lawrence school, Feeney, Bixby, Chalmers; Main street school, Adams, Bixby, Blake; Montvale school, Bixby, Blake, Cotton; Morse street school, Chalmers, Feeney, Cotton; Plympton school, Feeney, Chalmers, Blake; Rumford school, Bixby, Adams, Blake; Union street school, Cotton, Bean, Feeney; Wyman school, Bean, Adams, Bixby.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Gordon Parker, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

The Twentieth Century.

Here is a simple method demonstrating when the nineteenth century ends and the twentieth century begins:

1st	1—100	11th	1001—1100
2d	101—200	12th	1101—1200
3d	201—300	13th	1201—1300
4th	301—400	14th	1301—1400
5th	401—500	15th	1401—1500
6th	501—600	16th	1501—1600
7th	601—700	17th	1601—1700
8th	701—800	18th	1701—1800
9th	801—900	19th	1801—1900
10th	901–1000	20th	1901—2000

When a century rider sets out to make a record on the bicycle he starts at naught, but Father Time races on a different basis. The Christian era did not begin in the year naught but in the year 1. Therefore a century is not finished until one hundred years are finished. The hundred years of the nineteenth century will not be finished until December 31st, 1900.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Farm Crops To Be Investigated.

Mr. L. G. Powers, the Chief Statistician in charge of the agricultural investigations of the Twelfth Census, is making an especial effort to insure the adequate and complete representation of all branches of agricultural industry by the statistics which will be collected under his direction. At the same time he has not considered it advisable to place upon the general agricultural schedule which will be placed in the hands of the enumerators, very detailed inquiries concerning crops, the production of which is strictly localized. Such products will be provided for in special schedules, which will be distributed in the localities only in which the crops to which they relate are grown.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of —J. A. DODGEN, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

The Rev. Mr. Berle's public abuse of Gov. Wolcott is so bitter that he must be the only man whom the Governor ever snubbed.

Congressman Fitzgerald of Boston, is the latest convert the popular view of the Philippine question.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBUR

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

THE MORNING BATH
cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited capacity nor where the water supply and temperature is uncertain by reason of defective
PLUMBING
or heating apparatus. To have both put in thorough working order will not prove expensive if the work is done by
C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Property For Sale

With good spring, annalysis prove it to be one of best on the market. New double house, open plumbing, 3 acres (more land if needed), number of fruit trees. House for 100 poultry; 5 minutes to R. R. station, electrics, schools and churches, 10 miles to State House. Owner sick, must sell, good terms. Reduced price, $3,500. No brokers. S.S.J., this office.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasaut anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. James Hurdable, So. Boston. Sunday School at 12 M.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Sermon by the pastor. Subject: "A Dreaded Famine." Monthly Concert Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Friday, at 4.30 P. M., Ministers' Class.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Another Savior and Another Salvation." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., Union Service with Y. P. S. C. E. Address by Mr. Sumner A. Vinton of Rangoon, Burmah. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "Making Ready the Way of the Lord."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Epiphany.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday Evening Service at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Glorying in the Lord."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5 P. M., Communion.
At 7 P. M., Sermon: "True Conversion."
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Thursday, at 8 P. M., Grand Concert by the Swedish Hand Bell Ringers.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—2d Sunday after Epiphany. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Zaccheus, the Publican."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.15 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Christian Calling."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Saturday, Jan. 13, Festival.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 4, by Rev. Frederick Woods, Henry White of Woburn and Lavina Roulston of Winchester.

In Boston, Jan. 7, by Rev. Joseph H. Gallagher, Harry C. McVey and Mary Lambert, both of Woburn.

In Lynn, Jan. 7, by Rev. Tillman B. Johnson, Thurston N. von Rydingsward of Woburn, and Amy Flora Adams of Lynn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 9, suddenly, Lucretia T., widow of the late John S. True, aged 72 years, 3 days.

In Charlestown, Jan. 6, Mrs. Eliza J., widow of Lowell Ward Chamberlin, and daughter of the late William Pierce of Woburn.

Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 8th, Annual Sale of Remnants and Short Lengths. Mark-down Sale of Shop-worn and Soiled Goods. Bargains ex'raordinary in Dress Skirts and Waists.

The above announcements are of interest to every woman in the city because the prices we shall mark on the goods will be certain to insure a quick sale. Our remnant sales of past years have successfully demonstrated to our customers that we intend to close out all our Short Lengths and we shall place them on our counters at prices so they will go.

Not a complete stock of Ladies' Dress Skirts and Waists to pick from, but we believe there is a fine chance for somebody to get a bargain at the prices marked on these goods. We intend to sell out this stock and have marked them below cost to us and very much below the presnt market price.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Obituary.

About 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, January 9, 1900, Mrs. LUCRETIA TUCKERMAN TRUE, widow of the late John S. True, died at her home, No. 120 Montvale avenue, this city, after a short illness of diabetes.

Lucretia T. Bosworth, the maiden name of the deceased, was born in Boston on January 6, 1828, and was a member of the old and well known Tuckerman family of that city. On October 4, 1865, she was married to Mr. John S. True, a prominent leather manufacturer, and at the time of his death, on January 3, 1890, a partner in the firm of James Skinner & Co. He was member-elect of the Legislature of 1890, but a few days before it met was stricken with heart failure and died just 10 years and 6 days before his wife passed away.

Mrs. True left to mourn her sudden death two daughters, Mrs. Walter C. Gilbert, who, with her husband and daughter Dora, lived with her mother; and Mrs. Arthur A. Brooks of Arlington Road. In their deep affliction they have the heartfelt sympathy of the people of this city.

Mrs. True filled a prominent place in this community, and had the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. Her religious affiliations were with the First Baptist church, but her charities were not restricted to any denomination or class in society. She was an active friend and generous benefactor of the Woburn Home for Aged Women, and by her wise counsels and gifts did much for its prosperity. She possessed rare executive ability and managed the fortune left by her husband with skill and prudence. She was a good neighbor, a kind mother, a steadfast friend, and her loss will be keenly felt in this city.

The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the late home of the deceased. Rev. Dr. Crane, pastor of the First Baptist, church is to conduct the religious exercises.

Life and Death.

BY B. A. TRIPP.

And there shall be no more death, for all of the former things have passed away. Rev. 21: 4.

These words are written in God's Book. Death has been the horror of men ever since Adam was told that "in the day that thou eatest of these thou shalt surely die" and in all ages it has come to frighten and trouble them. This is a world of death; everything in it must die. The mighty oak and the tender flower must go back to decay. They live for a time and then pass away.

But when man goes from this world to the Great Beyond all things with him change. He then lays off the mortal, or material, and takes on the spiritual. The spirit never dies; "and there shall be no more death." What a consoling thought! It comes to us as the voice of God. Death is only for this world. In the bright land beyond the river there will be no pain, no sorrow, no tears; these belong to earth; in heaven all will be rest, and gladness; one everlasting morning of glory and joy. Here death is called "The King of Terrors," but we must pass through it to enter the life beyond, where we may walk the golden streets and view the city where redeemed immortal spirits dwell in mansions not made with hands, where the mansions are more beautiful than any ever beheld by mortal man. No human tongue can describe their glory.

"And there shall be no more death." These words open the door of heaven and enable man to catch glimpses of the home so earnestly longed for by the saints on earth. In the midst of life are sorrows and troubles. We become weary of the manifold ills of life. As we lay away all that is mortal of our dear ones we try to look beyond the grave hoping that we may see them again "face to face" (1 Cor. 13: 12). What a day it will be when we meet and greet our loved ones in heaven! Death shall be swallowed up in victory (1 Cor. 15: 54), "and there shall be no more death;" all former things will have passed away.

If we had not had a material body we could never have had a spiritual one, nor have partaken of the joys of the spiritual life which are more glorious than can be described by human lips. Could we gather all the pleasures of earth and cluster them into one grand feast they would not be anything like the heavenly joy that will fill the hearts of those who have loved God and man in this life. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him (1 Cor. 2:). But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit (1 Cor. 2 10). So we may look by faith into the glorious home beyond and learn something of its glories. Some one may ask, "how do you know this?" The Bible tells us that Paul was caught up into Paradise where he heard "words not lawful for a man to utter" (2 Cor. 12: 4). And John says: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," and the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. (Rev. 21: 2). He tells us about the beautiful city; of its wonderful gates, each gate a pearl; its streets paved with gold; its fountains; its walls built of the most costly stones, giving their names (Rev. 21: 6, 9, 20). This picture is given that we may know something of the heavenly home (Rev. 21: 16-24).

"And there shall be no more death," only of this body, for in the celestial world they are as the angels. How do we know this? The Bible imparts these wonderful truths. One of the seven angels talked with John and told him of these things, and John fell down to worship him. The angel said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren, the prophets. Worship God" (Rev. 22: 8, 9).

"And there shall be no more death." As we have watched at the bedside of our loved ones and bidden them goodbye how our hearts have ached at the thought of parting with them! But we shall meet them in the heavenly home, where there is no more parting, and where all tears shall be wiped away, for Christ has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel (2 Tim. 1: 10). What glorious news to sorrowing hearts, that after the battles of this life are over we shall live on forever in the world of joy and gladness! It brings to our sore hearts a peace that the world cannot give or take away.

"And there shall be no death." Then let us gird on our armor and do our best to make this world better because God has given us a home in it. When we lay off this mortal frame and put on immortality we shall be like the angels (Mark 12: 25). Do not let me lead you to think that we can live in sin here and enter into the glorious home beyond the tomb, for as a man sows so shall he reap. We are building here our future homes. If we live Christlike on earth then more beautiful will be our homes in the skies.

May the fear of death be removed from our minds and the hope of immortality fill our hearts with joy and comfort, for "there shall be no more death."

Working Night and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Gordon Parker, druggist.

(For the Woburn Journal.)

The Rumford Monument.

In passing the Woburn Public Library and observing the monument being erected on the Library grounds we cannot repress the thought that the Library Committee have greatly erred, if not egregiously blundered, in authorizing the use of them to commemorate the deeds of any man, however worthy, other than Woburn's best loved and most generous benefactor. Those grounds were emblematic of his simple, plain and open life, and everything that would mar their beauty, or disturb their harmony, or that would in any way tend to efface the memory of the donor, or diminish the homage so freely accorded him by an appreciative public, should be rigidly excluded. Indeed, every inch of them is, and of right ought to be, forever, sacred to the memory of CHARLES BOWERS WINN, who in life and in death was Woburn's true and loyal son. Not only was he loyal to his native town, but when the Nation was struggling in the throes of a gigantic Rebellion, unknown to family and friends, quietly and alone, he found his way to the front where he joined a battery from his native State. A commission was offered him which he respectfully declined. Places of comparative comfort and safety were tendered him which he refused, choosing rather the humblest place with the humblest patriots in the Union Army. All the duties pertaining to his position were cheerfully performed until his battery was ordered into action when his place became the rear, with the teams, where was little danger so long as our lines in front were intact. Here was his first disobedience. His comrades were on the line, bravely working their guns, and exposed to all the dangers incident to such service, while he was at the rear, out of harm's way, where was no opportunity to show the metal he was made of, or to, in a manly way, express his valor and his patriotism. As he heard the roar of his own battery guns in the artillery chorus, and the answering shots that came screaming through air, and he saw brave men, mangled and torn, borne to the rear, his ardent and unselfish nature could no longer be held in check. Accordingly he deserted the place assigned him and joined his comrades at the front where he sought the post of duty and of danger and fearlessly did the work of a veteran till the close of the action.

These are but passing incidents in his military life and services but they are indisputable tokens of the sublimest courage and the purest patriotism that the most ardent lover of his country can possibly manifest or express. Yes, he willingly submitted to the stern discipline of the field; he gladly gave the services of his young manhood to his imperilled country, and he freely offered his young life that the Nation he loved might live.

This Library is his monument; is, indeed, a memorial of his valor and patriotism, of his kindness and his love; and we, his comrades, can view the erection of this monument, or any other works of art, on these sacred grounds as little less than sacrilege.

Who was this titled foreigner that you should build him a monument on this hallowed ground, under the Stars and Stripes where titled paupers are unknown? What did he do for Woburn that he should be thus honored? Were his life and character models for the present age and generation? You say he had his birth in Woburn. And you may add that in early manhood he shook the dust of Woburn from his feet and was thereafter a stranger to his native town. And when the Colonists sought alleviation from some of the excessive burdens Britons had imposed upon them he took the side of the oppressor and became a banquetted guest of General Gage who commanded the British forces in the town of Boston. And when the great Warren and his compatriots fell almost within sight of his birthplace no anguish heaved his breast nor tear of pity filled his eye. And when that brave and patriotic army of Liberty and Freedom, with bare and bleeding feet, were marching over the frozen snows of winter to succor their beleaguered comrades he was an officer of the "King's Own" in America ready and impatient to wipe them from the face of the earth. Is the monument to this titled intruder to be an object lesson in patriotism to the patrons of the Woburn Public Library? If so there are others.

Charles Goodyear was a citizen of Woburn. In the War of the Rebellion he joined in the Copperhead chorus in denouncing the Government and damning the Flag, and was among those who denominated the immortal Lincoln an ape, and Charley Winn, and such as he, "Lincoln's hirelings." He discovered or invented the process of vulcanizing rubber which has blest mankind and enriched the world. If some friend of his will bear the expense, will you allow him to erect a monument to the memory of that old Copperhead as another object lesson in patriotism?

Jefferson Davis was an ardent Secessionist, a violator of his oath, a traitor to his country, and became the head and front of the slave-holder's effort to destroy the Government and disrupt the Union of the States, and yet he was a kind husband and father, a generous friend, an able statesman, an efficient Secretary of War, and had many warm and admiring friends here in the north. Will you, also, permit his monument to grace those sacred grounds as still another object lesson in patriotism?

Benedict Arnold was the arch traitor of this country and one of the most contemptible that ever disgraced any nation. He sold his army for power and pelf, but under the Providence of God and of watchful men he failed to deliver the goods. In the earlier history of the Revolutionary struggle his name stands out in boldness and prominence. He was undoubtedly an able officer and a brave man. When we read the account of his fruitless expedition from Boston to Quebec through the wilds of Maine, amid the snows of winter, we can but commend and admire the courage, the patriotism and the perseverance he displayed in all that long and dangerous march. Will you also permit the descendants of his friends and admirers in consideration of his distinguished services in the earlier years of the War to erect a monument there as still another object lesson in—I forbear.

The door is open and one is entering. Unless this one is expelled and the door closed and barred these, and such as these, will logically and inevitably come in and pervert the principles and the purposes for which the Library was given, and for which it legitimately stands.—G. A. R.

Red Hot From The Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Senator Pettigrew will learn after a while that the Administration has nothing to conceal with reference to the Philippines, and that questions civilly put will be promptly and fully answered.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., 361 Main St.

Peculiarity of Snakes.

A snake tamer who had trained a serpent to follow him around the house and even out of doors happened one day to take it with him to a strange place. The snake, unused to the locality, suddenly seemed to forget all his training and, escaping into the bushes, resisted capture with bites and every indication of wildness. When caught, it at once resumed its tame habits. This tendency to become wild immediately upon obtaining their freedom and to again become tame when caught is said to be a peculiarity of snakes.—New York Tribune.

WINCHESTER.

Rev. Mr. Suter has been sick.

The new curate of St. Mary's church is Rev. T. P. McMannon.

Henry Lyons will be ordained to the priesthood next Christmas.

"March Meeting" will soon get along, and the authorities are preparing for it.

Mr. William L. Thompson and Miss Laura P. Bowditch of Providence are engaged to be married.

There is a strong movement here for the abolition of grade crossings. The tragic death of Mr. Henry R. Simonds has aroused the people to the importance of the subject.

The following is the list of newly elected officers of the Bethany Sewing Society for the year 1900: President, Mrs. G. W. Payne; Vice-President, Mrs. R. M. Armstrong; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Smalley; Work Directress, Mrs. N. H. Taylor; Work Committee, Mrs. H. E. Butler, Miss A. Richardson, Mrs. W. V. Smalley, Mrs. Bellville, Mrs. Tolman.

Literary Notices.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January gives its readers a varied and interesting table of contents. A paper of timely interest is Boer against Briton, by P. O'Neill Larkin. Some fine illustrations of the Transvaal and its people add to the value of the article. Irish Place Names, will engage the attention of Gaelic students, and is an important contribution to Gaelic literature. A compilation of some of the most interesting anecdotes and reminiscences related in Brownson's Middle Life makes very pleasant reading. The story of Father Jogues's Mission work among the Indians and his heroic death is graphically told by Thomas P. Kernan in his description of The Shrine at Auriesville. 'Tis a Fragrant Retrospection, is an illustrated review of James Whitcomb Riley's poems. Rev. James H. Cotter contributes a scholarly study of Othello, and Rev. D. A. Hanley writes of Catholic Girls as Wives. Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson's serial the Hand of the Crusader, runs through several delightful chapters. In addition to the serials there are some good short stories and sketches. Book Reviews takes up the best books of the season, and the Question Box deals with some important issues.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE of Boston ushers in the new year with a "Boston number" that contains a surprising amount of bright, timely and carefully prepared matter. A new feature that marks its advance to literary leadership is the adoption of a permanent and strikingly distinctive cover design that cannot fail to gain recognition in every quarter of America and in foreign countries wherever a distinctively American magazine is in request. The number opens with a bright and interesting symposium of Affairs at Washington by Joe Mitchell Chapple, including an authorized interview with Brigham H. Roberts, the congressman from Utah, whose right to take his seat in the House is being hotly contested. The South African situation is set forth in Tommy Atkins off for the Transvaal, by a representative of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE who recently went to London to get in touch with the sentiment of the British public; and In the Ranks of the Boer Army, being letters from their correspondent in South Africa, who is now serving with Oom Paul's forces. In Literary Boston of To-day and Old Cambridge Days the reader sees contrasted the old and the new order of Boston's literary guild. The first installment of A Knave of Conscience, arouses an interest that will continue till the last chapter appears. Napoleon and the Louisiana Purchase is the first of a series of articles dealing with twelve great epoch-making events in American history of the nineteenth century. In Old Whaling Days in America Maitland Leroy Osborne gives a glimpse of the passing of a picturesque industry. Handwriting and Handwriting Experts has a timely interest. The Publisher's Department contains pertinent comments on timely topics. The fiction is particularly bright, and the regular departments have a sustained interest. The illustrations, many of them very rare, evidence careful selection and keen artistic judgment. As a whole, the January number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE is the greatest value for 10 cents ever offered on a news-stand.

If the Harrisburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* is well informed, there is small chance that Mr. Quay will return to the Senate through election by the Legislature.

FOUND NEARLY A MILLION.

Novel Experience of a Scrubwoman in the Treasury Department.

In 1862 Sophie Holmes was employed by General Spinner, the treasurer of the United States, as a temporary charwoman. She was assigned to the rooms of the issue division to sweep and dust. One afternoon in April of that year Aunt Sophie was hard at work sweeping and scrubbing the floors when she came across a large bundle which she supposed was waste paper and was in the act of throwing it in the basket to be burned when she decided to investigate it. She was amazed and almost frightened out of her wits to discover several dozen rolls of $1,000 bills, $700,000 in all. By some unexplainable mistake this package of money was overlooked, and even when the accounts were balanced in the evening it was not missed, and General Spinner, believing all to be secure, had locked the safe and gone out with an easy conscience.

Aunt Sophie, on finding all of this wealth unguarded, decided to remain in the room until some one with authority to accept the money should arrive. So, to allay all suspicion, she pretended to be working very hard, but always remained near the money. She was afraid to leave the bundle to seek General Spinner, and, not knowing the guard, she thought it best not to trust him with her secret. She thought of going out and carrying the bundle of money with her; then it occurred to her that the guard, not knowing her, might examine the package and, on finding its valuable contents, either kill her and escape with the wealth or suspect her of theft. There seemed but one thing for her to do, to stay and guard the fortune with her life if necessary.

About 6 o'clock one of the guards entered the room and, on finding Aunt Sophie still there, asked:

"Still at work?"

Aunt Sophie began to sweep with all of her might and main. "Yes," she answered, "but I'll soon be through." And she made such a dust that the watchman was only too glad to escape. She swept the dust and dirt into a pile and then scattered it over the floor again in an effort to appear to be very busy. No more watchmen disturbed her, and finally, out of sheer exhaustion, she sat down to rest and soon dropped asleep.

About midnight she awoke, hearing a noise in the hall. She was frightened, and, rising, she groped her way to the spot where she had hidden the money, wedging it in between two desks. Then she seated herself on it, determined to stay there till General Spinner, who slept in the building, should arrive. In this cramped position she slept until 4 o'clock in the morning, when she heard a soft footfall in the hall, and, listening, she thought she recognized the step of General Spinner. In a trembling voice she called his name.

General Spinner was known as the "watchdog of the treasury," a name given him from the fact that he had a habit of wandering through the building at all hours of the night to see that everything was all right. In the silence and darkness of the night this low, trembling voice of a woman frightened the general, although he was not an acknowledged believer in ghosts. On discovering Aunt Sophie wedged in between two desks his fright was turned into surprise. The relief from the responsibility almost unnerved Aunt Sophie, and she began to cry. She could not explain the situation, only murmuring, "Oh, General Spinner, don't go, don't go!"

Finally, when she had become quieted and could tell her story and investigation proved it to be correct, the truth dawned upon the general, and it is said that he swore black and blue at everything in, about and near the treasury. Not until he had relieved himself in this manner for nearly an hour did he allow Aunt Sophie to go home. The money was finally locked up in his private safe to await the next day's investigation. Several days later Aunt Sophie was sent for and complimented for her faithfulness and as a token of gratitude was given a life appointment.—Washington Post.

The Bluff Worked.

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent man on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten minutes.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before? I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street, Jones says to the man:

"Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that last suit, but you ought not to follow me up and dun me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has lots of money and if I succeed you will not only get your money, but also an order for a wedding outfit."

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the young lady, Jones says:

"I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scoundrel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restraining myself."

The Speaker's Gavel.

Speaker Henderson's gavel is something of a curiosity. The head is of rosewood from Montojo's flagship and the handle of native osage, grown in Polk county, Ia. It is decorated by an eagle's beak bearing a scroll inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." On the upper ferrule are doves and a garland, on the lower pictures of the United States ships Iowa and Des Moines. The Iowa arms and Mr. Henderson's monogram are on the side of the head.

A firm of English soapmakers which gives a halfpenny to the Transvaal war fund for every cake of soap sold has already sent in £1,000 to the fund.

A Joke That Failed.

During one of the legislative sessions at Albany Senator Thomas F. Grady wired for his evening dress suit. He wished to attend a reception. When the satchel arrived at Grady's apartments, his roommate, Assistant Corporation Counsel Thomas J. Creamer, opened it, took out the dress suit and replaced it with one of his rainy day suits.

"Let's get a crowd of senators here when Grady opens that satchel this evening," said Creamer.

"All right," said Senator Timothy D. Sullivan. "Hurry up and get the senators."

As soon as Creamer left the room Sullivan took Creamer's old suit out of the satchel and put back Grady's evening dress suit.

Senators Coggeshall, Ahearn, Coffey, Featherson, Martin and McCarren were present when Grady opened the satchel. As he carefully unrolled his dress suit the senators looked at Creamer. The latter was speechless. At last he stuttered:

"The cigars are on me, boys."—New York Journal.

Lacked Winning Nerve.

"When I was a racing fiend," said the old telegrapher, "I one day got a tip by wire from an operator, a friend of mine in Philadelphia. It read: 'Lillian K sure! Get in with both feet!' I fancied Lillian K myself, so I pawned my watch, borrowed all I could and went to the poolroom. The race was due in about half an hour, and Lillian K was up in the entries all right, but there were no odds against her.

"So I says to the man at the desk, 'What's the odds on Lillian K?' He looked at me like he was too tender hearted to rob a 'come on' and pitched me over a blank ticket and says carelesslike: 'Make out your own odds. I'll take 'em any way you fix it.'

"That was too much of a jolt for me, and I told him to hold on to the ticket for a minute while I went out to see a man. I went out and took a drink and tried to figure whether the man was four flushing or whether I looked any greener than I felt. Then I came back and tried to get my roll out of my pocket, but it wouldn't come, and finally I sat around and watched the report come in, and put me on the blacklist if Lillian K didn't win at 200 to 1, and the only man on it was a little humpbacked shoe pirate with his box under his arm and a dollar in dimes, nickels and coppers."—Washington Star.

Irish Trust and Distrust.

The most trustful people in the world in money matters are the Irish. A stranger can go into any shop and get a check cashed without the least difficulty, though the proprietor never saw him before and never heard of the drawer. Bank notes are very largely used, as almost every bank in the country issues notes worth £1, £2, £3, £5 and upward, and they are all looked upon as being quite as good as gold.

But Bank of England notes, even in the large towns, are looked upon with suspicion, while in remote places people won't take them at all. It is said that this suspicion of English notes is hereditary.

From the time of James II up to 75 years ago the law was such with regard to currency that if an Irishman wanted to pay £100 in England he had to remit £118 6s. 8d., while if he were being paid a debt by an Englishman he received only £85. Naturally he thought rather badly of English money, and in the 190 years during which this state of things continued the Irish people became so deeply convinced that John Bull was cheating them that they still regard the Bank of England as a corporation of robbers.

Trick of the Sleight of Hand Man.

The Anne Psychologique has an interesting article by M. Binet, the well known French psychologist, on mental suggestion and prestidigitation, in which he shows that sleight of hand and clever tricks do not make a prestidigitateur without a power of "suggestion" on the spectator. A skilled performer has a marvelous power of acting on the secret springs of the will. Thus he can generally make a person choose a figure below ten by the way he asks for it. If he wishes the person to choose five, he runs rapidly over the first figures and dwells a little on "five" to suggest it to the memory. It is also curious that of such figures "seven" is the most likely to be chosen and "one" the least likely.

His Imagination.

During one of the Napoleonic campaigns a Frenchman was tripped up by a spent cannon ball, but without being injured in any way. He thought both his legs had been carried off and lay on the ground all night, suffering excruciating agony and never moving for fear of encouraging the bleeding. Next day the medical officer, coming around said to him, "What has happened to you, comrade?" "Ah," he answered, "please touch me gently! A cannon ball has carried off both my legs!"

The Oratory of Gallerus.

The oldest Christian structure in Ireland is a remarkable building, evidently very ancient, but wonderfully well preserved, at Dingle, in County Kerry. It is popularly known as the "Oratory of Gallerus." Who Gallerus was history does not say, but as the oratory has stood practically uninjured for more than a thousand years he was probably one of the converts of St Patrick.

Fine Furs

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HIGH CLASS CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING.

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404 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Calnan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Patrick Calnan, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on him official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-third day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

LOST.

A Black Cocker Spaniel Pup, seven months old, weighs 28 lbs. Finder will be liberally reward.

F. H. RAND,
37 Wildwood St., Winchester.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.

Clocks called for and delivered.
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Mail Orders Solicited We send you 100 billheads for 75c; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c. 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles S. White of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, now deceased, dated August 24th, A. D., 1878, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1489, Page 300, and assigned by John W. Johnson, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered of said Leonard Thompson, deceased, to John G. Maguire of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 8th, A. D., 1900, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2792, Page 81, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, February 5th, A.D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed (except a portion thereof released from said mortgage, and which is hereinafter described), and bounded substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue; thence the line runs easterly on and by the southerly side of Montvale Avenue twelve rods to a passage way; thence the line turns and runs by and on said passageway southerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet; thence the line turns and runs easterly by land of Mrs. Bean fifty (50) feet; thence the line turns and runs southerly by land of J. D. Porter, eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of John Burke eighty (80) feet; thence the line continues southerly by land of Mrs. Hinds eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of Mrs. Onion one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake and stone by my other land; thence the line turns and runs by my other land westerly about fifteen (15) rods to a stake and stones at land of J. G. Flagg; thence the line turns and runs by land of J. G. Flagg northerly about fifty (50) rods, to the point of beginning.

The portion released from said mortgage as above stated is described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake at land of John G. Flagg and other land described in said mortgage and which stake is four hundred feet and three-tenths of a foot (400.3) from the southerly side line of said Montvale Avenue measuring on the division line between the land of said Flagg and said homestead; thence the line runs easterly by other land described in said mortgage one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by same land one hundred and ninety (190) feet to a stake; thence again easterly by the end of a passageway and land of M. E. Pierson and Bean one hundred forty-four and three-tenths (144.3) feet to a stake; thence southerly by lands of Burke, White, Onion, and others four hundred sixty-six and eight-tenths (466.8) feet to a stake at other land described in one other mortgage given by said White to Leonard Thompson; thence westerly by said other land one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet to a stake; thence northerly by land of Flagg three hundred and twenty-four (324) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, sewer assessments and liens if any exist thereon.

$100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said Mortgage.

Woburn, January 11th, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage given by Annie Sophia Peterson and Betty Johnson to Fred. W. Marshall and Albert L. Harwood, dated July twenty-seventh, A. D., 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 2756, Page 266; on account of a breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, the seventh day of February, A. D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of land, with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being part of the premises conveyed to said Annie Sophia Peterson and Betty Johnson by Guy P. Walton by deed dated June 5, 1899, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book 2741, Page 459, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Garfield Avenue distant fifty (50) feet northerly from land now or formerly of Couillard; and thence running northerly by said Garfield Avenue one hundred feet to a point; thence turning at a right angle and running westerly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson one hundred five (105) feet to a point; thence turning and running southerly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson by a line parallel with said Garfield Avenue and one hundred five feet distant therefrom one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence turning and running easterly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson one hundred five (105) feet to the point of beginning, containing 10,500 square feet, more or less. The northerly part of said premises are subject to a prior mortgage.

Terms: $200 cash at time and place of sale, and balance within ten days thereafter.

FRED. W. MARSHALL, } Mortgagees
ALBERT L. HARWOOD, }
and present holders of said Mortgage.

Town of Burlington

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

BURLINGTON, MASS., January 6, 1900.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the Town of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said Town of Burlington, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Burlington, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE SELECTMEN of said Burlington, in the Town House of said Burlington, on MONDAY, January 29, 1900, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of taxes, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

CLARK AND HEGGY.—About 14 acres of wood land situated in said Burlington, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Clark and Heggy, known as the unimproved land; easterly by land of Heirs of Charles Austin Wyman; southerly by land of Heirs of Geo. R. Baldwin; westerly by land of Elijah Marion, Francis M. Pushee and S. W. Abbott.
Tax of 1897, $12 32

CLARK AND HEGGY.—About 2 acres of unimproved land situated in said Burlington bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of Franklin Cutler; easterly by land of Heirs of Charles Austin Wyman; southerly by land of Clark and Heggy, known as the wood land; westerly by land of Edwin A. Bennett.
Tax of 1897, 32

HARRY H. NICHOLS, Collector
of Taxes for the Town of Burlington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Allen T. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Harriet E. Hubbard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of January, A. D. 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner, is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Farmer, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration, with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to Henry M. Aldrich of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way. MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday Dec. 28, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

For the Holidays

Order a Suit of Clothes and Winter Overcoat from

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

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— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Frankford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist o six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter, Subject: "Summer in the Arctic."

The Course of the season will be held in the

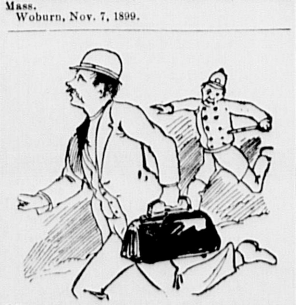
AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, }
E. MARIA BEAN, } Directors.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, }

Address all communications to The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.



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By LANGDON MITCHELL.
The Dramatic Sensation of the season.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

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Quality Comes First,
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HARDWARE
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Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.

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W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

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TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
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Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Just The Blues.

Many a woman dresses to go out, feels irresolute, sits down, and falls into a fit of despondent musing. Ask her what's the matter, and she'll probably answer "Just the blues." And what are the blues? Only another name, in general, for a disordered liver and a diseased stomach. Cleanse the liver, heal the stomach, purify the blood, and there'll be no more blues. It can be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine puts the diseased organs of digestion and nutrition into a condition of sound health. It eliminates from the blood all impure and poisonous substances, and cleanses the clogged liver. It contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"I had liver complaint for the past fifteen years, complicated with dyspepsia and gall stones," writes Mrs. N. Bernier, of 461 Elm St., Oshkosh, Wis. "I doctored with seven of our prominent doctors, and not one or all of them have done me the good, nor begun to do what your medicines have. I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' and one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and have gained about eighteen pounds since I first began to take these remedies."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

THE BREATH OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The wind of Hampstead heath still burns my cheek
As, home returned, I muse and see arise
Those rounded hills beneath the low, gray skies,
With gleams of haze lapped cities far to seek.
These can picture, but how fitly speak
Of what might not be seen with searching eyes
And all beyond the listening ear that lies,
Best known to bards and seers in times antique?
The winds that of the spirit rise and blow
Kindle my thought and shall for many a day,
Recalling what blithe presence filled the place
Of one who oftentimes passed up that way,
By garden close and lane where boughs bend low,
Until the breath of Hampstead touched his face.

—Edith M. Thomas in Century.

HIS START IN LIFE.

A STORY THAT A DISCUSSION ON RELIGION BROUGHT OUT.

It Involved a Christian and an Infidel and a Most Remarkable Coincidence, and the Narrative Pointed a Moral as Well.

The question of religion came up the other day in the Busy Men's Lunch club, and old Parmesan, who is senior warden of St. Pecunia's church and therefore constitutes himself a defender of the faith, remarked, "You may say what you like, gentlemen, but a religious man is more apt to help those who need it than an infidel."

"I am a firm believer in Christianity," remarked Bilson, who has made a million or so in the Swamp during the last few years, "but I take exception to that statement. When it comes to helping a fellow who is down, it's about an even toss between a Christian and an infidel. You doubt it?" he continued as he saw old Parmesan shake his head. "Well, to prove what I say I will give you an episode in my own life. I came to New York in 1873 with no capital but a country made suit of clothes and a common school education. I was a lank looking young fellow, with 'hayseed' written all over me; but, like many another raw country lad, I was irresistibly attracted to the city, where I soon expected to strike the combination that would lead to fortune and fame. But before long my main thought was to keep from starving. I could get no work, and nobody would listen to me when I asked for it. I tried to keep up my courage, but in my heart I would have given anything to be back on the old farm again.

"Well, one day I grew especially desperate. The papers were full of the triumphant success of 'Billy, the Converted Bum,' who was holding revivals all over the country. And I asked myself why I, a clean, decent young fellow, who had never been a 'bum,' should be allowed to starve, while 'Billy' was living on the fat of the land. At first the wild thought came into my head to start out myself on a career of cr—I mean of revivalism under the name of 'Charley, the Converted Boy Fiend,' and rake in the shekels like 'Billy.' But somehow I felt I couldn't get down as low as that. A brilliant thought struck me, however. I would state the whole thing in an advertisement, more to relieve my feelings than with any hope of getting an answer.

"So I scraped enough money together to insert the following in one of the papers: 'If I were a drunken "bum" just taken out of the gutter, scores of kind religious people would stretch out a hand to help me. But as I am only a decent and self respecting young man, with no vices or bad habits, I am without work and starving in this great, cruel city.' And I added my initials and address.

"The next day I called to see if there might possibly be an answer and got two. The first one I opened read as follows: 'I was touched by your strange advertisement, as I myself was once in the same position. I found help through a noble Christian man, and if you will call and see me I will prove to you that there is a Christian who is able and willing to help you if you are worthy. Ask to see me personally, as I am sorry to say my partner is an infidel, and, though a good man, he might not be disposed to look at your case so kindly.'

"My heart jumped with joy on reading this kind letter, and for a little while I forgot the other one. But I soon opened it and read as follows: 'I was deeply stirred by the undertone of despair in your advertisement, as I was once as friendless as you are. I found a start in life through a noble man who, like myself, was an unbeliever. And if you will call and see me I will prove to you that there is an unbeliever who is both able and willing to give you a start in life if you are worthy. Ask to see me personally, as my partner is a Christian, and, though a good man, he might not be disposed to look on your case kindly.'

"Wonderful coincidence, wasn't it? But the most wonderful part of the story is yet to be told. These two men were partners. Each one of them was trying to do a good deed without the knowledge of the other.

"The end of the story? Well, that was interesting and remarkable too. After trying in vain to decide to which of these two gentlemen I should make myself known I determined to see them together and read the two letters to them. I did so, and you ought to have seen the look of blank surprise that came over the faces of both men as they learned that, though differing so widely in creed, they were at one in acknowledging the religion of humanity. They were silent for a few moments, and then the Christian, with tears in his eyes, grasped the hand of his partner and said:

"'Brother, I have wronged you, for I have learned that, without knowing it, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven.'

"'It is I who have wronged you,' exclaimed his partner, 'in assuming that you would not obey the teaching of your Master to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let us hereafter live as brothers indeed, even though we may not be able to profess the same creed. And may the unknown God whom ignorantly we worship accept us at the last.'

"These two good men gave me a start and were my dearest friends until they died. The moral of it all? Well, I think there is more goodness in the world than can be enshrined in any creed, however true."—New York Tribune.

Strange Prophecies.

Clement V and Philip IV procured the condemnation of Molay, the grand master of the Templars, to the stake. As he was led to execution Molay cited his persecutors to appear before God's throne, the king within 40 weeks and the pope within 40 days. Within those respective times both died. Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, condemned to death Fra Moriale. When he had pronounced the sentence, the culprit summoned the judge to meet death himself within the month, and within the month Rienzi was assassinated.

In 1575 Nanning Koppezoon, a Roman Catholic, tortured to death during the religious strife in the Netherlands, recanted his extorted confession when on the way to the scaffold. A clergyman, Jurian Epeszoon, tried to drown his voice by clamorous prayer. The victim summoned him to meet him within three days at the bar of God, and Epeszoon went home and died within that time. While at the stake Wishart openly denounced Cardinal Beaton: "He shall be brought low, even to the ground, before the trees which have supplied these fagots have shed their leaves." The trees were but in the bravery of their May foliage when the bleeding body of the cardinal was hung by his murderers over the battlements of St. Andrews.—Chambers' Journal.

The Butterfly's Pocket.

The male butterflies have the proud privilege of a pocket, but the pocket of a butterfly is wonderfully made. It is really an extension of the under wing folded back on the upper side, but it is exquisitely colored and marked like the upper side, so that it is very hard to detect, and no one has yet discovered just how it is opened, although undoubtedly the butterfly can throw it open while he is flying.

At first glance there seems to be only white or amber colored silk floss within, but examine this with a microscope and you will find twisted ribbons, slender rods shaped like a shepherd's crook, others jointed bamboolike and flexible rods and tiny scales of various sorts and patterns.

It is known that insects have a marvelously keen scent, and it is believed that all these odd little objects are perfume boxes and that the fragrance so thrown abroad is a signal call to the female butterfly, which may be wandering about in the air. It is, to say the least, a very interesting guess, and there is evidence to prove that butterflies and moths are summoned from distances by odors that we would hardly notice.—Philadelphia Times.

A Maori Legend.

In Cassell's Little Folks there is a quaint Maori fairy tale which concludes thus: "Suddenly the father, who had been looking up into the western sky, cried out in a glad voice: 'There they are! I see them!' The mother came running out at his cry, and together they saw their two children standing hand in hand far away in the sides of the sky, the two little stars that had not been there before. 'Let us follow them,' said the mother, and together they rose into the deepening twilight and fled after their children.

"But Piri and Noko, far off in the sky, saw their parents coming and, thinking they were angry, sped away toward the western horizon. The parents followed, and when they reached the highway of Tane that god of light changed them into stars. And now, when the night is clear, you may see two little twin stars flying away toward the west and some distance behind two larger stars in vain pursuit. Thus forever they go round and round the world, Piri and Noko running away from their parents because they were so foolish as to think their mother did not love them."

Not Entitled to a Puff.

"I believe the man who was more afraid of advertising something for nothing than any newspaper man I have ever seen," said a Chicago newspaper man, "was John Knapp of the old St. Louis Republican. He hated to print a doctor's or lawyer's name for fear he would give a free puff.

"One time there was mention made in the paper of a man having died of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Old man Knapp hunted up the copy reader.

"'What do you mean,' he said, 'by running in the name Bright in our columns? He is not an advertiser in our paper and is not entitled to a notice unless he pays for it.'"—Denver Post.

Heartless Critic.

Playwright—I suppose you saw the premier performance of my comedy last night?

First Nighter—Yes; I was there.

Playwright—How did you like the climax of the first act?

First Nighter—Really, I didn't see that.

Playwright—Too bad! Got there too late, eh?

First Nighter—No; went away too soon.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Strange Freak of Fate.

Says the Portland Oregonian: "It is the belief of some historians that the name 'Oregon' is Aragon in disguise, that it was given to this country by the early Spanish voyagers and that American explorers so interpreted the word given them by the Indians. The theory is at least plausible and indicates a strange freak of fate. The name Spain proudly brought to this distant coast returned to the West Indies 300 years later to destroy the power of Spain on the seas! Little thought De Fuca when he sighted this coast in 1592 that some day it would build a warship which, under the name of Aragon, or Oregon, would be foremost in the battle that marked the end of Spain's dominion in the new world."

POSITIONS IN SLEEP.

HOW VICTIMS OF INSOMNIA MAY WOO SWEET SLUMBER.

The Way One Should Lie In Bed In Order to Obtain Natural Repose. Various Ailments and the Postures Best Adapted to Them.

Positions that woo sleep in victims of insomnia is an interesting study made by a well known metropolitan physician, Whitman V. White of Brooklyn. Dr. White is a specialist on nervous diseases and in a mild but emphatic manner scores his professional brethren for their free administration of narcotics. He denounces the practice as unnecessarily taxing on the disorganized systems of insomnia patients in many cases. In his own experience he has found a simple method adequate without weakening after effects likely to produce increased symptoms.

"Through a study based on the laws of physiology in human anatomy extending over a period of a dozen or more years I have learned that under certain physical malconditions," said the physician, "the subject may be given relief by assuming positions at rest that will from the ease afforded the affected parts serve as a natural somnolent agency. It will be readily understood that a constrained position will tend to prevent natural repose, while a comfortable one will woo it. But what may in most cases seem to be a position of ease may in reality be the reverse.

"For instance, a dyspeptic will rest more easily lying on the right side for the simple reason that in that position the food naturally gravitates out of the stomach and into the intestines, while if lying on the opposite side that organ, in its weakened state, has to perform an uphill process of digestion. This is amply sufficient to produce insomnia.

"Lying flat on the back, with the limbs relaxed, would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system, whether in good health or illness. Such is the position advocated by physicians generally in the most exhausting diseases, and it is hailed as a sign of rapid recovery when a patient exhibits an inclination to turn on either side. But at the same time there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep, whether in case of severe illness or ordinary health. Thus in weakly states of the heart or blood vessels and certain morbid conditions of the brain the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to accordingly produce troublesome dreams. I believe that much of that weakening delirium which the physician has to contend with in treating serious maladies is often occasioned in this way.

"In persons who habitually stoop in their gait or work, either as a result of the requirements of their occupation or from the course of their physical development, there must necessarily be some distress consequent in straightening the spine. It may not be sufficient to cause pain and yet be such a strain as to prevent perfect ease. The result is unconscious restlessness, which is the producer of insomnia.

"People who have contracted chests cannot sleep well lying upon their backs. This rule applies especially to those who have suffered with pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs. They will find it easier to get to sleep upon the right side and that their somnolent rest will do them more good if they observe this advice. Furthermore, the habit of lying on the back is the creator of snoring, which much belabors sleep and prevents the subject from receiving the full benefit of its recuperating effects.

"It is desirable, therefore, in all cases to lie on the side, and in the absence of special diseases rendering it more desirable to lie on the weak side, which leaves the strong lung free to expand, the right side should be chosen. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show that when the body is thus placed the food in the process of digestion is greatly aided in its passage from the stomach into the intestines. Here the principle of gravitation directly applies. Then the fact that the stomach doesn't compress the upper portion of the intestines is still another advantage to be gained from lying on the right side when sleep wooing ease to the entire human mechanism is under serious consideration.

"In conclusion, I wish to refer to some injurious eccentricities, or fads, in sleeping which I have observed. A wealthy woman once came to me for treatment for bad dreams of the order commonly called nightmare. Upon making inquiry I discovered that she was in the habit of lying at rest with her arms thrown up over her head, a position greatly to be deprecated, although it will induce sleep in persons who have weak lungs. The circulation is thereby made stronger in the extremities, and the head and neck and muscles of the chest are drawn up and relaxed by the shoulders."—Philadelphia Times.

Laconic and Caustic.

Maurice Barrymore's wit is far famed, but a neat little witticism at his expense was Augustus Thomas' laconic criticism of one of Barrymore's plays.

The celebrated playwright had been mercilessly picking flaws in the actor's drama until the good natured Barry winced.

"Oh, come, Gus," he interrupted. "Don't be quite so hard if it's not an 'Alabama.' Just remember that I wrote it in a week."

"Did you, Barry?" retorted Thomas. "Then you must have loafed."—Kansas City Independent.

Saw Too Much.

A farmer hired a man and put him into his field to work. After awhile the farmer came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a carriage go down the road awhile ago?"

"Yes, I did. One of the hosses was a gray hoss, and the other was a roan and lame in his off leg."

"I thought I heard some men shooting over there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes; one of them was Colonel Jones. He was the tall one. The second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom McSniffer. Colonel Jones had one of them newfangled breechloadin guns what breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em? Rather. There was 19 of them. They lit in that old cornfield down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on, I'll send for you."—London Answers.

PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

A Story of Arthur Stringer and an Oxford Professor.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion "Our Lady of the Snows." When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin Smith of Toronto to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christchurch.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little, but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me today, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer. They will be such a novelty, you know."

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet.

"I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm in Kent county, Ont., you know. He has 200 bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones along with the whale blubber."—Saturday Evening Post.

SALARIES OF OUR PLAYERS.

The Pay of Actors Varies From $10 to as Much as $500 Per Week.

Franklin Fyles, writing of "The Theater and Its People" in The Ladies' Home Journal, touches interestingly upon the earnings of actors and corrects the oft repeated reports of the enormous earnings of players. "Salaries vary with circumstances," he says. "The manager may find at $25 a week a player whose moderate talent exactly fits a part of considerable importance. He may have to pay $150 if the role is singular and fit candidates scarce. If he wants celebrity in addition to ability, he may be willing to make the salary $500 a week. In that case he takes into account the public value of the name and makes a feature of it in his advertisements.

"Not more than ten actors in America, aside from the stars, receive as much as $250 a week, and not more than five actresses are paid this amount. In fact, $150 a week is exceptional, and $100 will engage an excellent hero or heroine, a fine comedian or a delineator of eccentric character. The wages run down to $75 for a soubrette, ingenue or old man, to $50 for an old woman, juvenile man or juvenile woman, and so along to utility and chorus men and women at $12 or $18 a week. Those are the wages of thoroughly competent actors in companies of good grade."

A Suspension of Sentence.

For 25 years Squire Quigg held the office of justice of the peace in Doniphan county, and in the early part of his administration he held the idea that a justice had as much jurisdiction as a district court. Once a shooting scrape occurred in the township, and the culprit was brought before the squire for preliminary examination. After listening to the arguments the squire ordered the prisoner to stand up. He then said, "Mr. Prisoner, it is the sentence of this court that you be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead." Turning to the constable, the squire said: "Take this prisoner outside and hang him to the tree in the yard. There is a rope halter in my buggy."

The constable made a move for the prisoner, and then the squire, taking a second thought, said, "Mr. Constable, I guess you had better not hang the prisoner until we see whether his victim dies."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Proper Place.

Miss Brooke, the English actress, once gave a couple of seats for the theater to her landlady, who had never seen her on the stage. On the following day the landlady seemed to be satisfied with the play, but she did not give any opinion of Paula. So Miss Brooke asked her the straight question. "What did you think of me?" Then the landlady exclaimed with a bland, admiring smile: "Oh, Miss Brooke, dear, you're far too good for the stage! You ought to be in a shop, tryin on mantles!"

Ready For Him.

Little Willie—Say, pa, was the earth created before man?

Pa—Yes, my son.

Little Willie—Why was it?

Pa—It was probably known that it would be the first thing he'd want when he arrived.—Chicago News.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MYTHS OF MOONLAND.

Curious Notions In Various Nations About the Silvery Orb.

The moon has been worshiped among nearly all the nations of the world from time immemorial. Indeed her cult has been asserted to be much older established than sun worship.

Somoyedes and the people of Borneo adore her yet, and the Caribs come from their homes at new moon and raise a great cry in her honor. Swart Nubians rejoiced in the new moon's rising, just as did the cultured Greeks, who pictured her as a wild huntress. Moslems clap their hands at the sight of the new moon. The Finnish girl, Christian though she be, drops a courtesy and a word of greeting to Kun as his silver mask shines whitely over her. The Peruvian peasant hurries home out of the cold moonshine, afraid of the stern eyes of Mama Quilla, and the Egyptian fellah lounges across the sand where the sphinx's shadow lies black at his feet with a prayer on his lips or in his heart to Thoth—Thoth, the master of wisdom, the lord of the Ibis, in whose absence the fair land of Khem has been brought down very low.

Swabian girls refuse to spin by moonlight, "lest they should anger her," they say vaguely, and in Germany children firmly believe in Horsel or Holda, whose boat is the moon, whose flower is the flax and whose delight is to reward industrious little maidens. Dante makes the man in the moon Cain; in Egypt he is Horus, held to the breast of Isis, his mother and the moon; in France he is Judas, and in some parts of England the fancy obtains that he is a man who broke the Sabbath by gathering sticks from a neighbor's forest.

In Rantum the man in the moon is a giant who at flowing tide stoops to pour water on the earth and at ebb tide stands upright in order that the waters may subside. Devonshire folks say that the figure to be seen in the moon is that of a dog. Other people say that it is Endymion, or Isaac, bearing on his back a burden of wood for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Danes fancied that the moon is a cheese made from the milk that has run out from the Milky Way. Pearls and all other white stones, except diamonds, are in sympathy with the moon, according to the Rosicrucians, and should be worn on Mondays.

A curious eastern fancy is that the figure in the moon is that of the pattern wife, Ina, who weaves the clouds into white cloth and who after the lapse of many years sent her immortal husband back to earth by the rainbow bridge in order that death might not defile her heavenly home. The cat and the panther are both connected with the moon in some vague and occult fashion. Indeed in Australia the moon is represented as a native cat and also in Egypt. In China the Celestials say that there is a frog in the moon, a metamorphosed beauty called Chango.—All the Year Round.

Grotesque Advertising.

Awhile ago there appeared in the city streets a man in the garb of a countryman, as he is pictured and described, carrying an alligator mouthed valise of a kind once used. His attire drew attention, and as people looked him over they saw the sign that was painted on the valise. This man walked around the streets in the neighborhood of his employer's store, and occasionally he would get around to the place itself and halt there on the sidewalk and look up at the sign, to make sure it was the right place, and then go in, to emerge presently for another round.

A variation of this idea is found in the work of the countryman, who stops and looks up at the tall buildings. He is tall himself and so attracts attention, and his interest in the tall building always interests the city man, and so the city man looks the tall stranger over or looks down along him from head to foot as he stands there with face upturned and notes the peculiarities of his garb and sees how the bottom leg of one of his trousers is caught on the top of one of his boot legs, for this stranger wears old time boots. Then the city man's eye falls on the sign which the stranger is so innocently holding. And the city man passes on, thinking as he goes that, after all, he is in some respects more or less of a countryman himself.—New York Sun.

Extracts From an Old Magazine.

On the 27th of February, 1731, two publishers were taken into custody for publishing a libel entitled "The Divine Catastrophe of the Royal Family of the Stuarts."

On the next day the new church at Bloomsbury was consecrated by the name of St. George, as was also the burying ground in the fields adjoining.

On March 8 Charlforth and Cox, two solicitors convicted of forgery, stood in the pillory at the Royal Exchange, and on the same day five malefactors were executed at Tyburn.

On April 26 the death of "Mr. Daniel de Foe, Sr., eminent for his many writings," is recorded, and among the appointments on the 29th of the same month is that of William Cowper, Esq., to be clerk to the commission of bankruptcy.—Monthly Intelligencer.

The Kansas Cow.

The Kansas cow that raises a calf each year, that gives milk for the family and for calves and pigs, that makes butter for the table and for the market, that feeds herself on the native grass and the cheaply raised Kaffir corn, cane and alfalfa, will always be good property. She is a money maker and debt payer for her owner whether beef cattle be high or low. She does her duty nobly while she lives, and when her life mission is filled she goes peacefully to her rest in the prime roast beef can, and her owner takes her price to purchase her successor.—Douglas (Kan.) Tribune.

The Doe and Her Fawn.

Fawns when first dropped are for some hours unable to stand. The doe does not remain beside them, but paces slowly around at a considerable distance. Every now and then she gives a little tremulous, bleating call, at sound of which the fawn lifts its head and tries to struggle to its feet. Should a man or a dog appear meantime the doe runs away in a straight line, but laggingly and halting, as though herself hurt unto death. When she thinks she has lured the enemy far enough away, she gives three great flying leaps, which take her at once out of sight, and goes back to her baby upon seven league boots. But if left undisturbed she keeps up the pacing until she sees the fawn standing, then paces daintily away in a straight line, choosing always the easiest grade. As she paces she calls faintly and every now and then halts, looking over her shoulder to see if she is followed.

The manufacture of quinine was begun in Philadelphia by John Farr in 1820, the year of its discovery.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II—FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 14.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ii, 41-52. Memory Verses, 49-52—Golden Text, Luke ii, 52—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

41. "Now His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover." We are to have the whole of this year on the life of our Lord Jesus, and here we are at only the second lesson, and how much we have had to omit; but, dear fellow teachers, do not let us omit any part of it in our meditation and teaching, and may we know Him this year as we never knew Him before. Get full of Gabriel's visit to Zacharias and to Mary, Mary's visit to Elizabeth, the song of Mary, the birth of John, the prophecy of Zacharias and all the incidents in connection with the birth of Christ, the story of Simeon and Anna and the wise men and the flight to Egypt as well as the angel and shepherd story of last week. The previous verse of our chapter today (40) gives in a sentence about all we know of His childhood and might be in large measure true of every child of godly parents. Let the question come to each heart, Am I growing strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and is the grace of God manifest upon me? If not, why not? There is no restraint with God. In connection with this verse dwell as fully as possible upon the first Passover story with all its present application and future outlook.

42. The law said, Three times in the year all thy males shall appear before the Lord God (Ex. xxiii, 17), and the context tells the occasions. That women were not excluded is seen in I Sam. i. This would be in the life of our Lord a great event, His first visit to the Holy City, where He was to be crucified as our Passover and where He shall yet reign as King of Israel and King of kings. The number of His years suggests the story of the sick woman and the little girl of Luke viii, 42, 43; Mark v, 25, 42, for in each case there was after 12 years a development of life hitherto unexperienced.

43. The Passover and feast of unleavened bread covered eight days (Lev. xxiii, 5-8). It seems to have been the custom to come and go in companies. Many from the same town would go together and be joined by others as they journeyed. It is a little difficult to understand how Mary could be willing to be separated from this Child for many moments. Some day she will tell us how it was.

44. They of course supposed that he was with the other boys who would doubtless be in their company, but the difficulty is how could they be content with a supposition? It must have been with anxious hearts they sought him that evening. I have read somewhere that it was the custom to leave the city late in the day and make but a short journey the first day, so that if anything had been forgotten they might the more easily return for it. In our Christian life let us never be content with a supposition where there can be a certainty.

45. "And when they found Him not they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him." It is not pleasant retracing steps that might have been saved or need not have been taken. A little inquiry beforehand saves many a step and worry. Let us not be content to part company with Him for a moment, and then we will avoid many a sorrow. Once we lose fellowship it is not easily regained.

46. After three days they found Him in the temple. Had He been there each day? Where did He spend His nights? Who took care of Him? We shall know some day if necessary. Why did they not go at once to the temple to look for Him? Did they not know who their Child was and where they would be most likely to find Him? Did they forget to ask Him, who is perfect in knowledge, to guide them? (Job xxxvi, 4; Prov. iii, 6).

47. We may imagine how He would ask these men such questions as He afterward did, "What is written? How readest thou? Have ye never read?" (Chapter x, 26.) And, comparing Scripture with Scripture, He would show them the simplicity of the Scriptures and their superiority over all tradition. Even at the age of 12 the wisdom of God was seen in Him.

48, 49. "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The R. V. says "In my Father's house," or in the margin "In the things of my Father." They should have known just where to find Him and what he would be doing. It will be interesting to ask Mary, some time in the glorious future, more about His childhood, His conversations, His studies, His manner of life, and yet may we not believe that what it was in fullness in His public life it was also in all His private life, for He was ever controlled by the same Holy Spirit. He was on earth in no sense for Himself, but always and wholly for God, whether in His 30 years at Nazareth or in His public ministry. This, His first recorded utterance, would be a splendid motto for every believer, "About my Father's business." Consider His other first words of consecration to office, victory over the tempter, to the disciples, at the first miracle, to the temple rulers and to the people (Math. iii, 15; iv, 4; John i, 38; ii, 4, 16; Math. iv, 17).

50. "They understand not." If Mary understood not, we can hardly be surprised at the disciples not understanding (Mark viii, 17, 21; John xiv, 9). The only way to understand is to believe; the one thing He asks us to do is to receive His word (John xvii, 8; Heb. xi, 6).

51. He went cheerfully with them and was subject unto them. It has been said that the highest mission on earth is submission, and that one is not fit to be a foreign missionary or a home missionary who has not learned the grace of submission. It is sometimes a very hard lesson, as in Gen. xvi, 9, but we cannot be pleasing to God until we have learned to say "Even so, Father." He learned obedience by the things which He suffered (Heb. v, 8), and there is for us no other way.

52. His mother kept in her heart His sayings even if she did not understand them (verses 19, 50), and we can do the same. This last verse covers years 12 to 30, as verse 40 covered years 1 to 12. David went on going and growing (II Sam. v, 10, margin). There may be many a winding about in our life, but if He is ever in the midst, there will ever be an enlarging, and it will be "still upward" (Ezek. xli, 7).

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
AXLE GREASE
TRADE MARK
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WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER
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USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price.

TALKATIVE BARBERS

THEY ARE VALUABLE BECAUSE CUSTOMERS DEMAND IT.

According to One of the Much Abused Profession, It Is the Knight of the Razor, Not the Victim of It, Who Is Bored by the Flow of Words.

The little barber was inclined to be uncommunicative and confined his attention strictly to shaving his customer. This rather unusual mood bothered the customer, and after several ineffectual attempts to engage the little barber in conversation he asked:

"Why don't you say something more than 'yes' and 'no?' Usually you are perfectly willing to talk and especially so when the man you are shaving wishes to be let alone."

"That's right," retorted the little barber as he made a vicious dab with his lather brush and managed to insert the tip of it in his victim's mouth. "That's right. Of course we barbers always want to talk—not. It's just you people that come in here expecting to be entertained while you lie back in the chair that cause barbers to keep up a conversation while they are shaving you.

"It's a funny idea that everybody seems to have that a barber is a sort of encyclopedia, anxious to furnish information on every conceivable subject. The truth of the matter is that the barber would rather that there should be no conversation. It takes his mind off his work, and then, unless he agrees in every particular with the man in the chair, the latter is very apt to take offense and quit the place.

"That may seem drawing it rather strong, but it is mild. One day last week there was a man in this chair who made about the same remark that you did just now, and I told him just about what I have said to you. He wanted to make a bet, and I accommodated him. I bet that the great majority of men who came in during the day would begin the conversation, while he took the opposite view.

"We each had a piece of paper, and after we had noted down 27 men he handed me the money and went out without a word. Out of that 27 all but four had started the conversation and had done their best to prolong it.

"The first man had a small package wrapped up in a newspaper in his hand when he entered. As I was lathering him he asked, 'Do you know what is in that package?'

"I hastened to assure him that I was no mahatma and was willing to let it go at that.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'It's a couple of pieces of gaspipe that have been subject to electrolysis and are curiously worn.'

"And with that he started to talk about the thing and tell what a great scheme he had to prevent electrolysis and what a fortune he would realize from it. He was still talking about it when the boy helped him on with his coat, and then he talked to a man sitting in one of the chairs and waiting for his turn until the man went over to the stand in the corner and had his shoes shined to escape from him.

"Next came a man who knew all about prizefighting. I had to listen to the history of every fighter of the past 25 years. And it was only when a man in the next chair turned and called him down for slipping up on a date that he stopped talking. At that he waited until the man who had called him down left the shop and then informed me that he could prove what he said.

"Then there was one of these real wise guys came in and wanted a shampoo. He was pretty near the limit. There wasn't a single subject that he wasn't thoroughly informed on—in his own estimation. And he wanted everybody in the place to know what he knew. He could give you more misinformation in less time than anybody I ever met before. One of my regular customers came in then, and as he appeared good natured I smiled at him. 'Who told you about it?' he asked when he saw me smile.

"'About what?' says I.

"'Why, my little adventure with that toupet you picked out for me,' he answered, and then he went on and told me all about it.

"It kept up that way all morning—religion, politics, sport, business and everything you could think of. And I had to appear interested in each subject. Out of all the men who came in no two talked on the same subject. All but four began the conversation. Half of them went out dissatisfied because I had dared to disagree with their views, and the other half probably set me down as a fool. And yet you say that the barber always wants to talk. Come in here some day and sit for awhile and then wonder why I don't care to do a rapid fire conversation turn with every man that sits in the chair.

"'Pay at the desk. Thank you, sir. Next.'"—New York Sun.

British Guns Used by the Boers.

A good deal of discussion has taken place as to the military equipment of the Boers. In relation to this, it is pointed out in Fielden's Magazine that the Boer army is equipped, in addition to Schneider, Krupp and other ordnance, with several batteries of the 37 millimeter Maxim automatic gun, firing shells and now used for the first time in civilized warfare. These guns were supplied several years ago with the full knowledge of the home authorities. Whereas the ordinary Maxim fires only rifle bullets, the 37 millimeter piece fires a shell weighing about 1¼ pounds at the rate of 300 shells a minute, with an effective range of 2½ miles—that is to say, it will throw 375 pounds of explosive projectiles a minute among the enemy at the range mentioned. The gun, with its mounting, weighs about a quarter of a ton and can be worked by one man only.

His Very Own Jones.

There are many Joneses in this world, but perhaps not quite so many as people think. Not long ago two friends met who had not seen each other for ten years, since their school days.

"Whom did you marry, Billy?" asked one.

"A Miss Jones of Philadelphia," replied Billy, who was a trifle sensitive.

"You always did take to the name 'Jones.' I can remember when we went to school together you used to tag around after a little snub nosed Jones girl."

"I remember it, too," said Billy. "She's the girl I married."—Youth's Companion.

How to Cure a Cough.

If a man has a col' on the chist, get Casey's mixture f'r man an baist, put him in bed, slap a musthard plasther on him that'll keep his mind employed an lave him fight it out. May the best man win. If the patient's alive in the mornin, he'll not have stren'th to cough.—"Mr. Dooley" in Ladies' Home Journal.

Fear In High Places.

A famous steeple climber was asked if he ever felt fear in his business.

"Of course I feel fear at times," he answered. "Fear is common to all mankind. Not to feel fear is not courage. To overcome fear is the true quality of courage. I divide the nerve force of a man into two parts—the impelling force and the restraining force—the same impelling force that causes a body of recruits at first to run under fire and the restraining force that causes them to overcome for various reasons the first natural fear. So, in climbing, one unused to it is by the natural impelling force of his nervous system afraid, afraid that his legs, his arms, his support, will give way and plunge him down. Shakespeare, who touched on all human emotions, touched on this feeling of fear in high places when in 'King Lear' he pictured Edward at the cliffs of Dover.

"The one way to get over the natural fear is by some restraining force from either within or without. I remember once when a new boy at sea was ordered aloft by the mate he trembled with fear and begged to be let out of it. 'Upon my soul, sir, I can't go up there.' This was his first impelling impulse. But when the mate touched him up with a rope's end he was at the top of the mast so quick that the mate could not follow him. The pain on his outer nerves brought him to his senses and made him exert his restraining force. So if you happen to be with any one who shows signs of fear in a high place a few smart slaps on the face will bring him to himself. The right medicine for unconquerable fear in a high place is immediate pain on the outside nerves."—Boston Transcript.

An Iron Czar.

In the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," by Prince Kropotkin, the author says that Alexander II himself, for all he was willing to emancipate the serfs, was a man capable of singular harshness and even brutality. When Kropotkin was promoted and was called with other officers to the side of the czar, the latter congratulated them quietly, speaking about military duty and loyalty. "But if any of you," he went on, distinctly shouting out every word, his face suddenly contorted with anger—"but if any of you—which God preserve you from—should under any circumstances prove disloyal to the czar, the throne and the fatherland, take heed of what I say, he will be treated with all the se-veri-ty of the laws, without the slightest com-mise-ra-tion."

"His voice failed," says the author. "His face was peevish, full of that rage which I saw in my childhood on the faces of landlords when they threatened to skin their serfs 'under the rods.' He violently spurred his horse and rode out of our circle. Next morning, the 14th of June, by his orders, three officers were shot at Modlin, in Poland, and one soldier, Szur by name, was killed under the rods."

Swept Away by Plagues.

Italy once had a plague that killed 10,000 persons daily. Five hundred a day died in Rome. In one year 200,000 citizens of Constantinople died. The epidemic of 1347-9 was the worst ever visited on man. In Asia 23,000,000 perished by it and in Europe 25,000,000. In London 200 persons were buried daily in the Charterhouse yards. It was called "black death." The plague in England in 1471 destroyed more people than the continual wars for the 15 preceding years.

"Sweating sickness," prevailing in England for three years, killed half the population of all the capital towns and depopulated Oxford. It was mortal in three hours. The great plague of London in 1664 carried off 100,000 people. A transport with soldiers on board, from Sardinia to Naples, brought a plague that destroyed 400,000. An epidemic started in Marseilles by a ship from the Levant killed over 60,000.

Clever Advertisers.

A clever advertising scheme was employed by a firm in a southern city. The junior partner of the firm swore out a warrant for the arrest of the senior partner on the ground that he was selling goods below cost and that the firm was constantly losing money thereby.

The case came up in court, and the counsel for the senior partner asked for a postponement in order to have more time to prepare his case. The judge granted the request, bail was fixed and the senior member released. As he left the courtroom the junior partner arose and exclaimed, "If he is released, the sacrifice will go on!"

The news soon spread, and the firm did a better business.

When the case was again called, no plaintiff appeared, and the charge was dismissed. The firm had succeeded in their object—advertisement.

He Fired.

During the siege of Pueblo by Santa Anna, Captain Kendrick of the artillery, later professor at West Point, was in command at Fort Lorento, overlooking the city, when Colonel Childs, the commander of the American forces stationed in that vicinity and who was an excitable man, rode at a mad gallop into the fort and cried: "Fire at once! The crisis is coming!" The battery opened fire, and amid the smoke and roar of the cannon an officer, seeing no enemy, asked Kendrick what he was firing at. He calmly replied, "At the crisis."

His Paper's Motto.

"I've got a good motto for my new paper."

"What is it?"

"'What we have we hold.'"

"Oh, I see; referring to the circulation. That's good. But, by the way, I didn't know you were a publisher."

"I'm not. This is a patent fly paper."—Philadelphia Press.

The Jews In Frankfurt.

George Brandes thus describes the position of the Jews in Frankfurt, Germany, at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "All Jews were forced to live in the narrow, miserable, overcrowded Judengasse (Jew street), their sole abode since the year 1462. At the beginning of night all the inhabitants of the ghetto were locked in. They were not allowed to use the sidewalk while walking in the street in the daytime, but had to take the middle of the street. They had to remove their hats before every passerby, who would call out, 'Jew, make your bow!'

"To prevent too large an increase not more than 14 couples were permitted to marry in any one year. On every festive occasion they were driven into the ghetto. On Sunday the gates were locked regularly at 4 o'clock, and no one was allowed to pass by the guard at the gate except when on an errand with a prescription to the drug store or for the purpose of mailing a letter. One general rule was 'No Jew allowed on a green spot.'" Napoleon abolished this state of affairs in 1810, but it was restored after his downfall.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6 45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6 30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7 15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8 30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10 30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9 45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9 00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 0.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8 30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
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SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

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Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
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THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

Into this glorious world I came,
The freeborn of the wind and flame.
I bound to me for good or ill
A body serf to do my will.
Though he was frail and prone to rest,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve me. What would you?
I had a great King's work to do—
Wrong to make right, comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong;
Great was the load, the journey long.
Yet this my slave was weak and lame;
Faltering at my behest he came,
So, when his strength was almost gone,
I took the scourge and urged him on.

Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have. Impatiently
I saw the glorious hours pass by.
(I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of snow,
Ministering forms that come and go;
I crouch here listening for his breath,
And with my hands I hold back Death,
My work neglected and undone.
If he but beckon, swift I run
This worthless serf of mine to save.
How hard they toil who serve a slave!

—L. B. Bridgman in Century.

The Py'rennials Of the Admiral

A Pretty Sketch of an Old Sailor and His Daughter.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

As long as Sereta could remember there had always been yellow lilies at the end of the garden walk, and as long as the lilies could remember there had always been Sereta blowing down the walk.

"Here they are again, Samuel," she cried every spring, and the hard faced old gardener would go on with his hoeing and reply, "Py'rennials, Miss Sweeta; when they come, they stay."

There was a vague spot somewhere in her memory of a day when it first occurred to her that she, too, was something of a "py'rennial." She knew no more than these golden playfellows how she came into the admiral's garden and, like them, spring after spring found her sunny head among the returning flowers. But it was not until she was head and shoulders taller than the tallest white Easter lily that she inquired further: "What is a py'rennial, Samuel? What makes it a py'rennial?"

"A py'rennial," said Samuel convincingly, "has character enough to go right along and keep going right ahead. It's got no call to be sown or transplanted or slipped; it blooms till it dies, and next year it gets up and blooms again."

The admiral's garden, all rose petals and butterfly wings, was a glowing background for the girl flower breathing her youth fragrance out with theirs on the summer air. Beyond lay some terraces, shaded by lofty elms, and a wide built house, well back from the road and three or four miles from the "shire" town of the rather lonely county.

One stormy day when the admiral was smoking his pipe and raising his eyebrows occasionally at the fire—as if exchanging amusing memories—Sereta followed his glance until it rested upon a photograph that always stood in the same place on the high colonial mantel—an ocean liner, nose down, under full speed—and she spoke before her natural shyness checked her impulse. "It must be like a bird to cross the sea like that—like a bird crossing the open sky on a bright August day!" The admiral smiled down at her, but his face had saddened as he touched the shore of reality after his voyage on that sea of fancy where each must sail alone. "It is better to sit in a big chair and think about it, little friend," he replied. "These birds find darker skies than your meadow larks and run heavier risks." Then the look of weariness came back that Sereta dreaded, because she did not understand it or how to drive it away. After that day she never prompted his conversation or asked the thousand and one eager, irrelevant questions that ignorance naturally craves of maturity; she learned by intuition that questions are cruel; besides she was afraid of bringing the look that meant something she could not understand—something to be kept asleep if possible.

But sometimes after her lessons were done, or after his moderate dinner glass had warmed his memories, the admiral would talk to her uninterruptedly for hours about that great unknown place he called life, until little thrills and shivers of excitement crept over her and she could not sleep all night for remembrance and conjecture.

When Sereta was 17, an odd little rose jar of humanity, all silences and dusky perfume, her world suddenly underwent a crisis. There came a guest to the hall.

This revolutionary visitor was a man without a wife and therefore presumably harmless and inoffensive. Sereta liked him almost as well as Samuel after a morning spent together while the admiral was busy and depending on her to do the honors for his guest. They were out of doors, which makes all things possible to begin with, and the man on her hands was old enough to appreciate her charm and lure her simplicity by his varied knowledge of complexer womanhood. So she chatted and explained all down the garden, through the py'rennials, laughed with him over the clumsy colts in the paddock, showed him the view from the pasture hill, brought him home by the woods and was singing to him in the empty drawing room when the admiral returned.

Somehow the afternoon seemed very long after the two well mounted figures dropped down the road together and were out of sight. Sereta among the roses pricked her fingers more than common. "Samuel, I should think the admiral would like a change," she said fiercely when she had cut all the pink buds and walked carefully around the curved beds to begin on the red.

Samuel stared as if he had been challenged from the burning bush. "The admiral? Miss Sweeta, the admiral's a py'rennial. Most of the men that come here is just blown away seed, half sown or wind sown—come up first in one garden, then in another. The admiral's rooted like a red laloc. He don't need transplantin now. More likely strange soil would kill him outright."

It was disappointing that the conversation at dinner that night should have taken a strictly technical turn. It ran—nay, it fairly flew—on naval equipment, tactics and maneuvers till the sleepy hostess withdrew unnoticed. Left all to themselves, it burned out with big guns toward morning, when the stranger suddenly opened attack on the old subject of the admiral's isolation, urging the necessity of renewed contact with men, the familiar charm of old scenes, while the admiral listened as if to faroff music unmoved: "I am like that dear fellow Stevenson, Roger, my boy. I, too, have 'lived and loved and closed the door.'"

"But surely the Welt-geist is not dead in you, admiral. Gray hairs do not make moss grown wits. There's not a man in the service to match you."

"Thanks," interrupted the older man briefly. "Welt-lust ist vorbei. If I can avoid Welt-schmertz here in the overgrown corner of my pasture fastness, don't let envy of my peace poison your happiness. I am too old, and Sereta"—

"Ah, yes, Sereta," broke in the younger. "She is at the other end of the path. You and she are like the two last petals of the daisy rhyme we used to say our fate by—'passionement—pas de tout!' You live in your library and your thoughts. She lives in your shadow and the companionship of that bypercritical old gardener."

"Your voice betrays irritation, Roger," said the admiral blandly. "Samuel did not forget himself, I hope?"

"No—that is, I tried to talk with him a bit about slips this morning. I was admiring his yellow lilies, but he took no interest in my botanical researches. That is neither here nor there, however. Your ward has eyes that no rose bugs can appreciate and a nature that would whiten up some of the dark places of earth considerably if properly applied. She ought to see less of herself and more of"— He began to say people of her own age, but ended worse by adding, "The things her mother would have given her, fun and dancing, and"—

"Stop!" cried the admiral. "God forbid such a fate as her mother's was for her! Thus far her feet have trod in angel innocence. She is happy as a boy, high minded as a saint. She has never tampered with her emotions nor felt the wasting reaction from pleasure. She doesn't know her heart except as she knows her lungs—by name. She is youth, graceful and unspoiled, classic as a Greek. You cannot make a folly of her. The marble is already cut on straighter lines."

For a time things went on in the old routine. Except that the admiral smoked more and talked less no one would have guessed anything had happened. No one saw the battle fought or took account of self indulgence slain or carried drink to the dying convictions or softened the going of well loved preferences, but after many days and nights the campaign ended as suddenly as it began, and the admiral was every inch a commander still as he went to find Sereta with surrender on his brow. It was bedtime, and he found her on the terrace bidding the stars good night, one of her many quaint observances of childhood.

There was a touch of pagan wonder on her upturned face as she stood there. He stood beside her and breathed a last long breath of complete content. "They look down on many a heart and country tonight," he began. "Think of the Alps—they must love such tall peaks best because they are nearest—and then the sea that tosses their image back to them in a million shifting adorations, and the forest full of sleeping and waking beasts, and the flaring flowers of the tropics, the sullen desert and the hearts of men. You, too, little friend, would you like to be a star and have all the beauty and misery of the whole world spread before you?"

Was he in earnest? There was something new in his manner. Oh, was he in earnest? She did not speak, only dropped her eyes to his face, and her upper lip quivered slightly. Did he mean it? Strange desires pressed upon her; the world beyond the garden seemed calling as the merman called his wife in a poem of Arnold that was still ringing in her ears. She was outside the behavior of custom now—troubled, yet glad.

"It is time," he continued simply; "yes, it is time. I did not realize that you had outgrown the lilies."

She could not keep the delight from her face, but she did not speak, and the admiral waited as if for a signal, then spoke on in the summer night.

"Your mother was Julia Ravignon. I loved her, but she married a diplomat, and I took up my career in the navy. Everything came to me—everything except forgetfulness. When I met her again years after, in Paris, she was a widow, thanks to a rather irregular political intrigue involving the lives of more than one European envoy. She was the same brilliant, compelling creature. Only eyes that had grown keen with love long unfed could read deeply enough to find the change in her, the loss of those gentler qualities that soften a thrilling girl into a radiant woman. She had preserved few illusions; perhaps I was the only one. She was quoted and courted and copied, but in the spring she would marry me—for love.

"That was a winter to warm dead summers by its memory. We never spoke of the years intervening or their experiences. Our fidelity was at least no indiscretion. There must be a God, in whose mind such joy was conceived and fulfilled. Coming home from the opera one night, when only a few weeks lay between us and our marriage, a frantic runaway tore through the crowded avenue, leaving many a wreck in its deadly wake. Julia was carried into a mere boulevard cafe and died in my arms, my face so close to hers she never saw the squalid surroundings of that last holy hour, though I shall wear the terror stricken faces of the onlookers across my eyes forever, heightened by sad dreams. She knew me to the last. 'Sereta,' she whispered, 'keep her safe from the world. My world has not been always yours. Love is more than'— She smiled with her soul. Her lips were cold. Every haunt held a stab for me there. From that night the sight of her flowers on the other women turned me faint. I shivered when I met one of the gay circle of her devoted inner coterie. Every mood of passion returned to mock me now. The sight of other lovers made me fear myself in my shattered condition of will and nerves. I came home with you, dear. Life had given me all my boyish hopes in manhood's measure. I never reached the high altar of my holy of holies, but I have heard the music of the great organ as I stood on the threshold.

"It was not until lately that I realized the time had come to do more than listen and wait. The blood of your mother is in your veins too. We will go soon, little friend, and make acquaintance with the best of her world and mine."

But Sereta's arms were crossed upon her breast, and in a voice too sweet for any mortal woman save her mother's child she said, "I will not go!" At the end of an hour's struggle she still persisted: "I will not go. I care nothing for a world that betrayed you and broke your heart. I am not afraid, but I will not go!"

Samuel found her singing a "furrin" song over the honeysuckles next morning and waited to be drawn into conversation.

"Morning, Samuel." There was his chance without compromise of dignity.

"Good morning, Miss Sweeta. Hot day, I guess." Then in a queer voice, quite unlike the usual gruff Samuel: "It'll be lonesome enough not to hear you singin, Miss Sweeta. Some say you and the admiral are tired of roots and goin away."

"Going away?" repeated Sereta. "Why, Samuel, you said yourself only a little while ago that the admiral was a py'rennial, and I am another. We are going into partnership with the yellow lilies forever and ever." The old man made a motion of incredulity and, shaking his head as he did when rain was prophesied in a drought, remarked: "May be true of the admiral, Miss Sweeta, but I expect that other soldier fellow'll be back here before fall lookin after some more yellow lily slips—like as not. He said he took a very particular interest in py'rennials. I should think he would. He'll be the first man that ever raised a bulb from a slip."

And Roger did come back many times, but he went straight to the admiral when advice was needed, for the kind of flower he wanted was never illustrated in the gaudiest catalogue of Samuel's loyal admiration. Nor will the yellow lilies watch in vain at the end of the garden walk next spring, for Sereta has given her lover to understand that she is a py'rennial of the admiral, however satisfied he may be to live as mere "blown away seed."

Perhaps she hopes he will take root some day. Anyway, she smiles when Samuel whistles, "My hope is built on nothing less." "Sereta is too young," says the admiral, "and I am too old."—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Springfield Republican.

Early Days of Colorado Mining.

As illustrating the local conditions at the time of the commencement of operations by the pioneer smelter in Colorado it may be stated that every single firebrick used in its construction cost $1, having to be brought by wagon about 600 miles from the nearest point on the Missouri river and to that point by railroad from St. Louis. The iron cost 22 cents per pound. The pay of skilled labor was $8 per day and of common labor $4 per day, and the charge of smelting ranged from $20 to $45 per ton. There was no railroad nearer than the Missouri river, about 600 miles away. Wagon transportation was high, as also were all the necessaries of life. Moreover the "matte," the product of the plant, in the absence of any local means of separating or refining, had to be hauled to the Missouri river in wagons, thence by railroad to New York and thence to Swansea, Wales, where it was separated and the gold, silver and copper rened.

Today there are nine smelting plants in Colorado. The aggregate daily capacity is 4,500 tons, and about 4,000 men are employed.—Engineering Magazine.

It Doesn't Pay to Be Captured.

It will doubtless surprise most people to learn that any soldier of the British army who is captured by the enemy gets his pay stopped at once. Therefore the 1,000 English warriors who are now playing football inside the race track at Pretoria are in no sense of the word wage earners. A further provision of the army regulations allows an investigation to be made after a soldier has recovered his liberty, and the authorities may, if they see fit, turn over the back pay to the released prisoner. There is no obligation on their part to do this, however.

The Way It Looked.

At last the hotel clerk permitted the guest on the far side of the counter to speak to him.

"May I inquire," said the guest diffidently, "who that modest gentleman was you were talking to a moment ago?"

"Cert," replied the clerk. "That was the old man."

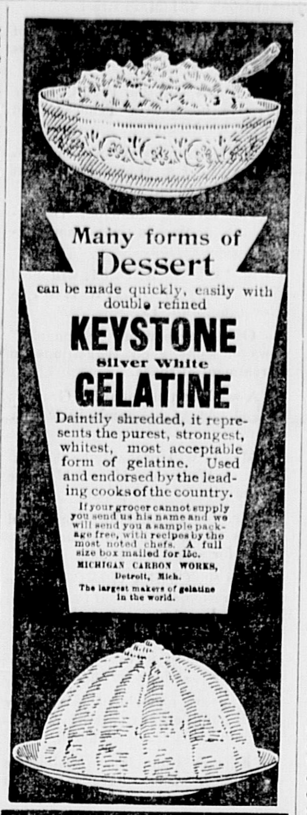
"And who is the old man, pray?"

"The owner of the house, of course."

"Is that so?" was the astonished remark. "Well, I never would have thought he was."

"Why not?"

"Because I was so dead sure in my mind that you owned the whole shebang."—Detroit Free Press.



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Peculiarities of Quail.

There are many odd and interesting things to be said of the quail, which is known throughout a large scope of the country as the partridge. One is that it has the power when badly frightened of withholding its scent. A covey, quickly flushed, will scatter and lie so close the best dog in the world will overrun them, making no sign of point until the bird flutters up right underfoot. Another is that it has the faculty of simulating death, if taken winged in hand, and of coming quickly to life the minute the grasp is relaxed in the neighborhood of good cover. Further, the birds have a sort of barometric sense.

A woodsman marking the direction in which quail feed can almost certainly foretell the day's weather. If they choose stubble or cornfields, it will be mild and moist; if they go to the open woods, he looks for wind and sun; if they scurry for thickets of brier and sedge, then he knows bitter cold is imminent. Unless forced to migrate by lack of food a covey always sleeps within 100 yards of the nest it was hatched in, and this although it may have fed all day several miles away. The sleeping is done in a huddled ring, tails in, heads out, all around and so closely bunched that a good sized napkin will cover it. Instinct possibly lies back of the ring making. Thus the shy creatures hope to escape surprise from creeping vermin, minks, weasles, foxes, which steal upon them in the night.

A Peculiar Dutch Custom.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession, and all refer to matrimonial affairs, November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural occupations of the year are over and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday the consent of the parents is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not till Possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Rainbow Party.

The latest fad is the rainbow party, which derives its name from the fact that the girls wear pretty aprons of every shade and hue which their good or bad taste may suggest, all of which are left unhemmed. Every girl has a number, and two of them take charge of a box containing duplicates, which is placed near the cloakroom and from which the men, having previously bought tickets, draw a number, armed with which they set forth on a voyage of discovery to find the young lady wearing the corresponding one on her apron.

When all have found their partners, the master of the ceremonies proclaims the conditions—namely, that the young men are to set about hemming the aprons, the one acquitting himself the best gaining the prize. The girls supply the cavaliers with needles and thread, and at the call of "Time!" the fun begins with the efforts of the poor fellows to thread their needles. At the second call of "Time!" the work is handed in to the committee, which passes judgment upon it and awards the prizes, which sometimes are of great value, to the victors, after which the aprons are raffled for, and the party winds up with a dainty little supper.

Precautionary.

"Don't you think the true principle of life is for all mankind to go hand in hand?"

"I don't know about that. There are times and places when mankind has to have one hand on its pocketbook."—Chicago Record.

Michael Angelo seems to have believed that he received some of his most noted inspirations in a dream or vision. In one of his letters he alludes to the statue of Moses and intimates that the idea came to him in a dream.

A ROYAL LOVE STORY

HOW CZAR NICHOLAS II WOOED AND WON HIS ORPHAN COUSIN.

There Were Grave Objections to the Match, and the Young Couple Had Many Enemies, but Love Finally Triumphed Over All.

The czar, Nicholas II, always loved his orphan cousin, and as they met somewhat frequently he did not lack opportunity of discovering for himself that his love was reciprocated. But there were grave objections to the match, and the young lovers had many enemies. The czar's parents opposed the union with all the emphasis they could command. Princess Alix was a Lutheran, and Nicholas belonged to the Greek church. To Alexander III this was almost a fatal objection to their marriage, and everything was done that could be done to convince the young heir to all the Russias that he must accept another bride. Even Queen Victoria joined the little army arrayed against the lovers. Princess Alix was her favorite granddaughter, and she did not wish her to change her religion or to face the perils of the Russian throne.

There was another serious objection too. Both the lovers were delicate, and Alexander III was naturally anxious that the throne of Russia should be occupied by his son's son. At last the obstinate czarowitz was sent on a long voyage round the world, it being hoped that in the constant change of scene he would forget his love and come back prepared to do as he was told. The love which had bound Nicholas to his orphan cousin was not, however, a thing that could be put off in a new country, and the heir apparent went back to Russia more determined than ever not to marry unless he loved. The voyage had greatly improved his health, so that part of the objection was removed.

But there still remained the religious objection, and Nicholas pressed his suit. He was fortunate in securing two powerful allies, the then Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Serge, sister of the princess. Together these women were able to overcome the father's objections, but Queen Victoria had yet to be won over. It was no easy task to convert the queen, but it was done at length. The Duchess of Edinburgh persuaded the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Victoria prevailed upon her majesty. Then, as if to compensate the young people for their disappointments, the queen suggested that they should visit England. Prince Louis of Battenberg invited the princess to Walton-on-Thames, and hither the young man who was to rule 100,000,000 of human beings came to win the hand and heart of the woman he loved.

One would have thought that now the task was easy, but the princess was not easily won. If others had felt that she should not change her creed, she herself had felt so even more strongly. Years before, when the czarowitz first spoke of love to her, she had not listened, because of her horror of having to change her creed, in which she is said to have devoutly believed, and her strong religious nature had only rooted this objection deeper and deeper as the years went by. What happened at Walton, how passionately the devoted Nicholas pleaded, we do not know. But we know that a year afterward, at the wedding of her brother, the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, and Princess Victoria Melitia of Coburg, the betrothal was publicly announced. The czarowitz had turned up at Coburg at the last moment, not having been expected until shortly before he arrived. "I am determined at last to have an answer out of her own mouth," he said to his parents as he started.

A day or two before the princess had talked of her lover with tears in her eyes. She gave vent to her religious scruples before her brother. "You do not love him, then?" said the Grand Duke Ernest. And the answer, "Oh, yes; I do—I do," showed how painful the struggle in her mind must have been.

The queen was the first to be informed of the news that the czarowitz had proposed and been accepted, and there was great joy among their friends that at last the long wooing was over. Then came the illness of Alexander III, and the princess was summoned to Livadia to nurse the dying czar. When the monarch passed away and her lover was emperor of Russia, Princess Alix wore no signs of mourning. It was a happy thought of the widowed empress that no needless pain should mar the joy of the bride who was so soon to share her son's throne, and the house of mourning was brightened day by day by the beautiful, sad figure of the future empress dressed in purest white. It was thought best that there should be no delay for form's sake, and the funeral was quickly followed by a wedding. On Nov. 26, 1894, at the age of 22, Princess Alix became empress of Russia.—Young Women.

How He Spent the Balance.

"No," said Zeke Perkins as he cleaned the mud off his felt boots on to the floor, "I ain't a-kickin a feller when he's down, but Ab Simpkins ain't a-deservin of charity. You know the deacon give him a order on the grocery for $1 to help his fambly out on the same day that phonograph feller come to town?"

"Yep," said the man with the uncultivated lilacs; "that was all right, wasn't it?"

"Sartinly, sartinly, it was all right. As I said afore, charity's a good thing. But Ab goes down to the grocery an buys a half bushel o' potatoes, sack o' cornmeal, a hunk o' side meat an a big chunk o' tobacker. Then he says to Smith, 'How much does that come to?' says he. 'Seventy-nine cents,' says Smith. 'What more do you want?' he says. Ab stood an thought for a long spell. 'Well, Smith,' he says, 'I don't know as we're needin anything else a-tall. If you can give me the balance in money, it'll be better for me an better for my fambly.'

"Smith gives him the balance, o' course, out o' pure charity, an I'll be doggoned if he didn't go an spend it to hear the [illegible] play in that phonograph machin."—Edward Singer in Indianapolis [illegible]

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 19, 1900.

THAT BOULEVARD.

At a meeting of the Council held last Saturday evening an order was adopted authorizing the Mayor to petition the General Court for a boulevard in this city. Without stopping to ask what the General Court has to do with building boulevards, except to appropriate money for them, we would suggest that a movement to obtain one for Woburn, now that the question has reached an official stage, should be thoroughly and dispassionately canvassed before any farther steps are taken towards securing it.

That the proposed parkway on the westerly side of Horn Pond would be a good thing for the city nobody can deny; but can we afford it? With our present apologies for highways and no prospect of their immediate improvement; with a pressing necessity for more schoolrooms; would it be wise to borrow a large sum of money with which to purchase luxuries that may well be gone without, for a few years, at least? Would the City Council be justified in laying out thousands of dollars merely to ornament the town while its actual necessities are so great and oppressive?

Under the circumstances the folly of the present movement for a boulevard, to be located out of sight and sound of the business centre, is apparent on the face of it. We do not believe that Mayor Davis will ever endorse a scheme so illtimed and visionary.

But some men tell us that the State will foot the bills. No such a thing. If Woburn gets a boulevard she will have to pay a good round price for it. The State Park Commission are not doing business for fun. When such improvements as Woburn would ask for are determined on the Commissioners exact a large share of the expense from the towns and cities to be benefitted. Is anyone so foolish as to think the Commission will make an exception of this city and give us a parkway merely for the asking, without money and without price?

Mayor Davis is well endowed with sound practical sense; he has the interests of the city at heart; he understands its absolute, actual needs; and we think he will hesitate a long while before asking the General Court to allow Woburn to overdraw her deposit, or for the right to borrow beyond her legal borrowing limit, for the mere purpose of ornamentation and display.

If a man and his family are starving it would seem to be the height of idiocy for him to spend his last cent for a plug hat.

ROADS AND THINGS.

The inference was drawn from the remarks of Mayor Davis at the party given by the Woman's Club last Friday evening that he would not favor officially the Conn plan for improving the highways of this city. He advised the people to be patient and wait for the good time coming, and not try to rush things. Evidently he thinks the Conn plan Utopian.

☞ An appeal to the Legislature by the Board of Commissioners for an appropriation of $200,000 with which to fight the Gypsy Moth another season has started anew last year's contest over the matter. Strong opposition to further proceedings against the Moth was then developed and it will be stronger, so it is predicted, this year.

☞ Work by our soldiers in the Philippines is as good as finished. Everything has been captured by them except Aguinaldo, and he has ceased to cut ice. The new possessions are rapidly becoming Americanized, and the occupation of the Boston anti-imperialists is gone.

☞ Our Senator Hoar voted with the Democrats on the Pettigrew resolution in the Senate last Tuesday. It is a pity that, instead of approaching the end of his days gracefully, Senator Hoar should have become a sour, cross and unlovable old man.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. A. Jones—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Citizens Municipal League—Meeting.

— "The Crawford" caters for parties.

— The days have increased in length 29 minutes.

— There was a small snowfall last Sunday evening.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Beacon Lodge gave an entertainment last evening.

— Great reduction in prices at Gage & Co's. Read ad.

— Towanda Club are tidying up their bowling alleys.

— Mrs. Charles Haber recently celebrated her 68th birthday.

— Sleighing didn't last long. There will be more of it by and by.

— Dickey lamb lined coats $4.00 at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Watering the streets by private subscriptions don't work for a cent.

— Neckwear in all styles and patterns at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— A coat or two of paint improves the appearance of Warren Academy.

— Miss Amelia McFarland starts to-day for a trip to Washington, D. C.

— The sidewalks were promptly and liberally sanded on Wednesday morning.

— The officers of the Lodge of K. of C. were installed last Tuesday evening.

— The new schoolhouse ought to occupy the Place property on Salem street.

— Principal Owen reports the High School as sailing along in fine style this winter.

— We thank Mr. A. F. Morrill for copies of late illustrated San Francisco papers.

— Remember we are headquarters for shirts, overalls and cheap pants. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Fine all-wool hose are sold at Richardson's for 25c. per pair.

— Seldom one sees such weather as that of last Monday in the middle of January.

— Late advices state that Patrick Flaherty, reported dead in Cuba, is alive and well.

— Isn't it about time for the Municipal League to get together and vote on something?

— Collars and cuffs, latest styles, can be purchased at bottom prices. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— A note from Dr. F. P. Flagg of Maynard, a Woburn boy, informs us that he is all right.

— It is now said that Fred C. Cottle will run a tannery in Tennessee and finish the stock here.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V., will hold a Whist Party next Wednesday evening.

— The several municipal Departments are getting in their annual reports in good season.

— Burbank W. R. C. 84, will hold a Whist Party in G. A. R. Hall Friday evening, Jan. 19.

— Our correspondent "Smuggler" throws out some good suggestions on the treatment of roads.

— A workman in Pollard & Grothe's shop had one of his hands injured by machinery the other day.

— Mr. T. will probably be the next Mayor of Woburn. He would be the right man in the right place.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell, proprietor of Linnell's Market, has been under the weather for a few weeks past.

— The St. Charles Glee Club is the leading music organization in this city. Mr. John Lynch is conductor.

— In Court Wednesday Ella Johnson given time to prove then genuineness of her marriage certificate.

— A great markdown sale of dry goods is going on at Copeland & Bowser's. Big bargains are offered.

— Ellis & Buswell are feeling the good times. They have more and better contracts this year than last.

— Petitions are in circulation praying the Metropolitan Park Commissioners to give Woburn a boulevard.

— Mr. Edward Simonds has been reappointed City Messenger by Mayor Davis. An honor worthily bestowed.

— The Police have designated certain streets as dangerous for coasting, and the boys and girls daren't use them.

— Fishing through the ice on Horn Pond is a current pastime. As many as 100 lines are seen there some days.

— The Swedish Handbell Ringers gave a grand concert in the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church last evening.

— Mr. and Mrs. Brooks of Ashby visited with their son, Mr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist, in this city last week.

— George Durward is doing a rattling good business at his Market, 430 Main st. He has the wherewithal to do it on.

— Two suits were brought against the N. W. St. R'y last Monday to recover damages for alleged personal injuries.

— The Vaudeville, soon to be given by the Friday Night Club, will be a fine entertainment, else all signs fail in a dry time.

— Rev. James J. Gilday has not yet been given a parish. His friends expect to make the memorial to him a large affair.

— Mr. Charles Pollard's condition remains about the same. It will take some time for him to get well and sound again.

— Gov. E. Clarence Colby of Everett, installed the officers of Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., last Wednesday evening.

— City Almoner Hevey can be found at his desk in City Hall every working day in the week during business hours. He is well again.

— Mr. Willis Varney, of the Hanson & Co., jewelry firm, went down to Maine last week to "see the folks and get some peaches."

— Helen Sylvester, the youthful prodigy, will appear in the entertainment to be given by the Friday Night Club at an early date.

— Not all the leather workers in this city are employed just now. And yet the factories, it is said, are turning out a good deal of leather.

—The Alpine Quartette sing in Fitchburg Sunday. Last week they sang at a funeral in Winchester. In two weeks they sing at Wilmington.

— Please take notice the change in Linnell's Market advertisement this week. It is one of the best meat and provision depots in this city.

— How nice it would be if the city had a street roller so the streets could be rolled into proper shape after the sewer had been put in.—W.

— Walter Payne, the most famous high tenor singer in America, will take part in the vaudeville to be given by the Friday Night Club soon.

— For a curtain raiser the Friday Night Club will give a neat thing called "A Pretty Sure Cure for the Blues" at their forthcoming entertainment.

— Mr. E. C. Colman finds his Portland street, Boston, business improving. By the way, Mr. Colman ought to be a Woburn Alderman-at-large.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The vaudeville entertainment, to be given by the Friday Night Club, will close with a 2-Act drama of a high order of merit. Home talent will give it.

— The High Schoolhouse was visited last week by the Committee on Public Buildings with a view of making extensive repairs and alterations of the same.

— Nothing more is heard about the upheaval which was to take place in the Police Department. Everything seems to be quiet and lovely in that quarter.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.

Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.

Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.
What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Handkerchiefs and mufflers of all kinds are displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— There is talk of presenting a remonstrance to the Trustees against erecting the Rumford monument on the Library grounds, or proceeding any farther with it.

— Mr. John Lynch continues to be Clerk of Committees and when a law is passed for the purpose he will be regularly elected. He knows all the ropes of the office.

— Prof. Worthley, the Optician, will be at his headquarters, Hanson & Co's. jewelry store, next Thursday, Jan. 25. Patrons will do well to make a note of the date.

— Last week the City paid to Mr. Nathaniel Jenkins $1800 and interest in full of a judgment recovered by him against the city for personal injuries received in August, 1896.

— At the vesper services at the Unitarian church in Winchester last Sunday evening Miss Maud Littlefield of this city rendered a violin obligato. She is a mistress of the violin.

— Mr. George Buchanan has been appointed a member of the Board of Health for 3 years by Mayor Davis. It is a reappointment. Other appointments were made last evening.

— As successor of the late P. L. Converse, Esq., Judge Charles D. Adams has been appointed Trustee of the Independent Baptist church and will settle its somewhat tangled affairs.

— The Hook and Ladder Company are back in their house after 10 weeks. They could have been there in 4 weeks and saved the city $150 or $200, except for the most foolish recklessness.—X.

— We have received from Mr. B. A. Tripp a communication entitled "Shall we know our loved ones in the next life?" which will appear in these columns as soon as we can make room for it.

— The South End Club gave their annual ball last Friday evening. Daniel C. Foley was Floor Manager, assisted by J. W. Lyons. It was a pleasant and successful affair and greatly enjoyed.

— The ice on reaches of the old Middlesex Canal at Wyman Green and beyond is said to be in fine condition for skating, and it is being improved every day and evening by the young people.

— Read carefully the remaining numbers in the Burbeen Course. It will be seen that Prof. Roberts Harper is to return and give his splendid lecture of "Around the World in a Man-o'-War."

— The Rifle Team will give their next dancing party at Armory Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. Last evening, a very successful one was enjoyed. The series will continue through Feb. and March.

— Mr. F. A. Cummings and Mr. Francis Clarridge leave to-day for Ridgefield, State of Washington, where they will make their home on a large cattle ranch. They expect to remain some years.

— The Foreign Missionary Circle connected with the First Baptist church observed its 25th anniversary last Tuesday afternoon. An interesting literary and musical programme was given, followed by a dainty tea.

— The cast for the 2-Act drama with which the Friday Night Vaudeville will close is to be composed of well known and very popular Woburn people—or as the Advance Agent put it, "everybody's friends."

— It was a very good likeness of Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, that the Boston papers of Tuesday contained. Our Water Commissioner is a popular man in Boston business circles.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Dep. Grand Master George H. Keay of Mt. Sinai Lodge, North Cambridge, installed the officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., last Monday evening. There was a luncheon and a social good time after the installation.

— The Highland Orchestra, consisting of John Cole Andrews, John J. Hern, Dora A. Winn, and Maud H. Littlefield, are to furnish music for the Post 161 banquet next Monday evening. Everything is to be hightoned at the banquet.

— A special meeting will be held in Salvation Army Hall on Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8 P. M. Major Winchell will be in charge of the Tableau Vivants, "Spirit of '76." 1st. scene, The Cherry Tree; 2nd. scene, Minute Men; 3rd. scene, Valley Forge.

— As will be seen by their advertisement, the Citizens Municipal League will hold a meeting for the election of officers in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 23. A full attendance is earnestly requested by Mr. Percy Linscott for the Committee.

— Kind and appreciative notices of the appointment of Mr. Edward Simonds City Messenger appeared in the Boston papers last Monday, but they all erred in giving his birthplace as Woburn. He was born in Bedford and came to this town at an early age.

— The police are looking for Chesley Fitzgerald, colored, who lately abandoned his two little motherless girls in Stoneham, his residence. The family are from Virginia and once lived in Woburn. The children will be sent back to their relatives in the South.

— Mrs. Griffith of Quebec, Canada, has been staying at her ancestral home, the Baldwin mansion, at N. W., this week. She will spend the balance of the winter and spring at her palatial residence on the banks of the St. Lawrence and return to pass the summer months here.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond has sold his Pawtucket clothing establishment and after a little fixing up of his home business, in about a week from now, he will pack his trunk and sail for the Island of Pinos, one of the West Indies, for a good solid rest, and to get back sound health.

— George H. Morrill & Co., 146 Congress street, Boston, the old and famous Ink Manufacturers, have sent us the neatest little pocket calendar that ever was in the world. It "isn't bigger than a pint of cider," but it is all there, celluloid covers, and just as neat as a pin from top to bottom. Thanks.

— Committees have been chosen to arrange a grand testimonal to Rev. James Gilday, who has been Assistant Pastor of St. Charles church for the last 10 years and has left for another field of work. A meeting was held last Monday, of which Lawrence Reade, Esq., was Chairman, to set the ball in motion.

— The Police Relief Association of this city been trying for some time to secure the possession of a fund raised by its predecessor which ceased to exist in 1885. The present custodian declines to give it up until so ordered by the proper authorities. It is thought the Courts will have to be appealed to to decide the matter.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond is preparing for a visit to the South for rest and pleasure. His physician, Dr. B. T. Church of Winchester, was cured of a disease similar to that with which Mr. Hammond has been troubled, by knocking off work and resting. The Doctor enjoys perfect health now and is as rugged as a bear.

— The revival of Mayoralty speeches at society functions is not a pleasant thing to meet. It was hoped that Mayor Feeney had given the practice a deathblow, just as Governor Walcott shut it off in his term, but such was not the case, and now a flood of official postprandial eloquence is imminent; in fact, it is "heard in the land" already.

— The Honorable Artillery Company of London are not coming over this summer to visit the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston as had been planned, and some of our local members of the latter are down in the mouth about it. England's South African War makes the trouble with the anticipated royal good time in Boston.

— The calendar issued by the Boston Mailing Company is a daisy—it is the capsheaf. With the compliments of the season the JOURNAL was the happy recipient of one of them the other morning and will cherish it "as the apple," etc. The picture is in the shape of a colored medallion and represents a beautiful female head—a unique design and handsome.

— In the 40s, the period covered by the present instalment from the diary of the late Leonard Thompson, Esq., Horn Pond in Woburn and Fresh Pond in Cambridge were the only country pleasure grounds, and Nahant and Hampton Beach the only seaside resorts, for the people of Boston and vicinity. How everything has changed, to be sure, in the last 50 years in this respect!

— Ald. John K. Murdock and lady, and Miss Jennie E. Skinner, sister of of Mrs. Murdock, left yesterday for California with J. H. Nason's excursion party, which consisted of 25 or 30 members. The persons above named were all who went from Woburn, but Malden was represented by a larger number. Mr. Nason's California excursions usually extend over a period of 40 days.

— The First Baptist Sunday School elected the following officers last Sunday: Supt., George W. West; Asst. Supt., Wallace Bulfinch; Supt. Primary Dept., Mrs. M. A. Partridge; Supt. Kindergarten Dept., Miss Ida Robbins; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred Morris; Librarian, Fred Y. Smith; Pianist, Miss Winnifred Russell; Pianist Kindergarten Dept., Miss Harriet Rice.

— The officers of the Unitarian Sunday School were chosen on last Sunday, Jan. 14, for one year: Superintendent, George R Ferguson; Assistant, Herbert B. Dow; Treasurer for 28th year, D. H. Richards; Secretary, Miss Grace Bond; Librarian, Henry P. Harrington; Directors, Mrs. H. C. Parker, Miss M. E. Briggs, Miss A. L. Blake, Mr. Fred E. Leathe, Mr. W. F. Davis, Jr.

— Myron A. Day ("Bert" as he is called here), who has been in Alaska a couple of years, or so, is expected home on a visit this season. Previously to going to Alaska he was in the mining business in Montana for some time. He seems to be a thoroughgoing frontiersman. Many friends here will welcome him back to "God's country," even though his return may not be for a permanent stay.

— Last Tuesday morning we received a good letter from Mr. Harry M. Call of New York, late of this city, which was perused with pleasure. He has a job printing establishment at 204 West 23d street, N. Y. City, and lives at Rutherford, N. J., 10 miles out, where he and his family are contented and happy. We have an idea that he is doing well. He deserves good luck, for no better man treads soleleather than Harry Call.

— In a recent engagement with the Tagalogs in Panay Lieut. Homer B. Grant of the 26th Regiment was specially mentioned for conspicuous bravery in action, says the Philippine correspondent of the Boston *Globe*. In last Sunday's issue of the *Globe* the fact was given, accompanied by a very good likeness of Lieut. Grant, which his host of Woburn friends were glad to see. By and large, he is one of the best young men ever raised here.

— The second annual ball of Towanda Club given last Friday evening was a brilliant and distinguished social event. The company was a large one, the Hall being well filled from the opening of the assembly to its close, with the upper stratum of society. The music and everything pertaining to the ball was of a specially high order, and eminently satisfactory to dancers and spectators. The Managers of the entertainment were Frank H. Sawyer, Herbert E. Lord, Walter W. Case, and Benjamin B. Cahoon.

— The several society functions last Friday evening did not seriously interfere with the success of the assembly given by the Woman's Relief Corps as a source of pleasure and profit. The ladies of the Corps were to be congratulated on the pleasing manner in which they carried out an excellent programme for an evening's entertainment, and for which they received many commendations. A large party participated in the pleasures of the occasion; the music was fine; and everything passed off to the delight of all present.

— The announcement of the engagement of James Rodney Wood, Jr., to Miss Hammond in last week's JOURNAL was a mistake. The notice came to this office all right, but we had suspicions that it was not bona fide, but a joke on young Mr. Wood, as it turned out to be. He is 20 years old on the 21st day of next month and has a plenty of time in which to think about getting married which he is not doing just now. The announcement was probably the work of some of his associates at Amherst, N. H.

— In last Saturday's Boston *Evening Transcript* Mr. Winthrop Hammond of this city makes known the discovery of the pension papers of Nathaniel Upton of North Reading, born Nov. 28, 1754, died in Stoneham, May 29, 1841, who served in the American Army and Navy in the Revolutionary War, and whose grave in North Reading Mr. Hammond visited subsequently. He generously offers to assist any of the descendants of Upton who may be alive in placing a suitable memorial tablet at the head of the grave.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the artist, has presented the JOURNAL with a 1900 calendar which is highly prized. The ornamental part consists of a very handsome deer's head and antlers which was shot in the forests of Maine in 1898, by Fred Richardson or John Fowle, but by which neither of them could tell, so the flip of a copper decided the question. Both men fired at the same instant, one of them missed the shining mark, but whether Richardson or Fowle, remains a mystery even unto the present time. Mr. Taylor made a fine picture of the head, even the coloring of which is perfect.

— Mr. J. William Dicker of East Boston, whose regular tri-weekly visits to Woburn for the last 25 years as Manager of the great Squire establishments in Boston and Cambridge have filled the mouths and cheered the souls of so many of our people, left the Island Ward last Tuesday for New York City to attend the 27th anniversary of the York Commandery there and to participate in the ceremonies and grand celebration exercises of that splendid occasion. He is a Free Mason of high degree; he takes a deep interest in the Order, and is apt to be found at many of its anniversaries, celebrations, and wherever else Brethren of the Mystic Tie congregate for a good time. When here last Saturday Mr. Dicker was looking forward with great pleasure to meeting the York Knights on Tuesday in the Metropolis of the Nation, and it is fair to presume that his anticipations were fully realized. Before leaving he strengthened the Commissary Department of the JOURNAL to such an extent that all fears of a famine were dispelled.

THE BEST
Clothing

is that which best meets these five requirements:

**Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.**

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

— And now it is Deacon Brooks, if you please.

— The Conn highway bill was before the City Council last evening.

— Mr. Joseph C. Larock returned from a visit to Vermont last Wednesday evening.

— Francis P. Curran, Esq., has been reappointed City Solicitor by Mayor Davis.

— From January 18 to 22 Robert B. Thomas's Old Almanac says: "snow storm coming."

— 8 a. m. Jan. 19; temperature 44 in the shade; rain last night; prospect for more today.

— The Ladies Aid Society of Trinity church gave a social and supper last Wednesday evening.

— The midwinter edition of the Los Angeles, California, *Daily Times* is a beauty. Likewise its dimensions are huge.

— The Swedish Bell Ringers gave a fine entertainment in the church cor Montvale and Greenwood Avenues last evening to a large and appreciative audience.

— The English sparrows are not asking for "outside relief" these days, but when the deep snows come they should be remembered with crumbs from the tables.

— The 5.04 train into Boston last evening struck and instantly killed Phillip McManus at Conn st. He was an old man, walking on the railroad tracks when hit.

— The annual report of the City Clerk shows the number of marriages recorded during 1899 to have been 125, or 11 more than in 1898. There were 259 deaths recorded.

— About a week ago the First church Sunday School elected officers for the then ensuing year as follows: Assistant Superintendent, E. P. Fox; Superintendent of Intermediate Department, Mrs. E. Maria Bean; Primary, Mrs. A. H. Holland; Kindergarten, Miss Mabel Patten; Treasurer, C. B. Strout; Secretary, J. Grafton Murdock. No Librarian was chosen.

— First church held its annual meeting for the election of officers last Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance. Harmony and good will prevailed, and business was despatched in brisk and regular order. Mr. F. H. Brooks was elected Deacon by a handsome majority, but there was a failure to elect a second Deacon, no candidate receiving a majority of the votes cast. Mr. O. F. Bryant was reelected Clerk; Mr. J. W. Fox, Treasurer; Mrs. M. C. Cottle, Deaconess; J. Grafton Murdock and W. A. Prior, Church Committee; John R. Carter, S. S. Superintendant; and A. H. Holland and W. W. Hart, Auditors. The meeting was adjourned one week, to Jan. 24.

— Last Monday Mr. Forest Hooper of this city took possession of the stove, furnace and plumbing business recently bought by him of Mr. E. S. Locke in Lexington, to which town he will soon take his family for permanent residence. For 27 years Mr. Locke has successfully carried on the business at his store in Lexington, but has now surrendered it to Mr. Hooper. It has fallen into good hands, for Mr. Hooper is one of the most competent plumbers, installers of hot water and steam plants, and general operations in that line, in the county. He came to Woburn from Boston, where he served his apprenticeship, in 1882, when he was 25 years old, and bought the establishment of James Buel & Co., which he carried on for several years. For a long time, until he sold out, he was the principal plumber, pipe fitter, and furnisher of heating plants, in this city, in which occupation, by his intelligence, faithfulness, and fair dealing, he made money and maintained a firstclass reputation. The people of Lexington will find Mr. Hooper competent, obliging, and as square as a brick. We bespeak for him success in this new venture of his.

— Next Monday evening, Jan. 22, at 7 30 o'clock, Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., will give a banquet to the Post's officers for 1900, at Post 161 Hall, Savings Bank Block, for which ample preparations are in progress. About 150 invitations have been sent out, included in which are Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., of this city, and officers of the Winchester, Reading, Wakefield and Stoneham Posts; Officers of Charles Bowers Winn Camp of S. of V.; and officers of the Mechanic Phalanx. The list of invitations would have been lengthened if the capacity of the Hall could have been increased, but that being impossible, the Committee of Arrangements were obliged to limit the number as above mentioned. Three great Boston orators have been engaged for the occasion, namely: Rev. E. A. Horton, who served in the Navy in the Civil War; Gen. W. W. Blackmer, and Secretary of State William M. Olin, both of whom are Veterans of that great struggle. All three are eloquent speakers, and to listen to them will be a rich treat. The occasion promises to be one of the most notable and enjoyable that has occurred in this city for many a day.

Win hearts and you have all men's hands and purses.

FRANK A. LOCKE
EXPERT PIANO TUNER
REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
WORK GUARRANTEED
BEST OF REFERENCES
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
PRICES
SQUARE 2.00
UPRIGHT 2.50
GRAND 3.00
BOSTON OFFICE
HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

"Gentlemen's Night."

Between 200 and 300 ladies and gentlemen assembled in Music Hall last Friday evening, Jan. 12, to celebrate the 17th annual "Gentlemen's Night" of the Woburn Woman's Club, and were handsomely entertained. There was a lovely dinner, vocal and instrumental music, and speeches. The menu consisted of seven courses.

Mrs. Christine M. Murdock, President of the Club, welcomed the visitors in a neat and appropriate address, which was heartily applauded.

The after dinner programme was as follows:

Words of Welcome.	Mrs. Christine M. Murdock
Music.	Club Choral Class
Our City.	Mayor W. F. Davis
Solo.	Jennie Trecartin
When I was a girl.	Julia K. Dyer
The Club Husband.	Frank B. Richardson
Solo.	M. B. McKay
Our youngest child. Stoneham.	C. E. Dyke
Social Service	Prof. Edward Cummings
Duet.	Trecartin, McKay
The new member.	Isabelle Livingstone Blake
Club Song.	Choral Class and Audience

Frank B. Richardson's "The Club Husband" was the oratorical gem of the evening. He is an original thinker and has a way of clothing his thoughts which is unique and entertaining.

Mayor Davis talked municipal affairs in an interesting and instructive manner.

Prof. Hood, organist, accompanied the songs with piano music.

Several neighboring Clubs were represented at the celebration, which was one of the best the Woburn Club have ever held.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

City Council.

At a meeting of the Board held last Saturday evening, President Blodgett appointed the following committees; Accounts, Dickson chairman, Greaney, Brackett, Carroll, Golden; Claims, Loring chairman, Nichols, Brackett, Dolan, Blodgett; Finance, Blodgett chairman, Loring, Dolan, Brackett, Dickson; Fire, Greydon chairman, Dolan, Golden, Murdock, Loring; Highways and Pole Location, Conn chairman, Dolan, Wood, Dickson, Nichols; Ordinances, Golden chairman, Conn, Greaney, Carroll, Dickson; Police and Licenses, Wood chairman, Nichols, Blodgett, Greaney, Doherty; Printing, Winn chairman, Loring, Doherty, Greydon, Conn; Salaries, Doherty chairman, Murdock, Carroll, Winn, Greydon; State and Military Aid, Murdock chairman, Wood, Carroll, Greaney, Winn.

The School Board filed notice that it would want $57,999.41 for school purposes for the ensuing year, and it was referred to the Finance Committee.

Orders were adopted providing for the hiring of a sum not exceeding $120,000 in anticipation of taxes; authorizing the Mayor to petition the General Court for a boulevard in this city, and authorizing the Mayor to petition the General Court for authority to use the city sinking fund to pay maturing indebtedness.

Towanda Victorious.

The Boston *Herald* of Wednesday morning gave the following sparkling account of the games contests between the Towanda and Malden Clubs at the home of the former last Tuesday evening. The Towandas covered themselves all over with glory.

"Towanda made circles around Malden in the Interclub series at Woburn last evening, securing everything but billiards. The home Whist Team made its 10th consecutive win, and has yet to lose a game. The Maldens lost the bowling in every game where they expected to have an easy thing.

"It was a night of surprises, and Towanda felt highly elated over the victory. The fireworks purchased by several Malden rooters were not touched off, at least not in the vicinity of the Towanda Club. Clapp was high for Malden in Bowling and Buxton for Towanda. The Towandas have one more home match."

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. Dodgen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

THE MORNING BATH

cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited capacity nor where the water supply and temperature is uncertain by reason of defective

PLUMBING

or heating apparatus. To have both put in thorough working order will not prove expensive if the work is done by

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Property For Sale

With good spring, analysis prove it to be one of best on the market. New double house, open plumbing, 3 acres (more land if needed), number of fruit trees. House for 100 poultry; 5 minutes to R. R. station, electrics, schools and churches, 10 miles to State House. Owner sick, must sell, good terms. Reduced price, $3,500. No brokers. S.S.J., this office.

A Card.

We take this opportunity to express to our many kind friends and neighbors our most sincere gratitude for the beautiful floral tributes and the tender expressions of sympathy by word and letter extended to us in the loss of our beloved mother.

MRS. C. W. GILBERT,
MRS. A. A. BROOKS.

Jan. 18, 1900.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Doctor Martineau, the Scholar in Religion." Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Charles O. Day. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. Daniel March. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Friday, at 4.15 P. M., Ministers' Class.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Charles A. Reece of Boston. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching conducted by Rev. C. A. Reece. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—3d Sunday after Epiphany. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject; "The Great Healer."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.15 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Border land or the Shadow of Death."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 10, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James F. Larkin and Emma Nena (Thomas) Van Steinburg, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 12, by Rev. Joseph Jackson, Louie L. Frye and Marnie Edmands, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan 13, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Patrick F. Long and Florence Southerland, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 17, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Albert Treadwell and Clara E. Munn, both of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 11, Hannah Flaherty, aged 10 years, 17 days.

In this city, Jan. 11, Rosana Kervin, aged 35 years.

In Boston, Jan. 12, Sarah Richardson, aged 60 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In this city, Jan. 16, Patrick Foley, aged 13 years, [illegible] months.

In this city, Jan. 17, Melvina L., daughter of Frank and Abby G. Tobin, aged [illegible] years, 6 months.

A Special Attraction For the Ladies.

We have succeeded in purchasing a limited number of dozens of

Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose

of extra quality. To our customers we shall offer them at 13c. pair, 2 pair for 25c.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

Beginning next week, the engagement of Kirke LaShelle's new opera comique, "Princess Chic," at the Columbia Theatre and Promenade de Luxe, ought to make that palatial temple of amusement the supreme point of attractiveness in Boston. The book "Princess Chic" was written by Kirke LaShelle, the well known manager of the Frank Daniels Opera Company, "Arizona" and other productions of the very highest class, and the music was written by Julian Edwards, whose "Madeline; or The Magic Kiss," "The Jolly Musketeers," "Brian Baru," and other operas, have delighted Bostonians in former seasons. The critics declare that Mr. Edwards has reached the very zenith of his excellence as a composer in the music of "Princess Chic." Full of light, catchy melodies, it is also replete with music of the highest order, quite equal to the most melodious sections of any grand opera. The company producing this opera is unequaled by any organization within remembrance. The production has the most lavish scenes, and the costumes are altogether unprecedented in beauty and costliness. A grand chorus of 60 voices includes about 40 young ladies and is said to be the most wonderful combination in that direction that has yet been attained. The above are a few of the many claims that are set forth by the management of the Columbia Theatre and Mr. LaShelle, and they are perfectly willing to challenge criticism based upon the foregoing statement.

THE TREMONT.

Miss Mary Sanders, the young, bright, pretty, clever and very fascinating little actress, who is one of the most popular impersonators of ingenues on the contemporary stage, and is universally regarded as a worthy successor to the genius and the roles of the famous Lotta, will begin on Monday, Jan. 22, at the Tremont Theatre a starring tour in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," a new dramatization by Mr. Harry P. Mawson, of Dickens' famous novel, "The Old Curiosity Shop," which competent critics have declared the best ever made. Miss Sanders, of course, will play the dual role of Little Nell and the Marchioness, which is well calculated to display her unquestioned abilities, her remarkable versatility and charming personality. Her supporting company has been selected with great care, and includes such well known artists as Messrs. Max Figman, P. Augustus Anderson, Harold Hartsell, John Jack, William Seymour, Charles Stanley, H. J. Holliday and Aubrey Beattie, Misses Anne Caverly, Mary Mackenzie, Lilly Eldredge and Mollie Revill. The piece is staged by Mr. William Seymour, and set with beautiful new scenery, and the production is as complete as unremitting attention, untiring effort and lavish expenditure can make it.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Charles Goodyear.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent, "G. A. R.," errs in stating that Charles Goodyear was inimical to his country in the U. S. Civil War. Mr. Goodyear died July 1, 1860—the year before that war began. He was an humble, worthy, and unfortunate man, who devoted his time to perfecting his inventions, and he endured great privations, in which his family shared, particularly during his stay in Woburn. He was, as we say today, "crazy" on the subject of India rubber, and it was in this city—then a town—that his great discovery in connection with this product was made. His biographer, Bradford K. Peirce, on the testimony of Mr. Goodyear's daughter, states an important fact concerning the place, when he says that the discovery occurred in the kitchen of his own house here. The circumstances of the discovery were these:

"His brother, and a number of individuals who were acquainted with the nature of the gum and its manufacture, were sitting in his kitchen with him one winter evening * * * While engaged in his usual discussion about his experiments, and making a rapid gesture in his earnestness, a piece of gum, which he held in his hand, accidentally came in contact with the hot stove. As the gum in its natural state melts at a low degree of heat, what was his astonishment to notice that it charred like leather without dissolving. No portion of it was sticky.

"His daughter says: 'As I was passing in and out of the room, I casually observed the little piece of gum, which he was holding near the fire, and I noticed also that he was unusually animated by some discovery which he had made. He nailed the piece of gum outside the kitchen door in the intense cold. In the morning he brought it in, holding it up exultingly. He had found it perfectly flexible, as it was when he put it out. This was proof enough of the value of his discovery.'"

About thirty years ago, during my stay in New Haven, Conn., where the Goodyear family belonged and Mr. Goodyear was born, I was personally acquainted with some of his friends, such as Dr. Leonard Bacon, John Warner Barber, and others. Once Mr. Barber, the wellknown local historian, showed me a copy of the biography by Dr. Peirce, then recently published, and knowing that I was from Woburn, said that he knew Mr. Goodyear well, and then made some favorable comment on his character. It is the testimony of his biographer that he was a most unostentatious, exemplary, personally economical, pure-minded and pious man.

His invention, on Woburn Plains, of the vulcanization of India rubber in the winter of 1838 and 1839, has undoubtedly proved of great benefit to the world. "Woburn Plains" is now known by the name of Montvale, and his sufferings there made a deep impression on the inventor's after life.

He is worthy of a monument, whether it be erected in the confines of Woburn, or in the more public halls or squares of the capital of his nation. All nationalities are indebted to him for a most useful invention, which has added greatly to human comfort, as well as to human prosperity.—C. W. R. Cutter

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Woburn in the Eighteen Forties.

WITH CONCLUSION OF EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF LEONARD THOMPSON.

The Woburn *Weekly Advertiser* for Sept. 3, 1846, under the title "Our Town," says of the Woburn of that day, that "to the mere visitant" it presented the appearance of a pleasant and retired country village, in which agriculture was the principal business, with the few trades absolutely required for the immediate supply of the inhabitants. There was, however, an aspect of growth and enterprise by a perceptable increase in population and dwellings, and the various departments of industry were flourishing. To the stranger coming from a larger and more bustling place the air of quiet was oppressive. There were few towns of the same size in the vicinity of Boston which had more evidences of enterprise and industry within their limits. No less than thirty kinds of business were represented in the town. The location of the Lowell railroad depot in Boston at that date was inconvenient to business men residing in Woburn, and had prevented many persons from selecting Woburn as a residence, notwithstanding the beauties of the scenery.

In 1844 the manufactories of Cummings', A. Thompson & Co., and Winn & Co., were among the most prominent. The local military company—the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx—under its new commander, J. B. Winn, numbered sixty-one rank and file. The Woburn Marion Band was one of the most popular military bands in the county. The Woburn delegation to the Temperance Mass meeting in Boston, May 30, 1844, numbered about two hundred, Gen. Abijah Thompson, chief marshal. This delegation was escorted by Albion Engine Co., No. 1, of Woburn, and accompanied by the Marion Band. This mass meeting was the grand gala day of the Washingtonians—the jubilee of temperance in old Massachusetts. Woburn was then spoken of as a moral village, and the custom of profanity was frowned down. The curious banner, called the cockerel banner—now preserved in the antique department of the Woburn Public Library—was borne by the delegation from this town. It was really a "striking affair, to wit:—one old *Cockerel*, with long spurs, and about a dozen cockerel's heads, without bodies or spurs either; also a broken bottle, the last tenement of the departed spirit, which was the cause of this unnatural and fowl neck wringing scene."

The following card will be read with interest in this connection:

> "The *Woburn W. T. A. Society*, most gratefully tender their obligations to Gen. A. Thompson, as *Chief Marshall*, with his aids for their appropriate management of the Woburn Delegation, at the great Temperance Convention in Boston, May 30th.
>
> Likewise, they acknowledge the sentimental expressions of some few Ladies, received in several clusters of beautiful flowers, while passing through Tremont street.
>
> LUKE FOWLE, Chairman of Comm."

The following sharp piece from the Woburn correspondent of the *Stoneham Regulator*, a Whig journal, is not calculated to reflect on anybody in particular, but is only inserted here as a specimen of the correspondence sent to the average local paper.

"We are living in an age of vast and unprecedented improvement, not only in the arts and sciences, but also in the human species. The 'march of mind' is making such rapid strides here in this town that babes never become youths, but leap from the breast and at once take their stations in the ranks of men. Time was once, when young men knew their place, and kept it, learning wisdom from experience and the precepts of age; but in these latter days of modern improvements they are born natural *orators* and *statesmen*, and like the young partridge commence running with the shell yet on their back. The time is not far distant when babes will rise up and astonish the world with *bursts of eloquence* equal, if not superior to the highest flights of Demosthenes or Cicero.

"It is quite a common occurrence here to see youngsters fresh from the nursery (with in reality hardly sense enough to keep themselves from being headed up in a hogshead) get up in political meetings and utter slanders against men of standing in society. These *beardless* youngsters will retail other men's ideas and will deliver opinions with the utmost pomposity and display on subjects which they have not discrimination to understand.

"Where is the manhood of our people, I would ask, when young whelps are permitted in public meetings to call our own Harrison the abusive epithet of coward," etc., etc. The communication is signed "Inkpen," and is dated at South Woburn (now Winchester) Sept. 28, 1840.

The advertisement of the Warren Academy is interesting, as showing the character of the school at this period.

WARREN ACADEMY.

> The Summer term of this institution will commence on *Monday*, June 3rd, at 8 1-2 o'clock A. M. Instruction given as heretofore in the common and higher English branches, the Ancient languages, and French. No pains will be spared to render the school worthy of patronage.
>
> A. P. CHUTE, PRECEPTOR.
>
> March 17, [1844].

Idle town gossip was condemned and the pillory of olden time recommended,—which if put in practice for the punishment of evil speaking, etc., "many citizens of this and other towns would enjoy comparative quiet, and from their inmost soul bless the reformer!" An "inhabitant of Pleasant Street," on June 21, 1844, complains of the boys who are in the habit of bathing in the canal near Capt. Abbot's landing, in sight of some dwelling houses and the street.

Some local writer also describes the appearance of the village school-mistress at this date, clad in what is called by our good mothers "gingham check," the squares of which were about one and a quarter inch, cut after the most dignified and approved "puritan style," very high in the neck, without ruffles, or any other ornament, save a new black silk neckerchief, which was plaited and adjusted with the utmost care, a white cotton handkerchief pinned to her side, and a pair of very thick calf skin shoes, over blue stockings.

The corner stone of the new Universalist church in this village was laid June 27, 1844, and the village editor called for the enforcement of the law to prevent travelling on the Sabbath. The agitation against riding, racing, and Sabbath breaking in other towns had awakened his attention in a letter in his paper, signed "Many Citizens." Another correspondent calls for music on the common. Another thinks there is too much of a spirit of sectarianism existing, even among the young people, which showed itself frequently in "getting up walks, rides, picnics, etc." The editor in reply, said he did not know that such an evil existed, or ever did exist in this community, but thinks that the writer was some one, who had been occasionally, but not intentionally, overlooked.

And so we might go on illustrating from the pages of the local paper the state of society in Woburn in the early eighteen forties, but we have Mr. Thompson's diary to help us out, in a view of that period, and now recur to it, referring those interested further in the Woburn newspapers of that time to articles in a similar line published in the *Woburn News*, Dec. 31, 1892, and Feb. 4 and 25, 1893; also to the papers themselves in the Woburn Public Library; and the chapter on the civil history of Woburn during this period in Hurd's *History of Middlesex County*.

To be continued.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

W. R. C. Installation.

The officers of Burbank Woman's Relief Corps, No. 84, were installed Friday afternoon, Jan. 12, by Mrs. Maria W. Gowing, Department Senior Vice-President. Mrs. Gowing appointed Mrs. Martina L. Hamblett, Past President of S. C. Lawrence Corps, 5, Medford, Conductor, and Mrs. Weston, Pianist.

List of officers installed were as follows: President, Mrs. Annabelle Brown; S V. President, Mrs. Mary E. Newhall; J. V. President, Mrs. Annie Stearns; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Barrett; Chaplain, Mrs. Pauline Whitten; Conductor, Mrs. Margaret Henderson; Guard, Mrs. Emma Taylor; Secretary, Miss Lucy A. Woodside; Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Henrietta Dickinson; Assistant Guard, Miss Stella Smith; Color Bearers, No. 1, Mrs. Margaret Pepperd; No. 2, Mrs. Ruth Ward, No. 3, Susan A. Nichols; No. 4, Mrs. Evangeline Loker.

After the installation ceremony was over the retiring President, Mrs. Sara Woodside, was presented with a beautiful boquet of roses and a vase.

Visitors were present from Everett, Somerville, Reading, Stoneham, Medford and Corps 161 of Woburn.

Supper was served at 6.45 to which all were cordially invited. Dancing followed from 8 to 12. Music was furnished by Chesley's Orchestra from Winchester.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist. Guaranteed.

No Politics in Woburn.

Mayor William F. Davis of Woburn takes a rather optimistic view of municipal affairs in his own city. Speaking at the annual "Gentlemen's Night" celebration of the Woman's Club last evening in the Woburn Music Hall, he said that Woburn now is free from political color and the City Council is working for the welfare of the city, with no special friends to favor or pledges to redeem. He said that City Hall is a business office rather than a building where political plots are concocted and nursed to fruition. Looking back to former years, the Mayor said that he could remember when the Woburn officials, or some of them at least, were in politics for the money to be had out of the office.—*Boston Transcript, Jan. 13.*

Of course, Mayor Davis does not mean to include any of his predecessors in the above charge.

Woburn Roads.

EDITOR OF THE WOBURN JOURNAL:

An experienced horseman said that he could drive into Woburn blindfolded and tell when he got there by the roughness of the roads. Col. Drinkwater recently observed that he thought a suitable vehicle in which to enter Woburn, especially over Lexington and Salem streets, would be in an ox team. Now while so much criticism is being made of our roads it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that Mayor Davis and the present Highway Department are entitled to commendation in one respect at least for improvements in our streets during the past year, and that is that many of the loose stones and rocks which formerly were to be found only too frequently in some sections have nearly all been removed. Nothing was more annoying to a traveller, especially at night, than to drive his team into a large rock and suffer injury to his horse or vehicle. Loose stones now are an exception. It is not a proper way to repair a road to cart on a lot of unscreened gravel with a number of stones and rocks and dump it on the highway.

There has been improvement also in the general cleanliness of the streets. And while there is ample room for improvement for grading in many places worn by travel, yet what has been done is worthy of approval. It is the true policy of the city not only to repair its roads, but to immediately repair worn places and to fill up the cradleholes and thereby save the rapid deterioration of the roadbed by the coursing of the rain water. A stitch in time is as true in repairing roads as in anything else.

While the city may not have the funds with which to construct well rounded roads such as will properly drain off the surface waters into the gutters, yet the immediate repair of worn places will save a greater expense of repairing washouts and other excavations in the roads later and perhaps the payment of damages. It cannot cost a great sum to keep some teams at work grading up the worn places with crushed stone and keep the roads in constant repair, the same as some of our neighboring towns do, and have good roads.—SMUGGLER.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty, W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

The fir tree is the commonest of all trees, being found in every part of the world

Brigham Young's Business Genius.

In studying Brigham Young I have not sought to know the man as he lives in Mormon literature, with a glowing religious halo about his eminently business-like brow. I have sought rather to find him through conversations with some of his favorite captains and through the letters he wrote them when they were engaged in perilous missions to wild districts in the unexplored west. These were the men who lived near to him and knew the thoughts that throbbed in his active brain. None of these men has told me of any striking religious thought which he uttered from the pulpit, but all have said that he insisted that it always paid to plow deep and plant alfalfa. They have related with especial pride their talks with "the president" at evening camp fires, when he would plan, with wonderful accuracy, irrigation canals and village sites, to be made in connection with the conquest of some new valley they had explored. The plans which he traced on the ground with his cane by the firelight generally anticipated very closely the later results of surveys. His letters to these captains were full of instructions about provisions, coming emigrant parties and the treatment of the Indians. They always closed with a devout reference to Divine Providence, but the underlying spirit was that of the sturdy industrial chieftain aiming at the conquest of the waste places.

This man's dream was of empire. In every fiber of his body, in every beat of his brain and heart, he was a materialist. All his buildings, like all his philosophies, were fashioned on strong and simple lines. They were made, not to look beautiful, but to serve useful purposes and to last long. That he used the power of the church relentlessly to accomplish his ends cannot be denied. But the church, however much it may have meant to others, was with him only one of the means, and not the great object of his ambition. His first act in Utah was to raise the American flag and proclaim himself governor of "the state of Deseret"—land of the working bee.—Atlantic.

The Educational Ideal.

Our present system of elementary education does not rise to the moral requirements of the age. It stands too largely for the development of the memory for the purpose of mere money making, to the neglect of the nobler spiritual qualities. It too often leaves out the cultivation of the heart and the training of the hand, the quickening of the conscience and the growth of the moral perception. Such a system is not education in any large sense; it is what Pestalozzi called "mere instruction." The education that makes character, individual and national, begins with the heart, the conscience and the imagination. The storing of the memory with facts is a tool shop more essential to the making of a living than the learning how to live, which is life's higher purpose. "We create life through ideals," taught Pestalozzi. "We learn by doing," said Froebel. And both agreed that life must be taught from life or by example, and that the individual gift of the pupil was "sacred to the teacher," and that each pupil must be developed after his own gift as though there were no other pupils like him or gift like his in the world. The old time New England school dame, whipping the dates of the reigns of Roman emperors into 5-year-old brains, formed no part of the grand Pestalozzian vision. "Education stands for character," said Pestalozzi. Our national education is defective in the power of this fundamental principle. A reconstruction of education must come in this country, and the best methods of character education be made universal or else we must suffer deterioration. A heart that responds to justice is the first lesson of life, and the ideal or gift of the pupil must be studied by the teacher before the pupil is put to memorizing text books, which is instruction.—Review of Reviews.

A Public School In Germany.

It was 8 o'clock, and school was about to begin. At a signal from the teacher the boys arose in their places, and with bowed heads stood in reverential silence while one of their number recited a short prayer. As soon as the boys were again in their seats the teacher began the recitation, and I began to gaze about the room. There were nearly 50 boys seated on ten plain board benches, with the same number of equally long and plain desks in front, an almost exact reproduction of the furniture of the New England district schoolhouse of a generation ago.

The teacher's desk, which stood upon a high and very small platform, was equally inexpensive and devoid of ornament. The walls and ceiling of the room were of a soft brown color slightly tinged with green, while the benches and desks, including that of the teacher, were stained a darker brown, excepting the tops of the desks, which were painted a dull black. There were windows on only one side of the room, and the seats were so arranged that the rays of light fell upon the pupils' books over the left shoulder. There was only one blackboard in the room, and that was a small wooden one which was placed behind the teacher's desk and was accessible only to a person standing upon the teacher's platform. Crayon marks upon the blackboard were removed by means of a moist sponge, never with a dry eraser. In many of the schoolrooms which I subsequently visited there were a few good pictures to be seen, and the tint of the walls varied somewhat, but in all essential features that first schoolroom was typical of all that I saw afterward.—Educational Review.

A Success.

"Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl.

"Yes, indeed. We got $107.25."

"Indeed! You must have had a large audience."

"No. We took in $7.25 at the ticket office, and father gave us $100 never to do it again."—Washington Star.

Pope and Soldier.

The pope used to be the idol of the French soldiers during the occupation of Rome and did not disdain to maintain with them the intimate relations and cordiality of a village pastor. Whenever there was a regiment called home, its members never failed to visit his holiness to obtain his benediction, and the soldiers were always warmly received. One day a trooper made a singular and daring request—that the pope would say a mass for him, for him alone. The pope consented. "But," said the soldier, "I want to be present." "Well," answered the pope, "come at 9 tomorrow to my private chapel. No one but yourself shall be admitted." "Tomorrow," suddenly replied the soldier. "Tomorrow I've got to go to the station to see some of the boys off; but the day after, pope, I'm your man." "Very well, my son," said the pope with a smile, "day after tomorrow be it."—New York Tribune.

Caught on the Fly.

He—Well, your sister is married. Now it's your turn.

She—Oh, George! Ask papa.—Boston

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The newly elected officers of the church will be installed next Sunday evening.

The week of prayer was observed a few evenings. Prayers are continued two evenings this week. It is a noteworthy fact, that the subjects this year are presented in very nearly the same manner and order as in the Common Prayer of the Swedish Lutheran church.

According to statistics for the year 1899, the Lutheran church now ranks third in point of members among the Protestant churches, being surpassed only by the Methodists and Baptists. The gain for one year is 2 6-10 percent as against one percent for all the churches combined. In the number of new church buildings the Lutheran church has made proportionately the biggest gain of all the churches.

The festival last Saturday evening was greatly enjoyed. The male quartet came up to all expectations. The tenor was imported from Brooklyn, the other three were home talent. The quartet sang with such a precision and blending of voices as one hears only from the very best professional quartets. The songs were carefully selected from those in vogue among the student choirs of Sweden. Needless to say, they were not of "the owl and cat" kind. The music reflected in a measure the nature of the north; now mighty and powerful, now soft and peaceful like the clear bubbling spring or the limpid brooklet. 3 Kallan (the spring) was especially well interpreted. The program ended, all partook most heartily of the refreshments, which were served in the vestry. Songs were sung now and then. Thus ended this Yule-tide.

WINCHESTER.

Grip prevails to quite an extent here this winter.

Chief of Police McIntosh was sick with grip last week.

G. A. R. Post are to have a new hall in the Town House.

The prospect for much house-building here next season is good.

The Engineers of the Fire Department will insist on building a hose house on the West Side this spring.

Last Tuesday evening Calumet Club observed "Ladies Night" in high feather. There was a very large attendance, and a happy evening was spent.

Dr. B. T. Church will soon start for Bermuda for a good time. His health is perfect, but he likes the West Indies in the winter season, and is going down for a few weeks of pleasure.

The Middlesex County National Bank of Winchester has elected the following Board of Directors: Lewis Parkhurst, Frank A. Cutting, Samuel J. Elder, John L. Ayer, James W. Russell, L. H. W. Vaupel, C. E Barrett. Officers same as last year.

The new officers of the Congregational Society are: Henry C. Blood, Clerk; James P. Boutwell, Nathan H. Taylor, George W. Payne, Standing Committee; Edward A. Smith, Treasurer; Clement W. Currier, Collector; Eben Caldwell, William R. Freethy, Auditors.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Gordon Parker's drug store.

A Dig at Hoar.

The speech delivered by Senator Beveridge last Tuesday stunned the "antis." Poor old Senator Hoar thought that as his days of usefulness and influence ceased some years ago he would attempt a feeble reply. Not another anti-expansion Senator on the floor had vitality enough left to try to answer the eloquent Hoosier. Even Billy Mason was knocked speechless.—*Davenport (Iowa) Republican.*

The Usual Way.

"Papa," said Jacky, "would you like to have me give you a birthday present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Probable Reason.

The Clergyman (proudly)—People are loath to leave my church. Why, after services, it is fully 15 minutes before the edifice is emptied!

The Sinner—I don't wonder at that. Some people are very hard to awaken!—Brooklyn Life.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of Lucigtia T. True, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and two codicils of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of February, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Election of Officers.

The January meeting of the **CITIZENS' MUNICIPAL LEAGUE** for the election of Officers, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it, will be held

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 23,

at the League Headquarters, **Lyceum Hall.**

All voters believing in the principles of the League and desiring to join are invited to be present.

By order of Executive Committee.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles S. White of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, now deceased, dated August 24th, A. D., 1878, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1489, Page 300, and assigned by John W. Johnson, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered of said Leonard Thompson, deceased, to John G. Maguire of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 8th, A. D., 1900, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2792, Page 81, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, February 5th, A.D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed (except a portion thereof released from said mortgage, and which is hereinafter described), and bounded substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue; thence the line runs easterly on and by the southerly side of Montvale Avenue twelve rods to a passage way; thence the line turns and runs by and on said passageway southerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet; thence the line turns and runs easterly by land of Mrs. Bean fifty (50) feet; thence the line turns and runs southerly by land of J. D. Porter, eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of John Burke eighty (80) feet; thence the line continues southerly by land of Mrs. Hinds eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of Mrs. Onion one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake and stone by my other land; thence the line turns and runs by my other land westerly about fifteen (15) rods to a stake and stones at land of J. G. Flagg; thence the line turns and runs by land of J. G. Flagg northerly about fifty (50) rods, to the point of beginning.

The portion released from said mortgage as above stated is described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake at land of John G. Flagg and other land described in said mortgage and which stake is four hundred feet and three-tenths of a foot (400.3) from the southerly side line of said Montvale Avenue measuring on the division line between the land of said Flagg and said homestead; thence the line runs easterly by other land described in said mortgage one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by same land one hundred and ninety (190) feet to a stake; thence again easterly by the end of a passageway and land of M. E. Pierson and Bean one hundred forty-four and three-tenths (144.3) feet to a stake; thence southerly by lands of Burke, White, Onion, and others four hundred sixty-six and eight-tenths (466.8) feet to a stake at other land described in one other mortgage given by said White to Leonard Thompson; thence westerly by said other land one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet to a stake; thence northerly by land of Flagg three hundred and twenty-four (324) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, sewer assessments and liens if any exist thereon.

$100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said Mortgage.
Woburn, January 11th, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage given by Annie Sophia Peterson and Betty Johnson to Fred. W. Marshall and Albert L. Harwood, dated July twenty-seventh, A. D., 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 2756, Page 266; on account of a breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, the seventh day of February, A. D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of land, with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being part of the premises conveyed to said Annie Sophia Peterson and Betty Johnson by Guy P. Walton by deed dated June 5, 1899, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book 2741, Page 459, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Garfield Avenue distant fifty (50) feet northerly from land now or formerly of Couillard; and thence running northerly by said Garfield Avenue one hundred feet to a point; thence turning at a right angle and running westerly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson one hundred five (105) feet to a point; thence turning and running southerly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson by a line parallel with said Garfield Avenue and one hundred five feet distant therefrom one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence turning and running easterly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson one hundred five (105) feet to the point of beginning, containing 10,500 square feet, more or less. The northerly part of said premises are subject to a prior mortgage.

Terms: $200 cash at time and place of sale, and balance within ten days thereafter.

FRED. W. MARSHALL, } Mortgagees
ALBERT L. HARWOOD, }
and present holders of said Mortgage.

Town of Burlington

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

BURLINGTON, MASS., January 6, 1900.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the Town of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said Town of Burlington, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Burlington, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE SELECTMEN of said Burlington, in the Town House of said Burlington, on **MONDAY, January 29, 1900**, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of taxes, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

CLARK AND HEGGY.—About 14 acres of wood land situated in said Burlington, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Clark and Heggy, known as the unimproved land; easterly by land of Heirs of Charles Austin Wyman; southerly by land of Heirs of Geo. R. Baldwin; westerly by land of Elijah Marion, Francis M. Pushee and S. W. Abbott.
Tax of 1897, $12 32

CLARK AND HEGGY.—About 2 acres of unimproved land situated in said Burlington bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of Franklin Cutler; easterly by land of Heirs of Charles Austin Wyman; southerly by land of Clark and Heggy, known as the wood land; westerly by land of Edwin A. Bennett.
Tax of 1897, 32

HARRY H. NICHOLS, Collector
of Taxes for the Town of Burlington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Allen T. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Harriet E. Hubbard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of January, A D. 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner, is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Calnan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Patrick Calnan, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on him official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-third day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday Dec. 28, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods
Before Stock Taking.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE..
Public Lectures
— IN THE —
CITY OF WOBURN
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter, Subject: "Summer in the Arctic." Illustrated. The main object of Mr. Porter's voyage was the endeavor to communicate with Peary, above the Arctic Circle, in the summer of 1899.
TUESDAY, April 17, 1900. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Season ticket holders are requested to keep their present tickets for use for admission to Prof. Harper's lecture. An overflow of engagements compels Prof. Harper to defer his lecture to that time.

The Course of the season will be held in the
AUDITORIUM.
Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, }
E. MARIA BEAN, } Directors.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, }

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.
Woburn, January 17, 1900.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.
Beginning New Year's Night,
MRS. FISKE
And Her Admirable Company in
BECKY SHARP
(Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair")
By LANGDON MITCHELL.
The Dramatic Sensation of the season.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

TRY
Reed's Ham And Bacon
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Just The Blues.

Many a woman dresses to go out, feels irresolute, sits down, and falls into a fit of despondent musing. Ask her what's the matter, and she'll probably answer "Just the blues." And what are the blues? Only another name, in general, for a disordered liver and a diseased stomach. Cleanse the liver, heal the stomach, purify the blood, and there'll be no more blues. It can be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine puts the diseased organs of digestion and nutrition into a condition of sound health. It eliminates from the blood all impure and poisonous substances, and cleanses the clogged liver. It contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"I had liver complaint for the past fifteen years, complicated with dyspepsia and gall stones," writes Mrs. N. Bernier, of 461 Elm St., Oshkosh, Wis. "I doctored with seven of our prominent doctors, and not one or all of them have done me the good, nor begun to do what your medicines have. I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' and one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and have gained about eighteen pounds since I first began to take these remedies."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

"ANGELS UNAWARES."

A figure by my fireside staid.
  Plain was her garb and veiled her face.
A presence mystical she made
  Nor changed her attitude nor place.

Did I neglect my household ways
  For pleasure wrought of pen or book?
She sighed a murmur of dispraise,
  At which methought the rafters shook.

Me young Delight did often win
  My patient limits to outgo.
Thereafter, when I entered in,
  That shrouded guest did threatening show.

The snows of life to chill me fell
  Where many a gracious mate lay dead
And moved my heart to break the spell
  By that ungracious phantom laid.

Now, who art thou that didst not smile
  When I my maddest jest devised?
Who art thou, stark and grim the while
  That men my tune and measure prized?

Without her pilgrim staff she rose,
  Her weeds of darkness cast aside,
More dazzling than Olympian snows
  The beauty that those weeds did hide.

Most like a solemn symphony
  That lifts the heart from lowly things,
The voice with which she spoke to me
  Did loose Contrition at its springs.

O Duty, visitor divine,
  Take all the wealth my house affords,
But make thy holy methods mine!
  Speak to me thy surpassing words.

Neglected once and undiscerned,
  I pour my homage at thy feet.
Till I thy sacred law have learned
  Nor joy nor life can be complete.
    —Julia Ward Howe in Independent.

MEETING STEPPAPA.

"Well," exclaimed Millie, "this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!"

Fraulein Haussmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finishing seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm in arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation.

"She has gone and married again!" almost shrieked Millie.

"Well, there's no very great harm in that, dear," returned Miss Bidwell. "In fact, it will be rather nice for you."

"But a stepfather! Oh, it was too bad of mamma!" reiterated Millie.

"I am not surprised that she has married again," said Ethel. "When she came to see you in the winter, she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed I am surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years."

Millie went on reading the letter.

"Worse and worse," was her next piece of information. "His name is Macintosh, and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do, don't they? They were married very quietly in Edinburgh, without telling any of their friends. I am to join them at Paris and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother!"

"Where are you to join them?" asked Ethel.

"Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go. I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. Oh, dear, it's altogether too bad of mamma!"

There was no consoling poor Millie, and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted.

"Please take me up to Mrs. Macintosh's rooms," said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel St. Moscow.

The garcon, a bold son of Peckham, scratched his head.

"Missis Macintosh, did you say, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Macintosh. I am her daughter."

"Well," said the waiter, "I'm sorry to 'ave to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Missis Macintosh 'ere. There's a Mister Macintosh, what arrived about two hours ago. Probably it's 'im you want?"

As she entered the sitting room Millie stopped dead and would possibly have retreated had not the bold, bad man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired, for, sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven and not very bad looking.

"I shall be polite, sometimes cordial," Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many miles, "but on no account affectionate. I shall thus let him know that, while I do not wish to cause any unpleasantness, I shall go my own way and he will go his."

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

"How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?" she said.

"Thank you," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I am very well." Then, as Millie continued standing, he added, handing her a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

Millie seated herself.

"Er—I expected to find mamma here," said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Macintosh.

Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out. They even traveled separately. Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this.

"I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies," Millie decided. "I may only aggravate their differences."

After a long and awkward pause, Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

"I have a bundle of them in my carryall," he said. "I'll get them for you."

While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

"I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always," she thought. "It's evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however he may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly."

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Fraulein Haussmann's, after which he retaliated in the gayest fashion with stories of Oxford varsity. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

This reminded Millie of the flight of hours.

"I had forgotten all about mamma. When will she be here?" she exclaimed.

"Possibly she is blocked on the line," murmured Mr. Macintosh. "At any rate, you had better dine here while you wait for her."

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter, so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her steppapa was a very charming young man and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

"I must try and make the peace," she thought. "Meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory, in fact."

Inspired by this idea, she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking, she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leaned on his proffered arm and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl and, though a stepdaughter, would not be an incumbrance or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel, after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

"Well," observed Mr. Macintosh after she had vanished, "of all the experiences I've ever had this certainly takes the cake."

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historian by Mr. Dick Macintosh and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best. Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part as thus:

"Well, I was unpacking my things, you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in but mamma. We hugged each other, and then I said:

"'Oh, mamma, how could you quarrel with him?'

"Mamma looked very astonished and said:

"'What are you talking about?'

"'Steppapa,' I replied. 'He didn't bring your name up once all the time, and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—and altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me.'

"'My dear child,' exclaimed mamma, 'are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarreling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom.'

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version:

"Well, you see, old man, I received a letter from my Uncle Ned telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, and would I meet him and the lady at the hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hied me to Paris, and while I was awaiting Uncle Ned's arrival a young lady was shown in.

"Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll and returned to the hotel. Then, my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence."

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England, and about a year after their return Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was, and Millie not objecting, they were married, and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

Shakespeare and Golf.

It is said that Shakespeare's works abound in the most direct and explicit references to the game of golf, several of which have been collected in Miss Wood's recent volume of "Quotations For Occasions."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" is an unmistakable allusion to a characteristic St. Andrew's gesture in the words, "I know you by the waggling of your head," while in "Titus Andronicus" is encountered the pertinent query, "What subtle hole is this?" In "Richard III," again, one meets the line, "Put in their hands the bruising irons of wrath," and in "Henry VI" (part I) the statement "I'll call for clubs."

Falstaff's ruling passion was evidently golf, for on his deathbed he "babbled of green fields," and there were certainly links on Prospero's island, else why the question "Why hath the queen summoned me hither to this short grass'd green?" Some commentators prefer the reading, "To tee or not to tee, that is the question." But apart from this disputed passage in "Hamlet" there is a reference to the fault of "striking too short."

Following Directions.

Jones had been quite ill. One day the doctor called and found him in a bathtub.

"Why, man, are you crazy? You must be anxious to die."

"No, I ain't," protested poor Jones, "but didn't you say that your last medicine was to be taken in water?"—London Answers.

Facts For Sick Women

First—the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute Cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Second—Mrs. Pinkham can show by her letter files in Lynn that a million women have been restored to health by her medicine and advice.

Third—All letters to Mrs. Pinkham are received, opened, read and answered by women only. This fact is certified to by the mayor and postmaster of Lynn and others of Mrs. Pinkham's own city. Write for free book containing these certificates.

Every ailing woman is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham and get her advice free of charge.

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AUTHOR OF "RORY O'MORE."

Samuel Lover Was a Gifted Artist as Well as a Writer.

Mrs. Fanny Schmid, daughter of Samuel Lover and mother of Victor Herbert, the American musician, contributes a paper of reminiscences of "The Author of 'Rory O'Moore'" to The Century. After describing Lover's first employment in his father's counting room Mrs. Schmid says: At 16 years of age he left his home in spite of the opposition of his father and resolved to go his own way, depending solely on his own mental exertions for earning his bread. This shows his character in its true light, for, although distinguished by an enchanting amibility and cheerfulness, yet he had an iron will, an untiring industry and perfect self dependence.

At first he managed to support himself by executing for physicians drawings, which were destined to appear in anatomical works, and had, of course, to be remarkably accurate. It is the more extraordinary that he was able to do this, as he had never been taught to draw and had up to that time practiced the art only for his amusement in leisure hours.

With patient industry he daily improved himself in miniature painting and was soon able to establish himself as a portrait painter in Dublin. This remained his principal profession through life, although he practiced many branches of art besides.

Having painted everybody in Dublin who wished to be painted (as he himself used to express it), after the lapse of a considerable time he decided on shifting the scene of his efforts to London, where an endless field of action presented itself. The groundwork of all his future activity had in the meantime been laid in Dublin He had been contributing to various magazines, and also making many charming drawings for them, which had appeared as wood engravings.

The first and second series of the humorous and racy "Legends and Stories of Ireland" had appeared in London and had been received with great favor by the public and the press in England as well as in Ireland.

The first song which he succeeded in selling to a publisher he would not take money for, but arranged to take a guitar in exchange, as he had long wished to possess such an instrument, but had as yet not been able to buy one. How little he dreamed at that time of the thousands of pounds that would be made by his songs in the future! Unfortunately the publishers got the lion's share of the profits.

I may here remark that he played both the piano and the guitar exceedingly well, although he had never had a lesson on either of these instruments. He was most eager in acquiring every sort of information, and had, for instance, out of his own scanty earnings as a youth, after he had left his father's house, contrived to pay for lessons in French from the best French teacher in Dublin, and he spoke that language fluently. It was then a still more necessary accomplishment in society than now, and at school he had learned only Latin.

After his first song had sold well several others followed, and it was easy to find publishers for further compositions in London.

His first dramatic work was brought out at the Theater Royal, Dublin. It treated of the principal incidents in the life of a certain real or legendary queen of Ireland, who was an Amazon and a great heroine.

Before transferring his place of residence from Ireland to England my father had exhibited a large and beautiful miniature portrait of Paganini at the Royal Academy, London. Most portraits of Paganini were hideous caricatures, making him look like a demon, while my father's portrait of him was a wonderful likeness, representing the master as he really was and doing justice to the spiritual and benignant expression of his extremely interesting face. The picture at once procured for my father a most honorable rank as an artist in London and actually grounded his reputation there.

Coursing Coyotes.

"Coursing used to be one of our great sports in Nevada in flush times," said Wells Drury, the old newspaper man, "but instead of using jack rabbits we had good, ablebodied coyotes, and they can give a dog the race of his life. There was another advantage. We could use one coyote until he got so old and rheumatic that he couldn't run and then make a rug of his hide. It was this way:

"We would catch a good, big coyote in a box trap, take him out on the alkali desert, which was as smooth as a table for 20 miles in every direction, turn him loose and sick the dogs on him. It didn't take long for the coyote to realize that his chances of getting away were very small unless he could find a hole, and he had sense enough to know that holes were scarce in the desert. Then he would recollect the good, safe hole he had just left and commence circling toward it. All we had to do was to sit down and watch the race for about half an hour, till the coyote completed the circle and ran back to the box. Then we closed it, carried him back to town and kept him for another race on the next Sunday."—San Francisco Post.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.

PERE LA CHAISE, THE GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY OF PARIS.

It Contains 96,000 Mausoleums and Monuments—The Last Resting Place of Many Whose Names Live In History—A Battlefield In the Days of the Commune.

Pere la Chaise, so called after Louis XIV's confessor, who had his residence on the hill long ago, covers 106 1-2 acres and is laid out, like a miniature city, in nearly 150 streets or avenues and little paths. Bordering these are 96,000 mausoleums and monuments of every description, from the most magnificent tombs to the most unpretending urns. Each little house has its family name above the door, and few are ever without some fresh tokens of loving remembrance.

The French may not be a deeply religious nation, but they certainly do not lack personal affection and respect, and this is strikingly shown in their devotion to the memory of their dead. Ornamental wreaths made of beads or tin, black, white and colored, many of them with appropriate mottoes, were piled or hung upon the monuments.

Entering one of the main streets and walking up the hill, we were soon in a labyrinth of tombs. Inside of one little house, which had a glass door, there was a shelf built of marble, upon which stood a framed photograph of a man. On each side were vases filled with white lilacs, and underneath was stretched a white ribbon, and letters in gold upon it told that this was an offering from his sorrowful schoolmates. Three columns rising from one pedestal and resembling some fragment of a Roman ruin stood to commemorate three brothers who had wished to be laid together. Many monuments were like obelisks or in other Egyptian forms, showing the influence upon the fashion of the time of Napoleon's eastern campaign. One large column with a broken shaft stood alone in an open space upon a raised platform and attracted our attention because of the great number of wreaths and flowers piled high upon it. This was a monument to those whose burial places were unknown, whose deaths were shrouded in mystery, and whose mourners come here to pray and weep. As we looked a poor woman with a child by one hand added her little spray of chrysanthemums to the gay but pathetic heap. Soon familiar and world famous names began to claim our interest. Here lay Moliere and further on Alfred de Musset, the great poets, Chopin's last resting place marked by a beautiful figure. Lafontaine, with a little fox appropriately crowning his sepulcher—for who can mention him without thinking of the sly puss that got the crow's dinner?—Balzac, the novelist; Cherubini, the composer, and many other famous painters, authors and musicians. Then the brave men who fought for France—Marshal Ney, Napoleon's right hand man, who lies in a little inclosed lot filled with shrubs and flowers, but with no monument, for when he died his enemies were in power and would allow none to be erected, and now its absence and the simple grave speak more eloquently than could the finest tomb.

Near by lies poor Villeneuve, who lost at Trafalgar and in consequence of Napoleon's displeasure received such a harsh repulse when he returned to Paris that he ran a needle through his broken heart. Just across the way from him is Parmentier, the agriculturist. He was the man who with the utmost difficulty convinced the dainty French that the potato was worth cultivating and eating. They say that Marie Antoinette helped him to attain this end by wearing potato blossoms with her beautiful ball gowns. However true this may be, certain it is that the vegetable is planted every year around the good man's tomb. There is one tomb which every one is sure to visit at Pere la Chaise, and this is the grave of Abelard and Heloise, the grave that has been the subject of so many songs and verses, and where lovers come to plight their vows and pledge their faithfulness. Very romantic it must be, too, on a moonlight evening, with the pale rays falling on the stone figures lying peacefully side by side, with folded hands, under the canopy of early Gothic style, with queer gargoyles at each corner. The story of the lovers is well known. They had many trials and tribulations, but at last they rest together, according to Heloise's last wish that she might be reunited to her idol. Through the tombs and trees we went higher and higher, until we came out upon a wide terrace and Paris burst upon our view. Paris, sparkling in the sunlight, spread before us in a glittering panorama, an immense expanse of white buildings with domes, towers, spires and bridges, and the Eiffel tower rising like a gaunt skeleton amid the feast of beautiful architecture. No wonder that the mutineers of the commune appreciated the fine advantages of position afforded by Pere la Chaise. Here they intrenched themselves and transformed the quiet cemetery into a noisy camp. Here they met the fire from the government positions, until finally they were overpowered by troops which scaled the heights, and the terrible slaughter took place when thousands of the communists fell among the sepulchers. Some poor wretches tried to hide in the tombs, and the merciless soldiers closed them up fast, so that to this day skeletons of their victims are found in their ghastly prisons.—Paris Cor. New York Observer.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

GIRL LIFE IN MEXICO.

She Has Considerable Freedom, but It Is of the Right Kind.

Mexican home life is unique. It differs very essentially from the domestic life of the Anglo-Saxon race, for it is founded on respect for parents. The influence of the Catholic church is powerful in maintaining a high grade of family behavior. There is a sweetness and a charm about a well ordered Mexican home which is a revelation to northern people who have imbibed a false idea of matters here. The women of the best Mexican families are naturally of a gentle disposition, but they command obedience, and rarely spoil their sons, whom they idolize. There are exceptions, but they are not enough to break down the general social discipline.

As for the girls, no reputable Mexican father or mother would allow for a moment the thought of permitting a girl of any age to be on the streets after dark unless accompanied by an older person, a trusted servant or elder brother. So, even among girls of the humbler class, there is no street strolling in the evening. They may, in warm weather, go to the alameda, or public park, when there is a band concert, but always under escort. They may go to a tertulia, or evening party, but with some competent person. They may dance, mildly flirt, on such occasions, but they are always under the watchful eye of a relative. There is plenty of proper freedom for young girls, and a larger liberty in the cities than formerly, but they are not allowed to run about without escort, and a very careful eye is kept upon them by parents and relatives, even to distant male cousins. Such a thing as a young girl or young woman of any character or family being upon the street at night, alone and unattended, is unknown. Your daughter goes to visit a friend in the afternoon and stays to tea. Then the gentleman and lady of the house, the gentleman alone or an old servant brings her home. So the streets of this big town are never the scene of foolish, flighty girls being followed and "picked up" by strangers.

And as for men who insult young girls and women, the remedy is usually a sudden and fatal one. In milder cases the newspapers give minute descriptions of the "satyr" who has insulted a lady, and the public is asked to take warning. One fellow, who, in an interior city, made an insulting remark about a lady standing at a window, was conducted to the alameda, and, in view of the chief part of the town's best society, was held down on a stone bench and caned until he yelled for mercy, and was then ordered out of town on the next train. He went. In another city a male teacher, who was "too fresh" in his conduct toward young girl pupils, was waited on by a deputation of gentlemen and asked to favor the city by his permanent absence. He, too, went.

The etiquette regarding the protection of women from molestation and insult is such as prevails in the southern states of the American Union. There is no fooling on the streets, in the theaters and public places with respectable women. There is something left here of the old Spanish idea of the sacredness of womanhood, and the line is sharply drawn between honest women and the other kind.—Boston Herald.

NO BACKSHEESH.

Arabs Will Not Accept Any Gifts From Their Desert Guests.

R. Talbot Kelly, an English artist who has lived long among the Arabs, writes and illustrates a paper entitled "In the Desert With the Bedouin," which appears in The Century. In discussing Arabian hospitality, Mr. Kelly says: I had not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the "stranger within their gates." Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams and, kissing my hand, uttered the single word, "Mahubbah" ("Welcome"). They then seated themselves in a long row at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me unaddressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin, your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants, and, though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saoui el Tahoui, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, spitting upon the ground, "They are not Bedouins; they take backsheesh," thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Nephaarta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to induce him to accept a sovereign as backsheesh. Looking much alarmed, he exclaimed: "Oh, my master, I cannot! It is not allowed. The sheik would kill me if he knew I had accepted a gift." And all my arguments failed to persuade him to take the tip.

He's a Cuckoo.

This story was told recently at a smoker given by the alumni of the University of Michigan at Chicago.

"A young man and his wife, not long married," said the relator of the incident, "lived down on the South Side, where they had a pretty little two story brick. One of their wedding presents was a large clock which told the hours and the half hours by means of the cuckoo's cry instead of by the usual chimes or the sounding of a bell. One night the college fraternity of which the man was a member gave a banquet, and it was accordingly late when he arrived at the front door of his home. He thought that discretion was the better part of valor, so that when he got inside he began to remove his shoes before going up the stairs. Unfortunately he was not very happy in his execution of this act, for one of the shoes slipped and made a noise that could be heard all over the house. A moment later his wife's voice came from the head of the stairway.

"'Is that you, Charles?'

"'Yesh, dear.'

"'What time is it, Charles?'

"'Bout 12.'

"'And then,' said Charles in telling the incident afterward, 'that blamed clock began to cry out. But it cuckooed only three times, and I had to stand there like a fool and cuckoo the other nine.'"—Detroit Free Press.

In a Hurry.

Doctor—How is your brother, Miss Cynthia?

Aunt Cynthia—He's worse this morning, doctor—a lot worse.

Doctor—Did you give him that medicine as I directed—a teaspoonful every hour?

Aunt Cynthia—No, doctor. I just gave him the whole bottle at once. He wanted to hurry up and get well, so's to go to the pantomime tonight.—Strand Magazine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III—FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Luke iii, 1-17. Memory Verses, 3-6—Golden Text, Luke iii, 4—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

1, 2. "The word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." The heavenly and the earthly are ever in contrast in this wonderful book; all things and people on earth are dependent upon heaven and should worship and adore and glorify the God of heaven and earth, who giveth life and breath and all things (Acts xvii, 24, 25), yet the general rule is forgetfulness of and rebellion against God. God is all the while seeking to win His creatures to Himself and came to earth in human form that He might Himself become a sacrifice for sin and in due time subdue all things unto Himself for the good of all and the glory of God. John the herald of Christ is now about 30 years of age (compare verse 23 and chapter i, 26), and the story of those 30 years is briefly summed up in chapter i, 15, 80. The civil and religious leaders of Jews and gentiles are set before us in these opening verses of our lesson, but the God who gives them being they know not. John, apart from the world and the world's ways, lives with and for God, and now receives from God his commission to go forth and make ready a people prepared for the Lord (chapter i, 17). Apart from the world we hear God.

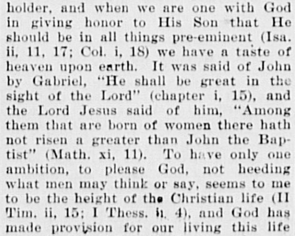
3-6. Where God sends him there he goes as the Lord's messenger with the Lord's message. He is only a voice to be heard and not seen (verse 4 and John i, 23), and as such he fulfills Isa. xl, 3-5, which is here quoted. Had Jerusalem received the herald of her king and then her king, she would have been truly comforted and the kingdom would have come, but as she rejected both herald and king her comfort is delayed until He shall come again in His glory preceded by Elijah (Math. xxiii, 39; xvii, 11), and then all flesh shall see the salvation of God.

7-9. Multitudes came to him from Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins (Math. iii, 5, 6), for one of the first works of the Holy Spirit as the word of God is heard and received is conviction of sin (John xvi, 8, 9). Until we know we are sick we will not want the physician; until we know we are blind we will not want our eyes opened; and the strange thing is that the multitudes are spiritually sick, and blind, and lame, and poor, and know it not (Rev. iii, 17); this is true of believers, for as to the unsaved they are all dead and know it not Eph. ii, 4, 5), but as the word is preached the Spirit causes even the dead to hear (John v, 25). When John saw the multitudes before him he desired the work to be thorough and not superficial and so he searched them with the word in the power of the Spirit. While salvation is the free gift of God, and we are saved wholly by faith and not by works (Rom. iii, 24; iv, 5; Eph. ii, 8, 9; Tit. iii, 5), yet where Christ is truly received, and there is really salvation, there must be, as a result of that salvation, the works of God manifest in the daily life (Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8).

10-14. As the people, the publicans, and the soldiers, asked him what they were to do now that they had been baptized, he made it very plain that their new life was to be manifest in deeds, not in words. They were to show their sincerity by their love to others, by righteousness and by mercy. It is all beautifully and concisely summed up in Mic. vi, 8, "Do justly, love mercy and humble thyself to walk with God." All manner of work, however good it may seem, is simply nothing, of no account before God, until the love of God has been shed abroad in the heart (I Cor. xiii, 1-3). God having so loved us as to give Himself for us in the person of His Son, puts but one thing before the sinner who cannot by any means save himself, and that is the acceptance of His Son. Until this is done all else is vain and condemnation is written upon all (John iii, 18, 36). All efforts of the natural man to please God are like the offering of Cain which God could not accept, but the sinner who like Abel confesses his sin and accepts God's way of sacrifice is accepted.

15, 16. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." As the people wondered whether John was the Christ or not, he told them of the One mightier than he whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. He said he was not Elijah, nor that prophet, nor the Christ, but just one to herald and point out the Christ, and he loved to cry, "Behold, the Lamb of God!" He rejoiced to be the Bridegroom's friend and hear His voice and to decrease that the Bridegroom might increase (John iii, 27-30), and it was here he said that "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." This truth received gives perfect contentment under all circumstances, for God alone is seen as the giver or withholder, and when we are one with God in giving honor to His Son that He should be in all things pre-eminent (Isa. ii, 11, 17; Col. i, 18) we have a taste of heaven upon earth. It was said of John by Gabriel, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord" (chapter i, 15), and the Lord Jesus said of him, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist" (Math. xi, 11). To have only one ambition, to please God, not heeding what men may think or say, seems to me to be the height of the Christian life (II Tim. ii, 15; I Thess. ii, 4), and God has made provision for our living this life (Gal. ii, 20; Heb. xiii, 20, 21). On our part it requires a willingness that Christ may be all, and we just vassals for His pleasure, not seeking our own nor pleasing self, but living only to exalt Him.

17. The reference here to the harvest which is the end of this age (Math. xiii, 39) makes us think that the baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire will have its complete fulfillment at that time also. It shall all be fulfilled. The chaff shall find the fire and the wheat His garner; the kingdom shall come and the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord; it shall be at His coming again in glory. What are we now doing to prepare the way of the Lord? Have we the spirit of John leading us not to think of self or self interest, but only to desire above all things to make Him known that those who will may accept Him and glorify Him by a holy life and thus hasten the completion of His body and the time of His return? Whosoever will may (Rev. xxii, 17).



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TRADE MARK
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TAKE NO OTHER

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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

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Suffering Needlessly When

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Blood and Nerve Remedy

WILL MAKE HER WELL.

Poor woman, with her delicate body and unstrung nerves. Life is hard on her. The world is heavy and it drags her over its rough roads regardless of the jars and shocks which tear her nerves and sap her life and beauty. And how she endures! Poets have sung of it—clergymen praised it—the world gained by it. But it is wrong, we say. It is wrong to suffer needlessly—to drag through life listless, weak, melancholy, useless and uninteresting. If there were no Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, it would be different.

But there is! It is ready to add old time grace and spring to your feet, to light those dull eyes with sparkle and bring a dainty pink to those sallow cheeks. It has done it so often. There is no doubt about it.

Set your blood tingling and tighten up your nerves with a safe, sure remedy. What Dr. Greene's Nervura has done for others it will do for you—enrich your blood—strengthen your nerves, increase your appetite—in fact—make you well.

And it is just as good for men as it is for women—makes them look well and feel well.

Mrs. Caroline Chandler, Concord, N. H., says:
"For years I had trouble with my stomach and have consulted physicians and sought in various ways to find relief. In addition to my stomach difficulty, I suffered a great deal with pains in my back, and general weakness of the system. The first relief which I obtained was through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I have continued to use the remedy whenever I felt it necessary to do so. I look upon Dr. Greene's Nervura as a valuable medicine, and take pleasure in recommending it to others."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.

IF ONLY THE DREAM ABIDE.

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay—I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn.
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft,
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Of the moon that the midnight fills.
Still would I know the grace
On love's uplifted face
And the slow, sweet joy dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee spare me, fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the autumn rain,
And takes no breath of glee
From the organ surge of the sea—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes.
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.
  —Clinton Scollard in Century.

HER MODEL HUSBAND.

Levity Provoked by Her Reply to the Question of a Spinster.

It was at a woman's luncheon, and they had been exchanging opinions in regard to the husband question, both as a whole and with particulars. By the time ice cream was served the discussion had grown quite heated, and the hostess was beginning to look anxious. At the top of the table the woman in the chiffon vest and her companion in the trimmed gown were at daggers drawn.

"Well, I don't care what any one says, my husband is as good as they make them," said the woman in the chiffon vest excitedly. "He always rocks me to sleep when I have a sick headache, and he gets breakfast when the cook is away, and he always gets up in the night if the baby cries." She glared at the woman in the trimmed gown triumphantly, and she in turn glared back and took up the parable of speech.

"Well, my husband," she remarked, with a strong accent upon the possessive case, "never does any of those things. I should be sorry to see him do any of them. I detest a man who steps over into his wife's province. But he always looks after the furnace, and I never have to worry about the coal bill."

The woman in the chiffon vest smiled disagreeably, and the hostess was about to interpose when the pretty woman at the foot of the table spoke up.

"My husband does all the things you have mentioned," she said sweetly, "and a lot more. When we have no girl, he washes the dishes and sweeps, and I've never had to get dinner once since we've been married. I always knew he was going to be lovely that way because he said so little about it. I never had much faith in the men who talk so much. When we were first married, we talked about it, and he spoke beautifully. 'I don't say I'll always do it, Jennie,' he said the first time I was without a girl, 'but I'll always help.' And he's been better than his word right along. Last night he even made the porridge, so it would be ready for breakfast this morning, and every morning he brings me a cup of coffee before I get up."

With the smile of a conscious conqueror, she toyed with her menu card and smiled sweetly at the angry women at the other end of the table. They were speechless, but the woman in the gold rimmed glasses who sat in the middle gave her a keen look and smiled too.

"Something has got to be done for the protection of us poor spinsters," she said merrily, "and if any one else tells a husband story I shall retaliate with a tale regarding a wonderful cat which I possess. But, first, before we quit the subject, let me ask a question. How long," turning to the pretty woman, "have you been married?"

The pretty woman blushed vividly.

"Nearly two weeks," she stammered out timidly. And the other women laughed in the unfeeling manner they so often affect.—Chicago Tribune.

It Wasn't That.

"I don't like to ride my bicycle now," said the fair young girl, "because of the wind."

The young man slightly blushed.

"Co-couldn't you use strips of lead or something?" he stammered.

"Strips of lead—for what?"

The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot.

"Why, in the hem of your sk-skirts," he stuttered.

"My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty. "I'm not talking about my skirts. It's my frizzes that the wind blows out."

And the youth went forth into the cool night and butted his head against the first lamppost.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Japanese admiral receives the equivalent of $6,000 a year, a vice admiral gets $4,000, and first and second class captains are paid $2,496 and $2,-263 respectively.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Riding to Hounds After the Nimble Brutes In Australia.

There are two ways of hunting kangaroos in Australia—one followed by native hunters and the other by white men. The natives surround a herd of the animals, narrow the circle and then, when the kangaroos dash at them in wild efforts to escape, kill them with short spears and clubs, commonly called waddies. It is lively work for the native. The kangaroo uses its hind legs viciously and with great judgment, and dogs, horses and men have been torn open by the nails of its hind feet.

The white men prefer to follow the kangaroos with dogs. Every herd of kangaroos has a leader, known as the old man, or boomer, which warns its followers of the approach of danger by stamping the ground with its hind foot, making a booming sound that starts all the kangaroos in hearing on a run. A scared herd will run 20 or 30 miles at times, or until it reaches safety. A male weighs from 100 to 175 pounds and is 7 or 8 feet long. The English make up parties of hunters and follow the kangaroo with dogs somewhat like foxhounds, but of greater size and strength. Women and men join in the sport, riding to the hounds on good horses.

"Riding to the place where a herd of the beasts had been seen the day before by bushmen," a Sportsmen's Magazine writer says, "we came to the bush, a growth of ubiquitous ti trees and tree ferns, fit to brush one off his horse. Quiet was the word of caution passed when we came near the sparsely grown ground beyond the bush where the kangaroos had been seen. The dogs were called in, and then we rode from the bush into view of the herd's sentinel, and then away went the kangaroos, followed by the dogs, and we were at the tail tips of the dogs. The kangaroos could not run; but, folding their forelegs across their breasts, they sat down. Then, with tail and hind legs, away they went by hops, no hop being less than 20 feet long and others being more than 30 feet. They cleared shrubs 12 feet high.

"Curiously enough, the kangaroo travels faster up hill than down, the dogs catching up on the down slopes. The beast sometimes breaks its neck while running down hill by going head over heels. The does began to throw their young out of their pouches, and we knew they were hard pressed. They turned suddenly for the water. We found the dogs at a water hole with two boomers at bay. We dismounted and, drawing our knives, waited an opportunity to run in and hamstring them. A dog rushed in and was caught by a hind leg of a boomer and pressed under water, where it was quickly drowned. Then a dog got one of the beasts by the back and threw it, whereupon my cousin quickly hamstrung it, while I rapped its nose with my whip, killing it. We had kangaroo tail soup and steaks for dinner for several days."

WROUGHT IRON FAD.

It Had a Beginning In Germany In the Middle Ages.

There is no doubt that wrought iron is more and more used every year in domestic economy and decoration. Deservedly so. There is nothing that lends itself so easily to the requirements of both utility and art. Besides, it has an ancient and respectable history.

Germany in the fifteenth century produced much wrought iron work of a rather special character, such as the grave crosses and sepulchral monuments to be seen in the cemeteries of Nuremberg. Iron was also employed for well canopies, such as that at Antwerp attributed to Quentin Matsys. Originally a blacksmith from Louvain, he came to Antwerp to seek his fortune. There, as the story goes, he fell in love with the daughter of a painter, and, to propitiate the daughter as well as her father, exchanged the anvil for the painter's palette, and before his death, in 1531, he was successful in helping to raise the school of Antwerp to a celebrity equal to that of the schools of Bruges and Ghent.

Ironwork was extensively produced at Augsburg under the fostering care of the Fugger family, taking the shape of brackets projecting from the walls and grills over fanlights or in a balcony. Grotesque knockers are also common in Nuremberg. Keys were sometimes elaborately decorated, and the part which is now a common ring was once occupied by little figures in full relief, with coats of arms and the like. The French revolution was the cause of much splendid ironwork being destroyed, when, in 1793, certain provinces had to gather together every available piece of iron to transform into pikes and other weapons.—New York Herald.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.—Beranger.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 8.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, *8.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.49, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8 15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m, then 11 30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

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Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

SUNSET.

By down and shore the southwest bore
The scent of hay, an airy load,
As if at fault it seemed to halt,
Then, softly whispering, took the road,
To haunt the evening like a ghost
Or some belated pilgrim lost.

High overhead the swift clouds sped.
Beside the moon they furled their sails.
Soon in the skies their merchandise
Of vapor, built in toppling bales,
Fulfilled a visionary pier
That spanned the eastern atmosphere.

Low in the west the sun addressed
His courtship to the dark browed night
While images of molten seas,
Of snowy slope and crimson height,
Of valleys dim and gulfs profound,
Aloft a dazzling pageant wound.

Where shadow fell in glade and dell
Uncovered shoulders nestled deep,
And here and there the braided hair
Of rosy goddesses asleep,
For in a moment clouds may be
Dead and instinct with deity.

—Saturday Review.

A FAIR CANDIDATE.

The machine of one of the political parties of Butte county was at work. The wheel horses of the organization were in executive session, and the manufacture of a slate for the ratification of the county convention was in progress. Everything had been settled without friction up to a certain point, but here the making of candidates came to a full stop. Some one must be selected to run for superintendent of schools, and some one else must be found who was disinterested enough to stand for the place of county surveyor, with the nominal emoluments pertaining thereto. This latter problem was settled, after a brief discussion, by the powers insisting that Al Wood, the incumbent, who was present, must stand for re-election, whether he liked it or not, but a duly qualified candidate for superintendent of schools was not so easily found. The man who had held that position for two years past had the bad taste to give up his office and his grasp on life at the same time only two weeks before, thus leaving his party in a quandary for a candidate to succeed him. Of course there were plenty of aspirants for the nomination, but most of them were unavailable for reasons political, and the candidate must be a person who was popular with the voters of the county.

Jimmie Van Wert, the handsome young assayer of the Spread Eagle mill, had been sitting in a dark corner of the office in which the conference was being held, smoking quietly and saying very little until now, but he finally put in his oar long enough to suggest that "Professor" Striker, the young principal of the local school, would make a good man for the office.

"Yaas," assented Judge Bullock, the venerable justice of the peace, "but they don't know him out in th' kentry, an we got t' have some feller th't c'n ketch th' aoutside vote. Now, Jimmie, look yere. What's th' matter with you runnin f'r super'ntend'nt y'rself?"

"Don't get me mixed in on a deal like that," ejaculated Van Wert fervently. "I don't want any old office. I've got troubles enough now."

But Judge Bullock's suggestion met with unanimous approval on the part of all the others present, and very much against his will Mr. Van Wert was slated for the position and duly placed in nomination by the convention a few days later. It was two weeks before he found out what sort of an opponent he was to have, and then, much to his disgust, he learned that the other party had nominated a girl.

This was almost enough to make him throw up the canvass. The idea of the other fellows thinking that he could be beaten by a woman! Then he consoled himself with the reflection that perhaps they knew they couldn't beat him and had merely put up this Miss Smith to act as a forlorn hope. Thenceforth he did not put much activity into his canvass, but atteneded to business pretty much as usual, serene in the belief that the voters of Butte county were not yet arrived at the stage of progression when they would permit a woman to hold office. And all this time, be it known, this heretofore unknown and mysterious Miss Smith was becoming known to the voters of the county, and, what was more, she was winning a good deal of support from sources upon which Van Wert confidently counted.

It lacked only about ten days of election day when Van Wert, with a sudden shock, came to his senses. Two or three things had occurred to detract from his overconfidence. Among these was the avowal on the part of several personal and political friends of their intention to support Miss Smith, giving as their reasons that she had a good record as an educator and was, without doubt, well qualified for the office; that she wanted the office and was making a hard fight for it, and that Van Wert didn't want it and didn't need it. On top of this he was informed that his opponent had been out in the "cow districts" and had the cowboy vote pretty well "cinched." This cheering announcement came from two or three of the "bosses" who called on him to see if he didn't think it worth while to get out and save his political scalp by "hustling" like the rest of the candidates. "We'll have the committee fix some dates for you to speak, and you've got to fill 'em, Jimmie. If you don't, you're a gone goose," said they.

So, with the inward fear that he might, after all, be defeated, Van Wert began in earnest the effort to save himself. He did not care for the office, but he dreaded defeat at the hands of a woman, being one of the kind of men who do not believe the gentler sex has any business in politics. He pictured Miss Smith as a big, gaunt, red haired, self assertive person, with large, red hands and a snappy way of speaking, and was quite surprised to learn that she was really a very ladylike young woman, tipping the beam at about 110 pounds.

It lacked but four days of election day, and the various candidates were putting in every hour possible in making speeches and seeing their constituents and other people. Van Wert had put in some very telling work in several places where it would do the most good, but in two or three precincts it was found that a strong sentiment in favor of his opponent had developed and must be overcome by some means if he hoped to win. Unfortunately he was worried, and his actions showed it. On one or two occasions while speaking he had given way to puerile bursts of temper that by no means enhanced his chances for success. Some of the older heads had warned him that by making slurring remarks about his opponent he would only hurt himself, to which he responded by the childlike query, "Well, if a woman doesn't want to get herself talked about she'd better keep out of politics."

This he practically repeated to a mixed crowd at Conover's schoolhouse, in one of the strong "cow districts," on Friday night before election, adding, "I cannot believe that parents interested in the future welfare of their children are willing to intrust their early training to the hands and the methods of one who so far forgets her womanhood as to stand as a candidate for a public office." Of course he regretted the remark almost as soon as it was uttered and recognized that the silence with which it was received was the silence of a disapproval too strong to find expression in words. But it was too late for regrets, and he expressed none.

The next afternoon came a brief but pointed note from Miss Smith, in which she gently reminded him that his youth had evidently led him astray, so far as to forget the fact that she was pratically defenseless, and that in speaking of her as he had he had been both unmanly and ungentlemanly. This, coming, as it did, at a time when he was mentally cursing himself for an ass and a brute, did not tend to soothe him, for he knew that every word the note contained was true. So, instead of answering it as a man should, he wrote at the bottom of the sheet, "You have no business in politics if you don't want to stand the consequences," then signed it and remailed it to the original sender. An hour later he was sorry he had done so and tried to get the letter out of the postoffice, but failed.

Thus it was that the next evening, as he rode along the lonely trail leading to the "enemy's country," where he was to address a big meeting of cattlemen and make an effort to redeem himself by practically recanting all that he had said derogatory to the opposing candidate, without losing too much of his already shattered self respect, he was so absorbed mentally in thinking over what he should say that he did not hear a sudden command to halt and realized that he was in trouble only when a sinuous, swishing thing hurtled through the air, pinioned his arms to his sides and jerked him from his saddle to the rough ground.

"Good shot, old man!" said some one in cowboy costume, who came up and sat on the victim's chest. "Ye got him right round th' elbows, fust throw o' th' rope."

"Let me up, you d——d scoundrel!" fumed Van Wert. "You can take my money without taking my wind at the same time, can't you?"

"Easy, m' son," chuckled the giant who was sitting astride of him as he held the candidate's wrists so that the other men, who now came up, could the more easily tie them. "We don't want yer stuff, do we, pardner?"

"Nopey, Van," said the second man in a voice that Van Wert tried in vain to recognize. "We jest want t' put ye where ye won't make no mo' fool remarks 'bout th' lady th't's ag'in ye—not this evenin, anyways."

"See here, boys," said Van Wert, more calmly, "this isn't a square deal. You know I've got to be at that meeting at Meeker at 8 o'clock? Well, it's almost that now, so let me go."

"Oh, no, Jimmie!" laughed one of his captors heartlessly. "Not t'night. 'Squar deal,' I b'lieve ye said? Was it a squar deal f'r you t' git up an make th' talk ye did 'bout th' little schoolma'am las' night? Not any. So stan up, Jimmie, an let th' gent tackle ye to th' tree. We'll let ye go 'fore ye git cold. Easy, lad. Ef ye git gay, we won't do a thing but hawg tie ye an leave ye lay till mawnin."

The next hour was as long a one as Jimmie Van Wert ever spent. The night was a chilly one, and the ropes with which he was bound prevented the free circulation of blood, so that in a very short time his extremities were aching with cold. To add to his discomfort, an owl took its station in the brush near by and hooted derisively whenever the prisoner shouted, and the cries of the owl were responded to by several wolves, whose voices sounded as though they were very close at hand.

Several times Van Wert heard people go by on horseback and in wagons and shouted to them at the top of his lungs, but the trail was some distance from the clump of brush and they did not hear him. At last, however, when he had about given up all hope of escaping until his captors should come and release him, he heard the sound of horses coming along the trail, their riders laughing and chatting, and he lifted up his voice in a mighty effort to make himself heard. The riders evidently heard him and stopped. He shouted again and presently heard them coming toward him.

"Where are you?" called a feminine voice in response to another bleat from Van Wert, and in a moment there was a crashing of underbrush and the face and form of a young woman were outlined in the moonlight, followed a second later by the wondering countenance of a lad of about 12 years.

"How did it happen?" queried the young woman after she and the boy had released the candidate from his uncomfortable predicament and he was untying his horse from a neighboring tree.

Van Wert explained, in an injured tone, adding, with as much dignity as he could command: "I am the candidate for superintendent of schools, and I suppose this is a sample of the methods Miss Smith and her cowboy friends have adopted to defeat me. They knew I was to speak at Meeker tonight and thought that by preventing me from doing so they could gain a few votes. I'll show 'em when I get there."

The young woman laughed merrily. "Politics is a funny business, isn't it?" she said. "The idea of resorting to such measures! But," she added soberly, "you should not blame Miss Smith for what her overzealous friends have done. I—Miss Smith is a friend of mine, and I know she would not sanction such a thing. It—it would be most unfair to accuse her of it, don't you think, without being certain of your ground?"

Van Wert admitted that it would.

"Then, as a favor to me," said his fair rescuer, "do not, please, say anything about it—at least by way of connecting her with the affair. I'm sure no one would regret it more than she, if she knew about it."

After some hesitation Van Wert promised, and presently his rescuer and her escort left him, branching off on a trail that led toward a farmhouse that he could see in the distance.

The candidate noted with a grim smile, on his return, the consternation his appearance created in a certain part of the room and concluded that two or three men whom he knew to be friends of his looked rather sheepish, but he kept his own counsel and made no reference to his adventure. In the course of the excellent speech he presently made he "took back" what he had said about his opponent in a manner so graceful as to win for him rounds of applause, and when he sat down it was with the consciousness that he had in part redeemed himself.

As he started, along with some of the other candidates, to leave the hall he noticed for the first time that the young woman who had rescued him from the "fix" in which the cowboys had left him had not gone home to stay when she left him, for there she was, just leaving the hall in company with an older woman in widow's weeds.

"Who is that?" he asked of the candidate for sheriff, who was at his side.

"That girl?" queried the other. "Why, boy, that's your hated adversary, Miss Smith! Hadn't you seen her before?"

But Van Wert did not hear the question. He hurried to catch up with the opposing candidate, who started when he addressed her, but quickly recovered herself and smiled sweetly upon him.

"Miss Smith," he burst out impetuously, "I don't know what you must think of me after all the low down things I've said about you and the holy show I made of myself this evening. But I hope you'll believe me when I say I'm sorry for the things I've said—and I honestly hope you'll be elected after all. I shall vote for you anyway, and you can count on lots of my friends."

But his boyish enthusiasm in behalf of his opponent came too late to be of service to her, for the returns showed that Van Wert was elected by a small majority, for which he was indebted to the miners. On Thursday after election he went to Miss Smith.

"I regret this as much as you do," he said earnestly. "I wish I had met you earlier in the campaign. But I have a proposition to make. What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know," she said, trying to conceal the sadness in her tones. "You see, I had to give up my school and there are no vacancies now."

"Well, what I was going to propose is this: Will you take an appointment as my deputy? Remember, all the work will devolve upon you."

Miss Smith gasped, and her pretty face grew a rosy red, then turned pale. She did not wish to be under obligations to this man, and yet there was the mother to be considered and the invalid sister in Chicago, whose hospital bills were such a severe tax on the family resources. "Yes," she said finally, "and thank you very much for offering me the place. You have lifted a great load from my mind."

There was some comment on this arrangement by the voters of the county, but it was hardly adverse, and the deputy soon showed that she was the right one in the right place. She worked day and night and denied herself necessary sleep that her beloved schools should not retrograde. In fact, in the course of a few weeks she succeeded in making herself almost ill, for the death of the former superintendent had left the affairs of the office in rather chaotic condition, and although Van Wert and his deputy qualified at once after the meeting of the canvassing board it was almost Christmas before they got matters straightened out.

And it was just at this time, when the little deputy, more than half ill from overwork, was spending a couple of days at home, that she got a brief note from her superior, which read:

> MISS SMITH—For some time past I have been dissatisfied with you as deputy superintendent of schools, and your resignation as such will be accepted. I will do myself the honor of calling upon you and explaining matters more fully tomorrow night. Very truly yours,
> JAMES VAN WERT.

Miss Smith burst into tears. "Just to think, mamma! After I have worked so hard! What shall we do?"

"I suppose they want the job for some politician that doesn't need it," commented Mrs. Smith grimly. "But to think he has the audacity to come here after that! I won't let him in, the treacherous thing — discharging you, after being so friendly and all that!"

"Yes, you will, mamma," interjected the girl, recovering herself. "We must not forget ourselves in our own home."

Just then the doorbell rang, and the girl hastened away to hide the traces of her tears. When she returned to the little parlor, Van Wert was standing there, big and handsome, in front of the fireplace. He advanced to meet her as her mother vanished from the room.

"You got my note?" he said. "I'll tell you how it is," he went on awkwardly. "I'm not satisfied with you as deputy because—because I want you to take the office itself and me with it."

And that was the way they arranged it.—New York Tribune.

Pleasant Exercise.

Stern Father—What were those peculiar noises I heard down here last night? Did you and young Comeback uncork any of my beer bottles?

Demure Daughter—No, papa. We were just going through some labial exercises.

Stern Father—Oh, I suppose these new educational fads must have their run.—Detroit Free Press.

The first system of modern fortification—that is, after the invention of artillery—was that of the bastion or Italian system, a bastion being a military work consisting of two faces and two flanks.

Besides ..its.. Purity

There is no question about the purity of KEYSTONE SILVER WHITE GELATINE. You can see it for yourself—see it in the brilliancy of its transparent shreds, see it in the clear, tempting dish of jelly as it is sent to the table. And it's as reliable as it is pure. No disappointments, no failures with

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It stands supreme among the best gelatines of the world. Keystone Silver White Gelatine is used by all the famous chefs of America.

If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15c.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

WHERE THEY GOT IT.

ORIGIN OF THE GREAT WEALTH OF SOME NEW YORKERS.

The Ancestors of Some of the Four Hundred Were Very Humble Citizens—Some of Gotham's Society Leaders Sprang From Very Sturdy Stock.

John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor family, was a peddler of musical instruments.

Commodore Vanderbilt, three generations back, began life as a small farmer on Staten Island. He was also a ferryman and clam digger.

Jay Gould, father of George Gould and of the Countess Castellane, first appeared in New York as a seller of rat traps. He did not make a success of this, so he turned land surveyor.

The distinguished Hoffman family, which has given one governor to New York state and has mingled its blood with many of the leading families in New York society, was settled in trade in New York over a century ago as dealers in groceries.

The founder of the Mills family, comparatively new in New York society, is Darius O. Mills, the present owner of the Mills building and the father of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and of Ogden Mills. Mr. Mills began life selling household goods from place to place in the interior of New York state.

Mrs. Bradley Martin's father was a cooper in New York city who devoted his life to making barrel staves, kegs for beer and hogsheads for tobacco. The cooper's name was Isaac Sherman, and his granddaughter is now the Countess of Craven.

Governor Levi P. Morton began his commercial life as a tailor at Hanover, N. H., where he manufactured clothes for the Dartmouth college students. Hanover is but a small town, not having even a railroad station, and Dartmouth college gives it the only social life it possesses. Governor Morton was the leading merchant of the place. There are people in New York today who claim to possess clothes made by him during these early days. He soon left Hanover and went into the dry goods business. From this he realized a fortune, and then he went into finance, founding the banking institution of which he is now the head. Besides being governor of New York he has been minister to France and vice president of the United States.

A Washington market butcher accumulated the fortune that made Mr. Fred Gebhard possible as a conspicuous figure in New York society. The original Gebhard sold butter and cheese as well as pork chops and spare ribs, and among his customers were many swells. Mrs. Frederick Neilson also inherited some of this wealth.

The great Waterbury cordage trust, the conception of that brilliant financier, James M. Waterbury, originated over in Williamsburg, where the original Waterbury started a ropewalk with a small boy to help him, but with plenty of energy and ambition. He made rope for the ships that came to New York in the early days of the century, and they were handmade, of fine hemp, unlike the machine made ropes of the present day. The ropewalk, which became more and more prosperous with advancing years, was handed down from generation to generation, realizing millions of dollars for the Waterburys.

The earliest member of the Post family of whom there is any record was Jothan Post, who conducted a butcher shop. Butcher Post sold tripe, pork and choice cuts of beef to the New York swells of a century ago, and he delivered his own meats at their houses. He lived up stairs over his butcher shop, and history records that he was one of the first men every morning to open his shop for business in the city. He lived to a good old age and left numerous descendants, who have intermarried with other distinguished families.

Peter Cooper, whom many residents of New York remember to have seen riding about the city in a queer old buggy, wearing big steel spectacles and whiskers under his chin and having an air of great benevolence, founded the fortunes of the Cooper family. In early life he went into the glue business, and the industry he founded is still carried on, although its odoriferous product is now described as "gelatin." Abram S. Hewitt became tutor in the family and married Miss Cooper. Both he and Edward Cooper, son of Peter Cooper, have been mayors of New York. Peter Cooper, however, was the most distinguished member of the family, and his public benefactions will make him long remembered.

There is no record of the Sloanes in the early days of New York's history, but no list of the families prominent in society at the present day would be complete without a reference to them. The Sloanes inherited a fine carpet business, which was built up by an ancestor who was as good a judge of brussels or axminster as any in the city in his day. This institution they have broadened and extended. W. D. Sloane married a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt and is the father of an interesting family.

When Miss Fannie Work of this city married the brother of Lord Fermoy, she hyphenated the name and called herself Mrs. Burke-Roche, though there is no such name in the peerage. Her husband's name is J. B. B. Roche. Her sister is Mrs. Cooper-Hewitt, who also hyphenated her name without apparent cause. Their father is Mr. Frank Work, as genial a gentleman as ever set foot in the Stock Exchange. He began life in this city as a dry goods clerk, and he was a good one too. His love of horseflesh led to an acquaintance with Commodore Vanderbilt, who took a fancy to him, persuaded him to go into Wall street and promised to give him his brokerage business. Mr. Work did so and became a millionaire banker and one of the most popular men in Wall street, from which he retired from active business years ago.—New York Journal.

A Devonshire Witness.

The difficulty of discriminating between the first and third persons has been amusingly illustrated by the late Lord Iddesleigh, who used to be fond of telling Devonshire stories. One of his favorite ones was of a Devonshire farmer who was a witness in a horse stealing case. "Tell us what you know about this case," said the prosecuting counsel.

"Well, zur," was the reply, "I zeed the prisoner, and I zed to he, how about that 'oss, and he zed he didn't know nort about the 'oss."

"No, no," the counsel said, "he didn't say he knew nothing about the horse. He didn't speak to you in the third person."

"Beg your pardon, zur," said the witness, "there wasn't no third person present, only him and me."

"You don't understand what I mean," was the counsel's petulant reply. "He spoke to you in the first person."

"You'm wrong agen," said the witness. "I was the fust pusson as spoke to he."

At this point the judge intervened and put the question himself. "You saw the prisoner, and you said, 'How about that horse?' and the prisoner answered, 'I know nothing about the horse' "—

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said the witness. "He didn't mention your lordship's name at all."—Westminster Gazette.

She Posed as a Man.

Christian Cavenagh was a peculiar Englishwoman of the eighteenth century. Her father lost his fortune, and she was taken up by an aunt who kept a tavern. She married the waiter and had three children. This husband was then kidnaped, after the humane methods of the time, and was carried off to Holland, where he had to enlist as a private soldier. When Christian heard of this, she dressed as a man and enlisted as a private soldier in order to get near her husband. She was wounded at the battle of Landen. She was made prisoner by the French and was carried to St. Germain-en-Laye, where she staid till she was exchanged.

She quarreled with her sergeant, fought a duel with him, wounded him and got transferred to another regiment. Again she was wounded.

At Ramillies she was wounded in the head, and while in hospital her secret was discovered. She was permitted to stay with the regiment as cook.

She married again, lost her second husband, returned to England and presented a petition to the queen setting forth her case and her services. The queen gave her a bounty of £50 and a pension of a shilling a day. She married a third time, set up a pie shop, came over to Chelsea hospital with her third husband, died in 1739 and was buried with military honors.

A Narrow Escape.

When Aunt Lucinda was getting to be an old lady, she heard of the disgrace and downfall of a man whom she had known for many years.

"Well," she remarked, with a sigh of relief, "I always thought I had a narrow escape in not marrying him, and now I know it."

"Why, auntie," said a young woman who happened to be standing by, "you were never engaged to marry that man, were you?"

"Well, perhaps some wouldn't exactly call it an engagement, but he took me to the singing class three times running when I was a girl, and that was near enough to an engagement to make me feel that I've had a very narrow escape."

In the earlier ages dancing was advocated as a cure for sickness.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 26, 1900.

ALDERMAN CONN'S ROAD ORDER.

Judging from the tone of the discussion which took place at a recent meeting of the City Council on the proposition of Alderman Horace N. Conn to petition the Legislature for authority to borrow $100,000 in excess of the debt limit for the purpose of rebuilding streets in this city, and the votes taken anent the same, there appears to be but small encouragement for the success of the project. On the part of several of the speakers the question of who should do the work on the streets, if the money was secured, seemed to be a much larger one than that involved in the main issue, while others vigorously opposed the order.

Before Ald. Conn's plan can become operative it must run the 'gantlet. What will be its stages? The City Council, the Mayor, the Legislature, the Governor. With public sentiment strongly opposed, its adoption by the City Council is problematical, to say the least. But if that body should accord the order an affirmative vote then it goes to the Mayor who, judging from the hostile attitude of President Blodgett, can be safely relied on to veto it. If, however, it should escape that danger then the Legislature will take it in hand. Should its action be friendly, then it will go to the Governor who, if his late message means anything, will refuse to give the business his official approval.

With the possible exception of our City Council, in each of these stages the idea of Legislative permission to towns and cities to borrow money beyond their respective debt limits is not favorably entertained.

The prospect, then, for the success of Ald. Conn's order is far from being brilliant. And besides, according to Auditor Barrett's report, before his scheme gets fairly launched, the city will be some $80,000 inside of its borrowing capacity, and will have "money to burn."

☞ Doubt is expressed as to the legality of the status of the present School Board of this city. The votes taken by the Board at its organization on Jan. 2, were by ballot, whereas Sec. 1, Chap. 170, of the Acts of 1899, provides that "when in any city the election of any city officer is vested in the Common Council, or in the Board of Alderman, or in both acting jointly or in concurrence, or any other municipal body or board, the election shall not be valid unless it shall be made by a viva voce vote," etc. It is reported that Mayor Davis has ordered that the School Board forthwith comply with this statute according to his interpretation of it, which interpretation is evidently erroneous. What the Board will do remains to be seen. The Mayor's error consists in including the Board's officers in the catagory of city officers, which eminent lawyers say they are not. And again, what has the Mayor to do with the question, anyway? He is not a member of the School Committee and has no more business to meddle with its transactions than any private citizens.

☞ The advertising business exhibit of the Boston *Journal* for 1899 is great. The gain in cash value of advertising printed by the *Journal* in 1899 was 41 percent over that in 1898. The gain of the *Sunday Journal* in advertising receipts in 1899 was 89 percent over 1898. Unquestionably this is a better showing than any other Boston daily can make, and it is largely the result of self-advertising. As soon as the *Journal* got out of its business ruts and went to work in good earnest to show up to the public its superiority as an advertising medium a boom struck its countingroom and it came to stay. It is growing every day.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

H. F. A. W.—Election.
Box 786—Turkish Bath.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Pettengill & Co.—Dr. Greene.

— The days have increased in length 42 minutes.

— The Rumford replica came through free of duty.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Vaudeville entertainment by Friday Night Club Feb. 15.

—Working pants 75c., $1.00, $1.25, at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— There was a fairish kind of a rain and a dense fog Saturday night.

— There is to be a Monologue at the Friday Night Club vaudeville Feb. 15.

— Neckwear in all styles and patterns at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell is contemplating an early pleasure visit to California.

— Read Miss Tidd's notice of the annual meeting of the Home for Aged Women.

— Last Friday night Beacon Lodge voted to postpone its entertainment three weeks.

— Handkerchiefs and mufflers of all kinds are displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The President of the School Board will deliver the diplomas at next graduation day.

— Don't fail to see the cakewalk by the Klondike Club at the Friday Night Club vaudeville.

— Mrs. Francis A. Buckman is at Economy, Nova Scotia, in attendance on her sick mother.

— Innitou Canoe Club will compete for prizes in the Sportsmen's Show in Boston next month.

— The City Council are going to try to do something about getting free transfers on the street cars.

— Remember we are headquarters for shirts, overalls and cheap pants, Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The Methodist church ladies will give a supper on the evening of Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday.

— The Klondike Club (home talent) will give a cakewalk at the Friday Night Vaudeville on Feb. 15.

— Fine all-wool hose are sold at Richardson's for 25c. per pair.

— Richardson's, 431 Main street, is the place to buy the latest hats, caps and gent's furnishings at bottom prices.

—The alarm from box 41 Wednesday afternoon was caused by linemen working on the poles on Washington street.

— On Friday evening, Feb. 16, Rev. W. G. Puddifoot will give a chalk talk in the lecture room of First church.

— Collars and cuffs, latest styles, can be purchased at bottom prices. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— A fine musical programme has been arranged for the next meeting of the Woman's Club on next Friday afternoon.

— The Social Benevolent Society of First church will give "Uncle Nat's Huskin'" at Music Hall on the evening of Feb. 22.

— City Messenger, Mr. Edward Simonds, will attend the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Messengers Club in Boston tomorrow.

— Some were in hopes that Jennie Skinner would have gotten up another "Spelling School" before leaving for a winter's stay in California.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce is doing some fine professional work this winter. He stands in the front ranks of elocutionists and literary purveyors.

— Friday Night Club will give their vaudeville entertainment on Thursday evening, Feb. 15. Look for full particulars in next week's JOURNAL.

— When business men refuse to advertise in the local papers they must expect everything in town to be as dead as a door nail. Look at Woburn!

— Mr. Cornelius F. Driscoll, formerly of the Woburn Fire Department, now of the Boston Department, has been promoted to engineer of Engine 7.

— Mr. Sam Tufts was 80 years old last October and still makes boot sand shoes as lively as the next man, and that too without the use of spectacles.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— For months now we have had our ear close to the ground to catch a sound from the Men's League, once so gay and flourishing, but have listened in vain.

— The jubilee meeting of Post 161, G. A. R. Monday evening, demonstrated what brains, brawn and patriotism can do when they set out for a good time.

— Burbank Relief Corps gave a very enjoyable whist party last Tuesday evening. No organization in town have more or better times than this Corps.

— This evening the Ladies Auxiliary of St. Charles C. T. A. Society are to give a necktie party, which we hope will be an occasion of great pleasure and profit.

— After winning 10 straight games of whist Towanda Club met its first defeat a few evenings ago. When it takes brains to win Towanda is in it every time.

— One week from today, Feb. 2, will be Candlemas, or Ground Hog day. A proper note must be made of it. We hear of no preparations for its celebration.

— The Misses Lang of Vinson st., Dorchester, formerly of this city, entertained musical friends from Cambridge, Lynn and Boston, Saturday evening, January 20.

— Mr. Isaac M. Phillips, train baggageman on the B. & M. Railroad, is recovering from a severe attack of erysipelas. According to all accounts he had a tough time of it.

— Frank C. Nichols and other dealers got all ready to cut ice last week but the thaw came and spoiled their plans. But there is time enough for a good crop this season.

— Walter E. Pain, the wonderful high tenor singer who will take a prominent part in the Friday Night Vaudeville entertainment, on Feb. 15, is called "The Male Patti."

— "Uncle Nat's Husking" will be given in Music Hall, Feb. 22, 1900, under the auspices of the Social Benevolent Society of First Church. Music by the Highland Orchestra.—R.

— Martin Connolly lost his suit in the District Court against the North Woburn Street Railroad Company to recover damages for personal injuries received from jumping from a car.

— The community may depend on hearing an able and entertaining lecture by Rev. Dr. Woods in the M. E. Church on Feb. 1. His theme will be "A Strange Country in the Waters."

— Where do you leave your laundry? If in a hurry and want it done in the least possible time, leave it at our store and receive good results. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Ladies and gentlemen, please bear in mind that Worthley the optician, will be at his office at Hanson & Co.'s jewelry store next Wednesday and Thursday.

— Beginning about 1905 the net receipts from the Woburn Water Works will be from $25,000 to $30,000 annually. When that comes the city can afford to buy a few luxuries now and then.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward visited Augusta, Maine, his native town, last week. He has a number of relatives living in that fair city on the Kennebec. He also made a tarry at Portland.

— Rev. James Gilday, late Assistant Pastor of St. Charles Church in this city, has been installed Rector of the new Catholic Church at North Andover. He was exceedingly popular here.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder and Mrs. Scudder left yesterday for Old Point Comfort, Va., where they expect to remain two or three weeks. They went in company with the Hammond-Cottle party.

— Rev. L. W. Akeson, Pastor of the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church, is visiting away from home this week and his pulpit is to be supplied by Rev. C. M. Jacobson of Fitchburg next Sunday.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE? We have the answer.

Is your question one of QUALITY? We have the answer.

Is your question one of ASSORTMENT? We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.
What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31–2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— The courtesy of Mr. J. W. Wood enabled us to examine a souvenir issue of the San Francisco (Calf.) *Chronicle* containing 60 pages of plain and colored pictures with an abundance of explanatory reading. We return thanks for the favor.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan, electrician, who is building a large electric and chemical plant for a manufacturing company at Rumford Falls, Maine, wrote home last week that the Androscoggin River was never known to be so low at it was at the date of his letter.

— Next Tuesday evening, Jan. 30, John C. Bowker, a famous lecturer, will fill the next number in the Burbeen Course. His subject is to be "The Transvaal," with many fine pictures of that country. It cannot but be very interesting. The Course is drawing to a close.

— First church held an adjourned meeting last Wednesday evening and finished up the election of officers. Hon. George F. Bean presided. Mr. J. W. Fox was elected Deacon; Mrs. Clara A. Holland, Deaconess; Mr. Chauncy B. Conn, Member of the Church Committee.

— Worthley, the Optician, will make a professional visit to this city on Wednesday, Jan. 31, and Thursday, Feb. 1. His office will be at Hanson & Co's jewelry store, as usual. Note the change in his card. He has been visiting professionally the Maine State Normal Schools lately.

— If our friend, Mr. Michael T. Hickey, had once dreamed that he was to be dropped from the Board of Overseers of the Poor this year and another gentlemen put in his place his Ward would not have given Mayor Davis the handsome vote it did last December. But politics are queer.

— On Thursday, Feb. 8, the 22d Annual Benefit in aid of the Charity Fund of Boston Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will be given at the Boston Theatre. Every firstclass attraction playing in Boston that week will be represented in the entertainment to be given on that stage.

— The Towandas were guests of the Newtownes at North Cambridge last evening, but the result of the games has not been received. Next Tuesday evening the Glendons of Everett will visit the Towandas and have it out with them. So saith the schedule of the Massachusetts Inter-Club League.

— In Mr. Frank C. Nichols's experience as a dealer in ice there has been but one winter when the Horn Pond crop failed. That was several years ago. Mr. Nichols then secured a supply in the country a considerable distance north of here. It was a business experience that he has no desire to repeat.

— We learn from a New Orleans paper that the J. Howard Nason excursion party arrived safe and sound in that city and were enjoying the sightseeing very much. The Murdocks and Skinners were of the party, the itiniary of which includes San Francisco, Los Angeles, Monteray, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs and Denver.

— Look at this! The next assembly given under the auspices of the Rifle Team of the Mechanic Phalanx will be held on Thursday evening, Feb. 1, instead of Wednesday evening, as heretofore. So far the series of dances has been a great success from every point of view. Remember the date of the next one.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Principal Clothier, Mrs. Winthrop Hammond and boy, Mr. Hammond's mother, and Ex-Ald. E. C. Cottle and wife, started for Pinehurst, N. C., yesterday. Their headquarters will be at Holly Inn at that charming winter resort. Mr. Hammond's design is to take a good long rest and recover his health. Success to him and his.

— On Tuesday evening the Boston *Herald* contained a sharp criticism on the erection of the Count Rumford monument on the Public Library grounds. Under pretense of giving a "consensus of local opinion" respecting the matter, it really dealt a blow from the shoulder against the scheme. Evidently the communication of the JOURNAL's correspondent, "G. A. R.," published two weeks ago, did a good deal towards setting public sentiment against the erection of the monument on the Library lawn.

— This community deeply sympathize with Rev. Dr. Scudder, Pastor of First church, and Mrs. Scudder on the death, last Saturday, of their only child. The babe was about six months old and had been sick several weeks. Its loss is a severe blow to Mr. and Mrs. Scudder. There were simple funeral services at the house on Tuesday afternoon.

— An illustrated article in Wednesday evening's Boston *Herald*, of great interest and historical value, announces the fact that the Francis Wyman house in Burlington, built in A. D. 1666, and still fairly well preserved, has been bought with the land on which it stands, by some of the Wyman family, here and elsewhere, and is to be kept as a rare relic of former times.

— The next regular monthly vesper service at the Unitarian church will be held at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Jan. 28. There is to be organ music by the organist, Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, from MSS of the late Fred H. Lewis, supplemented by choir singing, and solos by Mr. Taylor, who was at one time a member of the First church Quartet and is an accomplished vocalist.

— If it is true, as generally supposed, that President Blodgett of the City Council is and is to be Mayor Davis's representative in all important municipal legislation this year in conformity to an arrangement that the Mayor's mantle is to fall to the shoulders of President Blodgett on the opening of the Twentieth Century, then it becomes clear that Alderman Conn's plan for the improvement of Woburn roads will receive only cold comfort from His Honor.

— Last Monday Supt. Emerson showed some figures which strongly sustained the contention that congestion exists in some of our schools and that more room is imperatively demanded by the best interest of the scholars. He was then trying to find room in advanced grades for about a dozen midterm promotions, but when seen had not succeeded in solving the perplexing problem. There can be no doubt but that more school room is needed. But how to secure it is the question.

— The Salvation Army are arranging a most patriotic and soul-stirring spectacular entertainment at their hall, 26 Montvale ave., to be given on Saturday night, Jan. 27, entitled "The Spirit of '76," in Tableaux Vivants. 1st scene will be Gen. Washington when a boy cutting down cherry tree; 2d, The Minute Men called to War; 3d, Washington at Valley Forge, with appropriate scenery. Major Winchell, with his company, will furnish an interesting programme on this occasion. He will remain over Sunday and conduct special meetings.

— Last evening the 64th anniversary of Mr. Joseph Linnell's birthday was pleasantly observed at his home, No. 133 Montvale Ave., by the family and a party of personal friends, under the skilful direction of Mr. James H. Linnell, son, Manager of the Linnell Market on Main street. Mr. Linnell has not been well of late but was in fairly good trim for the celebration and enjoyed it very much. Whist was the chief feature of the occasion, if we except a fine supper which was served at a proper hour and keenly relished. Mr. Linnell is a prominent business man and one of our best and most highly esteemed citizens, and his friends deemed an observance of his 64th birthday respectful and fitting.

— The Young Peoples' Society of the First Baptist Church held an entertainment last Friday evening in the vestry, before a large audience. The programme opened with instrumental music by a quartette composed of Misses Ida Robbins, violin, Emma and Helen Fosdick, mandolins, and Anna Littlefield, piano. Helen Sylvester gave two recitations; Misses Lois Harrington and Helen Delano, piano solos; Master Charles Lawrence, drum solos, accompanied by his mother on the piano. The entertainment closed with a humorous dialogue entitled "The Precious Pickle," in which appeared Miss Ida Robbins, Miss Josephine Smith, Miss Mabel Burgess, Helen Sylvester, Misses Minetta Warren, Lillian Morris and Abbie E. Lawrence.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson has been appointed a member of the Board of Cemetery Commissioners by Mayor Davis. No better appointment could be made. If nothing is to be done in the next decade or two towards the purchase and dedication of a new cemetery more remote from the centre of the city, then money should be spent in making Woodbrook more presentable. The Board have not less than $40,000 that can be used for general purposes, that is, exclusive of legacies for special objects, and why the old fence on Salem street, and the back country entrance, are suffered longer to exist is something that no fellow can find out. Respect for the dead and regard for the appearance of the city ought, one would think, to compel the Board to do something.

— There are half a dozen or more Reading Clubs in this city doing good work. Regular meetings are held by them at brief intervals which are devoted to literary pursuits other than reading and are found to be a source of profit and pleasure. Themes are selected and written on, and the members are often found delving among the histories, encyclopedias, and reference books at the Public Library. Some of the Clubs are devoting considerable time and attention to local history, and the production of essays on special subjects, in which the town is prolific. The old Middlesex Canal, the Founding of Warren Academy, Ancient Dwellings, and other topics have been elaborated, and in this way local history is being preserved by these Clubs. They are a good institution.

— Mr. John W. Francis, who has been Superintendent of the Woburn Public Library building and grounds ever since the former was erected, 20 years ago, says there was more "kicking" against the appropriation of Charles Bowers Winn's magnificent bequest for the building of a library than there is now against Marshall Tidd's monument to Count Rumford on the site chosen for it. Regardless of the provisions of the will of the generous donor, a certain element in the community insisted that the money should be spent for a hospital, and so strong and bitter was the fight over it that for some time it was uncertain whether or not the town would make an appropriation for carrying on the library. But it must be a library or nothing, and the opposition subsided.

— Postoffice Box 786, Reading, asks in the JOURNAL why pay a big price for a thing when it can be bought for a great deal less? We should say as much! Take the matter of Vapor Baths, Box 786 tells how it is done—how to save money. Try it. Box 786 is perfectly reliable.

— The L. C. S. and Alliance will meet at Unitarian church, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 1. Papers will be read upon Dorethea Dix, Frances Power Cobbe, Frances Willard. Supper at 6.30 All are invited.

— Mrs. Alfred Dow and Mrs. William Clewley start February 1 for a three months trip through Mexico and California with the Raymond and Whitcomb party.

— Dickey lamb lined coats $4.00 at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

City Council.

The City Council held a meeting on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th, with President Blodgett in the Chair.

Petition of James Weldon for license to run two pool tables referred to Com. on Police and Licenses.

The Mayor sent in notice of the following appointments made by him:

George Buchanan to be a member of the Board of Health.

John Ferguson to be a Principal Assessor.

William A. Prior to be a member of the Overseers of the Poor.

Francis P. Curran to be City Solicitor.

Charles Herbert Harrington to be a member of the Board of Registrars of Voters.

Edward Simonds to be City Messenger.

The Mayor also sent in the nomination of L. Waldo Thompson as a member of the Board of Cemetery Commissioners, vice William E. Blodgett resigned. The Board confirmed the same by a unanimous vote.

The Com. on Highways and Pole Locations reported "ought to be granted" on the petition of New. Eng. Tel. & Tel. Co. to attach wires to poles of Woburn Light, Heat and Power Co. on Glenwood street. Laid over for one week.

The action, whereby the Board voted at its last meeting to receive communication from the School Committee setting forth the needs of the School Department for the present year, was rescinded, and the Clerk was authorized to notify the Secretary of the School Committee that the communication should under the charter be sent to the Mayor.

President Blodgett offered a resolve which read as follows:—

Resolved that His Honor the Mayor be requested to take such action as may seem to be advisable to secure from the street railways operating in Woburn a system of free transfers within city limits.

A Worthy Curate.

Rev. James Gilday, for 10 years a curate at St. Charles Catholic church, Woburn, having severed his connection with that church, his parishioners united in a grand testimonial to him in the Woburn Auditorium last Sunday evening and the capacity of this large hall was taxed to its utmost, and Fr. Gilday was given an ovation.

A purse of money amounting to $1500 was presented to him, Edward F. Cassidy making the presentation speech, to which Fr. Gilday responded very feelingly.

All of the Catholic Societiies of Woburn have been canvassed during the past week and the members showed their love for the worthy curate by contributing liberally, the Societies represented being the Knights of Columbus, of which Fr. Gilday has been Chaplain since its organization in 1893, the A. O. H., St. Charles C. T. A. S., Celtic Association, National Band Association, Catholic Order of Foresters, Pilgrim Fathers, South End Association, Buffers' Union and Catholic Order of Odd Fellows.

Mr. Lawrence Reade presided at the testimonial and made the opening speech. There were also speeches made by others, interspersed with musical selections.—*Boston Journal Jan. 22*

The disturbance among the Democrats of New York must remind Mr. Bryan that the east is still "the enemy's country.

When Gen. Wood visited Trinidad he found "that the women do all the street cleaning and the men do all the laundry work."

THE BEST
Clothing
is that which best meets these five requirements:
Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

A Patriotic Occasion.

For some months past the Officers and Comrades of Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., have been seriously contemplating a movement for a Revival of Patriotism in this city, of which the meeting last Monday evening was a splendid outcome. Not but there is a plenty of patriotism among us, but like piety in the churches, it needs occasionally to be revived, stirred up, vitalized, and Post 161 deemed the present a fit time to move in that direction and bring "Old Glory" prominently to the front once more. In proof of the existence of patriotism, in large measure, among our people, may be citited an incident in Monday evining's programme. When admirably executing a medley violin solo, accompanied by Miss Dora Winn an the piano, Miss Maud Littlefield struck the first notes of "Star Spangled Banner," at the wave of his hand by Commander Wyer every person in the hall was instantly on his feet and remained reverently standing until another wave of the Commander's hand summoned them to their seats. It was a thrilling scene. It was all the more impressive because of its spontaniety and unexpectedness. And it was patriotism. In this connection the reporter would take occasion to allude to the large meed of praise bestowed on the Highland Orchestra of this city for the delightful music furnished by them during the evening. Not only was it fine but every piece was perfectly adapted to the occasion. The "classical" was eschewed and in its stead pieces such as common people understand and appreciate were played All present said the Orchestra added much to the pleasures of the occasion.

When Post 161 came to the conclusion to honor their officers for 1900 with a banquet they at the same time determined to make it a worthy event in the history of the Post, and the occasion for opening the ball for a Patriotic Revival. With this end in view preparations were commenced in in good earnest. First as to speakers, for of course a banquet without speeches was something unheard of and would not do at all. It was decided that only the best would fill the bill. With the kindly aid of Dr. Frank W. Graves, member of Post 115, Boston, formerly of Post 161, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Commander of Post 161, was able to obtain assurances of speeches from Rev. Dr. E. A. Horton of Post 115, a Naval Veteran, and one of the most eloquent orators in the country; from General W. W. Blackmer, a brave soldier in the Civil War, and prominent in G. A. R. circles; and from Hon. William M. Olin, Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, also a Veteran of the Civil War; all of whom were present at the banquet and entertained and edified the 200 people in the Hall.

The banquet was given in Post 161, G. A. R., Hall, Savings Bank building, Monday evening, Jan. 22.

The size of the Hall rendered it necessary to limit the number of invitations to about 200, but they were all accepted, and the room was filled to its utmost capacity with members, Post 33, Sons of Veterans, the Phalanx, delegations from Posts in neighboring towns, and prominent citizens. A more appreciative audience the distinguished speakers from Boston never addressed.

The meeting was presided over by Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, Commander of Post 161, who, after an earnest, patriotic opening speech introduced Mayor William F. Davis, who responded to the toast, "Our City." The presentation of the speakers by Chairman Wyer was neat and graceful.

The Mayor was followed by Secretary of State Olin, who referred to a recent visit to Richmond, Va. He spoke of the notable absence of United States Flags in the South, and particularly in the city of Richmond, where, he said, he observed no government Flag over the State Capitol, the Postoffice or the Cutom House. The lack of Flags in Richmond was not the fault of the former soldiers in the community, for they were, to a degree, loyal. But there is a sentiment among the women and young men that is hard to over. By purifying the school books, we may some day overcome this feeling of bitterness. It was not a war between the North and South, but a war in which the people tried to save the government from an overthrow. Our work will not be completed till this feeling against the Flag shall cease to exist.

The Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian Church was the next speaker.

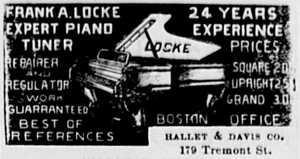
The Rev. E. A. Horton said he disliked to read that the A. O. H. proposed to put 50,000 marching men in the streets of Boston Memorial Day, because Memorial Day is a shrine, sacred to the death of the Civil War. He hoped to see "Old Glory" placed at the top of the staff, instead of half-staffed, on that day. Let it go up now for the results achieved since the close of the War. Keep the Grand Army intact. Don't admit other than Veterans of the Civil War to its roll. Let the organization we represent march alone, bearing the banners it wrestled and the trophies it won.

The speaker commented on newspaper editorials that claim that some clergymen of the G. A. R. are rampant with militarism.

The meeting closed with a ringing address by Gen. Blackmer—a rousing, patriotic speech—and music by the orchestra.

A bountiful supper, provided by the Relief Corps of Post 161, was greatly enjoyed by all present. The Hall was handsomely decorated by the ladies.

Post 161 has never done anything in the way of a public entertainment more worthy of commendation than that furnished last Monday evening.



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179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and docters could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praise throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed,

Conn's Highway Order.

As there seems to be some doubt in regard to accomplishing the work called for by the highway bill recently presented to the City Council will you allow me space to explain this matter?

The work is designed to be done in accordance with the requirements of the Massachusetts Highway Commission which is a radical change from present methods. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that over $50,000 of borrowed money has been spent on the streets of Woburn in the last seven years. This is in excess of the amount raised by taxation. By continuing this custom we shall soon have a large highway debt inside the debt limit; and unless the system of expenditure is changed we shall have but little to show for it. Over $100,000 has been spent on the highways in the last six years and yet there is not a continuous half mile of good road in the city.

My reasons for presenting this matter in the present form are these:

1. By building our principal roads properly the value of real estate will be increased.

2. The unfavorable comment cast upon the good name of our city on account of bad roads will cease.

3. When a good reputation shall have gone abroad we shall see strangers settling among us.

4. Some of our own citizens who now hesitate about building residences will do so when the city takes decisive steps toward improved streets and sidewalks.

5. The present tide of emigration will be checked to a considerable extent.

6. The Excise and State taxes received by the City in account of street railroads amounts to over $2,500 per annum. By applying these receipts toward the payment of interest and bonds the amount necessary to be raised by taxation will be less than $5,000 each year if the whole bond issue should be floated.

7. The wages paid to Woburn laborers (who are given the preference of employment) will be felt in trade long after this work shall have been completed.

I subjoin an estimated statement, which is taken from the reports of work actually performed and applied to the requirements of the matter under consideration:

ESTIMATED RECEIPTS.

Amount of loan,	$100,000
Premium,	2,000
Betterment Edgestone,	10,000
" Sidewalk acct,	5,000
" widening lower Main st.,	7,500
" tree acct,	250
	$124,750

ESTIMATED EXPENSE.

Road construction,	$60,000
Sidewalk construction,	10,000
Edgestone and setting,	20,000
Widening lower Main st.	15,000
Setting out trees,	500
Expense of engineering, drain, catch basins, and other work provided by the order,	19,250
	$124,750

HORACE N. CONN.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V Fisher of Liberty, W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

The suit which the State of Missouri is bringing against the State of Illinois to restrain the use of the Chicago drainage canal has been entered in the courts; but long before the decision is reached there will be ample time to test the alleged purification of Chicago sewage in transit.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

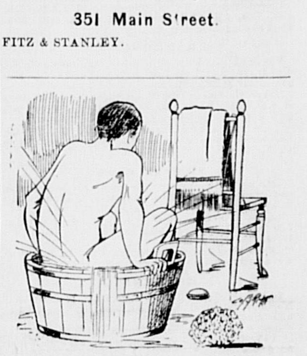
If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.



THE MORNING BATH

cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited capacity nor where the water supply and temperature is uncertain by reason of defective

PLUMBING

or heating apparatus. To have both put in thorough working order will not prove expensive if the work is done by

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

It does not surprise Congressman Littlefield's Maine constituents to learn that he is making an extraordinary impression in Washington as a man of strong individuality, eloquence and judgment.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasaut anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

Emperor William praises the Boer tactics and expresses friendly sentiments toward England. His Majesty rides the fence very gracefully.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." All are welcome.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Divine Elective." Sunday School at 12 M. Vespers with Sermon at 5 P. M. Subject: "What Can be Done for the Good of Woburn."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. March. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by Dr. March. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B Crane. Subject: "Baptism of Our Lord." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Last Scene at Calvary." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M Subject: "Saved Up Into Peace."

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by Rev. C M. Jacobson of Fitchburg at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Monday, at 7.30 P. M., Service in Danish by Rev. A. Larsen of Worcester.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service in Swedish by Rev. A. G. Netson, Centre City, Minn.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—4th Sunday after Epiphany.
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Faith Tested."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.45 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Do Thyself No Harm." A Plea for Temperance.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, at 7.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 8, by Rev. Frederick Woods, Thomas Currie and Bell L. Scott, both of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 18, Philip McManus, aged 56 years.

In this city, Jan. 18, Ellen Burns, aged 59 years, 9 months.

In this city, Jan. 20, Edward, son of John and Annie Sargent, aged 2 months, 1 day.

In this city, Jan. 20, Dorothy, daughter of Doremus and Ruth Scudder, aged 6 months, 16 days.

In this city, Jan. 23, Lawrence J. Cullan, aged 35 years, 9 months, 6 days.

In Providence, R. I., Jan. 21, Elsie, daughter of Frank and Julia Miles, aged 3 years, 3 months, 10 days.

In Lynnfield Centre, Jan. 21, 1900, Mrs. John S. Plummer, aged 87 years, 6 months, 3 days.

A Special Attraction For the Ladies.

We have succeeded in purchasing a limited number of dozens of

Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose

of extra quality. To our customers we shall offer them at 13c. pair, 2 pair for 25c.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Woburn in the Eighteen Forties.

WITH CONCLUSION OF EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF LEONARD THOMPSON.

II.

The business depression of the years 1835 to 1837, was followed by a period in which it was hard for an honest, industrious young man to find anything profitable to do. Many Woburn youth therefore left their native heath, and sought homes and occupation elsewhere. Some departed for the then far distant West. Others went to sea under Capt. Jefferson Ford, a Woburn man, who at this time was mate of the ship *Burmah*, making voyages to the Island of Cuba and to the Baltic Sea in Russia, a voyage usually lasting seven months. Among the latter was Mr. Thompson. Another was Bartholomew Persons, of Woburn,—whose death Mr. Thompson notices—who died of yellow fever, after a few days sail from New Orleans on his passage to New York. Mr. Thompson says of him, under date of January 17, 1838: "He was a cherished companion of my early days and while I deeply feel his loss, I shall long remember his fine disposition and noble character with much admiration."

Capt. Ford died in service in the U. S. Navy during the Civil War, leaving a family at Winchester, Mass.

Mr. Thompson's itinerary before 1843 was therefore an extensive one. Besides, a residence at Swampscott, Mass., for a considerable time in 1834, for his health, and the voyage to Cuba and Russia in 1836-1837, he spent two months in Boston in 1838, and some time in Philadelphia, Penn., and Mobile, Ala., in 1839. From the last named place he had a dangerous voyage back to Boston, in December 1839. In 1840 he visited Providence, Fall River, Newport, Lowell, Ipswich and Hallowell, with a view of settlement. He remained in Ipswich, Mass., and Hallowell, Maine, dividing his time between both places during the greater part of the years 1841 and 1842, and in the latter year visited Springfield and Chicopee, in Western Massachusetts, on a tour of observation, and established himself at Hartford, Conn., for a few months. In 1843 he had returned to Woburn, where he was keeping a store on his own account, with a reasonable degree of success.

With these preliminary remarks we continue the final instalment of entries from his daily journal.

In 1840, under date of August 5, is this entry, "By the last Census, which my Father has taken, Woburn contains 2,933 inhabitants."

November, 4, 1841. "In the evening we listened with much delight to an address from B. F. Hallett, on the prospects of Democracy, in the new town hall, formerly the Universalist meeting-house; about three hundred present."

April 13, 1842. "Woburn has continued to grow with strides in numbers, wealth, and business, yet some have built too large an establishment on a small foundation and are tottering to ruin. So many new houses and buildings of various description have been erected that I hardly feel at home."

April 15. "Father having business to attend at the 'Silk Farm,' I rode over with him and found quite a village, where seven years ago only one house and a wide extent of pine plains were seen. Now about twenty houses and a stone mill, etc., rise to surprise the visitor. Mr. Sweetser, of Boston, owns a large establishment here. His greenhouse is a great curiosity, and speaks much for the enterprise and taste of a private gentleman. The culture of Silk is discontinued."

April 17. "The singing [in Woburn churches] has much improved. and [the choirs] are well trained. A Unitarian society has hired the town house and hold stated meetings."

July 25, 1843. "Many of the townspeople are journeying for pleasure. The Odd Fellows Society goes ahead fast. Worthy accessions every session."

July 28. "Went to Boston, and coming home was obliged to come through West Cambridge, on account of a vessel getting aground in the river at Medford Bridge."

July 30. "A fearful catastrophe has befallen us. Last night the fine cottage of Mrs. Caldwell took fire and was consumed without insurance, and still more unpleasant, Mr. Josiah M. Richardson, a worthy, promising young man, was so severely injured by the falling of the chimney, that his life is despaired of. His brother Ben only escaped by a long leap from the ladder. Loss $900. I knew nothing of it till I came into the village this morn. I attended church [July 30]. Congregation very thin; indeed, only 6 women were present in the body of the house; P. M., a few men present."

"July 31. "This evening Leander Thompson lectured on the manners and customs of the Syrians and inhabitants of Asia Minor to a delighted audience. I attend a meeting of the Albion, No. 1, Fire Company; new candicates were initiated from Stoneham."

August 2. "This morning about 4 o'clock, the people were suddenly aroused by the cry of fire again, and the bell ringing violently waked me at once. I was soon on hand, and on arriving at the village found it was down to *Black Horse*. Starting for the fire we got most there and were told it was Bacon's factory. Three buildings and contents were destroyed. Two mills containing various machinery and a small dwelling house were included in the destruction."

August 8. "A company of 19 *Hawker's Square* boys returned to-day from the beaches, where they had been on a tour."

August 25. "This evening, Marion Band of Woburn gave a concert, led by Mr. Kurek, a Polish refugee, assisted by several eminent musicians from the city."

"August 31. "The Pulaski Guards, of Boston, came out to dine at the Horn Pond House."

Sept. 2. "Mr. Josiah Richardson, who was injured at the fire, about the last of July, and who has lived against all hope, and in great misfortune, expired this morning at 4 o'clock. He was an early schoolmate of mine, and remarkable for his mild and christian temper."

Sept. 3. "Sunday, P. M., Mr. Richardson's funeral was attended by an immense throng of friends and mourners."

Sept. 7. "Our new school house is rapidly progressing. Several new dwellings and a large building for stores are going up. A steady prosperity attends the town."

Sept. 9. "The Marion Band has just returned from an excursion to Nashua and Wilton, N. H. They have gathered fresh laurels by their sweet melodies and stirring martial music."

Sept. 13. "The celebrated personage Gov. Dorr [of Rhode Island] is now rusticating at Horn Pond."

January 1, 1844. "In the evening I repaired to the Town Hall, where the people are holding a temperance *picnic*, and it was a rich gathering. About five hundred had assembled, and after partaking of an elegant collation, rose to give ear to the effusions of intellect."

January 4. "Wendall Phillips, Esq., of Boston, delivered the first of the course of lectures by subscription, on various useful topics. Subject, this evening, 'The Lost Arts.'"

January 8. "This evening the Mechanic's Phalanx celebrated by a splendid ball at Porter's West Cambridge. About 75 couples were present."

January 12. "Mr. Kurek gave a splendid concert this evening. It was a grand affair."

June 1. "A large circus was permitted to perform in town, very much to the pleasure of the juveniles, and fun seeking old ones."

June 3. "The Railroad Depot has been moved or established on a lot opposite Capt. Edgell's house (afterwards George Allen's").

June 5. With a party of ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Thompson walked over to the Fulton Green House, at present Montvale.

September 6. Seventy-five persons went from Woburn to attend a clam bake at Swampscott, and 18,000 people were present to listen to speakers favoring the election of Polk and Douglass.

To be continued.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philidelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they have saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed, at Parker's Drug Store.

The Masserchewsits Reform Club.

Ime won of the survivin members of the Masserchewsits Sosiashun of Copperheds. We formd ni unto 40 yere ago too perpetooate the memry of the sufferins we sufferd and of the endoorances we endoord on ackount of the war too fre the niggers. There is but fu of us left and we are so old and feble we dont hold enny meatins now, rairly sea won anuther exsept we meat by acksident at the sloon, but we are acktooated by the same fealins and inflooenced by the same prinsiples that anemated us when we was in hour prime. Hour lot has bin a sad won these menny yers, with fu frends and fu brite spots too chear us on hour lonely way doun too the yawnin grave. We have moand the los of hour onerd leeders and hour grate statesmen hoo have gon too there reward, and we cood bair hour greaf with resignashun for they dide as they lived, confedrates too the last. But when we sea the younger generals, the pride of the lost caws, drest in younighted states youniform, fitin under the younighted states flag for the younighted states guverment, we feal like fallin into the arms of Abraham (not old Abe Lincon by a d—d site) and closin hour ize in deth til the reserreckshun mornin. Won of the brite spots, the britest spot, that has cheard us in menny yers was the duins of the Masserchewsits Reform Club at a late meatin in Boston. No sich effushun of patriotism has bin pored out and, I feer, wasted on the unthinkin beeins of this generashun, as was unbottled there. The speaches was all printed in the papers and I red them over and over agin, til I cood sea too reed them no moar. I was grately effected in reedin Ned Atkisson's speach. It roused the old patriotic fealin of revenge I have always had for the republicans for bringin on the war too fre the niggers, and I cheard and cheard and hollerd miself horse. It was so revivin, so refreshin, so like the speaches we youst too have in hour meatins when hour sosiashun was in the middle of its glory and yousfulnes. Ned sed he wood vote for Brion on a flatform with mormans and wimmin beefore he wood vote for Makinly. Thats me and thems my sentiments eggsackly. Ned has gut the stuf in him that patriots are maid of, and all he has too doo is too unkork his mouth and it gose off like a lager beer bottle. Ned hates Makinly and he wood rather eat swill and go on all 4s the rest of his nateral life than too sea him president enny moar. Game Bradford was a good 2d but he haint gut the pop too him that Ned has. And there was sum uthers, sort of womanish kinder fellers. What they sed was all rite but they seamed too bee tryin too fire off big slugs with a small charge of powder. Perhaps it was all the powder they had. If so the lord haint bin very kind too them. But there was C. F. Adums; he tride too bee on both sides of the fense at the same time. It was good lord and good devel with him with a strong leenin towards the devel. He sed he wood vote for Makinly beefore he wood vote for Brion on a flatform with mormans and wimmin. Now he had no lorful rite too say enny sich a thing in a patriotic meatin like that. It was treeson for him too say it. I no him. He fit us mourn too yere in the war too fre the niggers and he haint ever repented of it nor ast hour forgivness yet. I dont sea how he gut into that club. He don't beelong there and he orter bee kicked out at the back dore by a dyin mewl.

Now, bruther Atkisson, what you want too doo 1st is too get red of yure tenderfooted frends and 2-fased patriots and carry on the work you have so bravely beegun with vigor and a little moar sekresy. Lern from us, yure elder bruthers, lessens in practical patriotism. Reed histry and sea what we did and how we did it. Send word too G. Washington Aggynoldy by evry male that we are with him hart and sole and that he and his taglocks have hour simpathy and hour prairs. It was in meatins like this that we did so much too prolong the war too fre the niggers. By hour inflooence and by hour acks we prolonged that war mourn 2 yere and sent too tofit mourn 2 100 1000 yunion soljers. It was in won of these meatins that we arranged too send small pox clothin too the younin hospitals. It was in a meatin like this that we pland too kill old Grant, the boocher, and old Abe, the tirant, and all his cabinet, and it was from won of these meatins that the sainted Booth went too perform the most glorious act none in histry and which has maid his naim onerd and immortal.

E. F. P.

Boulevard and Park Assessments.

A new Commission to assess the expense of parks and boulevards upon the municipalities in the Metropolitan District, will probably result from the recommendation of Gov. Crane that these bills should be paid now. Five years ago a movement was made in this direction, but the Legislature, at the request of Lynn, Medford and other places, deferred payments until 1900. The city of Lynn still desires to get out of the Park District, and is said to oppose the boulevard from the Fells to Lynn Woods in consequence, but as the Metropolitan Park Board has practically perfected its plan for the shore boulevard in Lynn, she will hardly escape.—*Winchester Star.*

We had understood that assessments for the maintenance of the Metropolitan Park System had been annually made on the cities and towns embraced in it, and that payment of the taxes was postponed to 1900, when they would be collected. We presume, however, that the *Star*, which has kept close run of this business, has in the above paragraph made a correct statement of the matter.

Conan Doyle says that he is soon going to the front, not with a gun, but with a stethoscope in his hand.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Notes from the Public Library.

The beginning of the calendar year is a time for retrospection and as a new leaf is turned it is not unprofitable to glance back over the doings connected with our Public Library and see what has been accomplished during the past year.

The annual literary census has been taken and though it may not differ much from the preceeding year, shows that there is still a continuous and widespread interest in everything pertaining to the Library. Under a new system adopted by the Trustees the bulletins which have been issued every three months will be discontinued, and in place of them a card catalogue will be arranged, divided into fiction, juvenile and miscellaneous books, which will be placed in the Reading-Room for general use. This will specially accommodate those who are looking for the latest editions, as the accessions will be kept up to date.

The Trustees, also realizing that a large number of the publications that are sent out are ephemeral and would soon pass out of notice, have been more careful in the selection, by having all the fiction and juvenile books read before placing them on the shelves, consequently not so many books have been added, but what has been lost in number has been made up in quality. A goodly number of books have been added which take high rank in literature, like "The New Pacific" by Herbert H. Bancroft, whose author says, for the first time countries around the Pacific Ocean are presented as an entirety; resources and industries, history and romance, together with the events leading to the present active developments. Important chapters are: Resources of the Pacific, Mines and Manufactures, Hawaii. Race problems, and the condition of the Chinese in the United States is fully treated.

The Harpers have furnished several books during the year on Cuba, whose aim has been to recount facts and furnish exact information on the social and economic problems by which Cuba is confronted.

"Stevenson and Browning Letters," in two volumes, are of great interest. "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray" is not lacking in material for the biographer. His departure from India, his arrival in England, his early school life, misfortunes in London, his life in Paris, the distinguished people he met, and the places he visited, are all reproduced. "The many sided Franklin," by Paul Lecister Ford, a "biographical mosaic," is a work of rare interest in the field of American biography.

Four notable books are: "James Russell Lowell and his Friends" by Edward Everett Hale; "Contemporaries," and "Cheerful Yesterdays," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "Reminiscences by Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1899." Mrs. Howe's wide experience in the best society of America and Europe, her fine intellectual equipment and culture, make her reminiscences sure and worthy of preservation. The illustration of these books of recollections of literary New England are in themselves a literary and historical treasure.

Two magnificent volumes we have the "Life and Letters of Sir John Millais," the most distinguished and popular painter of the last half of the nineteenth century. These contain the story of his boyhood, his early struggles, the friendships formed with the most distinguished men of the day in art and letters, over two hundred of his pictures, and sketches have been reproduced in these pages and the work is a most important contribution to the history of English art.

The successful books of fiction, and which the supply can hardly meet the demand, are, "Via Crucis," a romance of the Second Crusade by Marion Crawford; "David Haram," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Red Rock," "Prisoners of Hope, "The Market Place," "Hugh Wynne," "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carrel," in all of which manly men and womanly women appear and encourage us once again to place faith in this branch of literature, which without doubt has the widest influence on our readers.

That the library is doing a good work in the schools and homes scattered throughout the city is proved, but with all its grand resources it is capable of doing a much greater work, and will as time goes on.—E. F. P.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Some of the leading English newspapers are making a curious exhibition of inconsistency by hotly denouncing the Government for doing things in connection with the South African troubles which, when they were done, they warmly approved.

A New York doctor is said to be writing the story of a horse that died of a broken heart. It seems to be a fact that the horse is a sympathetic as well as an intelligent animal.

MISJUDGED HIS COMPANION.

Queer Experience of a Traveler on a Lake Steamer.

"Speaking of misjudging people," remarked the young man who has money and can take pleasure trips whenever he feels like it, "I had a peculiar experience when I took the steamer trip up the lakes. I was little late in applying for a berth, and the clerk informed me that every stateroom was occupied, and he would have to give me a berth in the same stateroom with another person. I didn't particularly like the idea, but it was the best I could do, and, being very tired, I turned in. I saw nothing of my roommate, and, he having first choice of berths, and presuming that he would choose the lower one, I climbed up above.

"I wondered what sort of a man he would prove to be, and to be on the safe side I took my gold watch and pocketbook and placed them carefully under my pillow. I tried to stay awake until he came in, but the motion of the boat lulled me to sleep in spite of myself, and I didn't wake up until morning. The other person had turned in without disturbing me. I heard him stirring around in the lower berth. Cautiously I slipped my hand under the pillow. Both my pocketbook and watch were gone. There was no denying it. I searched the berth carefully and quietly. There could be no mistake. My handsome timepiece and several hundred dollars in bills were gone. I lay still for a long time, wondering what I would do. Perhaps he had hurled the plunder into the hands of a confederate. I felt pretty blue. Anyway, I would report the matter to the captain. I sat up in my berth with sudden resolve. A pleasant faced young man was sitting, fully dressed, on the lower berth.

"'I've been waiting for you to wake up,' he said. 'Do these things belong to you?' He was holding up my purse and watch.

"'Yes, sir, they do,' I answered severely.

"'Well, the blame things plumped down on me this morning about an hour before I wanted to wake up. The wallet struck me blim on the end of the nose and the watch nearly knocked my front teeth out. I was never so startled in my life.'

"I looked sheepish, I suppose; I certainly felt so, for, turning the pillow down, I found that the springs were of woven wire and lacked several inches of filling in the space at the head of the berth. My property had simply slid through and dropped upon the face of my startled stateroom companion. He took matters very good naturedly, and we got to be good friends before we got to Duluth. He was a wealthy young Englishman taking his first trip through our western country, looking for investments, and I found him a very companionable fellow."—New York Tribune.

A BEAR IN A CAVE.

Two Indians Went In by the Light of a Torch and Killed the Game.

Robert H. Davis tells in Gameland how two buck Indians of the northwestern coast tribes went into a bear's den and, by the light of a torch, killed a big grizzly bear.

A young law student got sight of the bear one day while he was still hunting. While trying to approach it the hunter alarmed the bear, and it ran to a 1,000 foot cliff and took refuge in a hole there. The student climbed up 100 yards on the face of the cliff and started rocks down about the hole, thinking to drive the bear out, but the bear would not start. Then he went to a nearby Indian camp and got Trinity Dick and a Pitt river Indian, who said they would go with the man after the bear if he would let them take the rifle. The student let Trinity Dick take the rifle and borrowed another for the Pitt river Indian.

"I waited outside," the student told Davis, "while the Indians went into the cave with a torch. I listened for a long time, then I heard the dull boom of two guns away back in the cave somewhere. Then all was still again for some time. After a bit Trinity Dick came out and waved his hand to me, then went back in. I followed and quickly came to the bear, which was already loosing its hide at the knife point of the Pitt river Indian.

"The cave was deep, with many arms. The Indians had followed the main cave, disputing with each other as to who should go first. Trinity Dick, being the eldest, got the place of honor, while the other followed, holding the torch high aloft. The bear was not in the main cave, and they went to the end without coming upon it. On their way out, however, the men were confronted by the bear at a distance of 20 feet. Trinity Dick told his companion to hold the torch steady so that the sights could be seen plainly. When the shot was fired, the bear pitched forward, and then a second bullet was fired into it. The Indians then turned and ran, loading their guns as they did so. But the bear never moved again."

A Way to Kill Time.

"I have hit," observed a friend, "upon the very best way of killing time. You know my work takes me on street cars a great deal. I also come in in the morning and go out at night in the train. Any commuter will tell you that it is an awful bore. You either spoil your eyes reading or sit there with your hands in your lap, looking all around, as one who has never been in a car before. Well, I've got the only real method now, and if ideas were patentable I wouldn't have to work much longer." The inventor lighted a cigarette.

"This is how I do it," he finally went on. "When I get in a car or train and have any distance to go, I get as comfortable a seat as I possibly can. And then I get all settled and either close my eyes or look at the back of the seat in front of me. So as not to interrupt the train of my thoughts, you see. And then"—he paused dreamily—"I think of what I would do if I had $50,000 and had to spend it in a week. That doesn't sound much if you've never tried it, but just start that train of thought some time, and you'll be immensely surprised at the way time will fly."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Return of the Horse.

The Chicago Tribune the other day printed two significant pictures under the heading, "The Return of the Horse." The first was a reproduction of a photograph taken in one of Chicago's parks a year ago and showing only hundreds of men, women and children on bicycles. The second, taken at the same spot during the balmy days of last November, showed a similar collection of persons on horses and not a bicycle to be seen.

India has perhaps a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world, having 15,000 native species, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe embraces only about 10,000.

Poverty is the stone on which many wits are whetted.—Chicago News.

Municipal League.

This political body held a meeting last Tuesday evening in Lyceum Hall and elected officers. A large number of leading voters were in attendance, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The following were the officers chosen for 1900:

President, Percy W. Lincott; Vice-President, Jonathan C. Ela; Secretary, Edward Q. Brackett; Treasurer, Edmund C. Cottle; Executive Committee, Charles M. Wright, Benjamin H. Nichols, Charles G. Lund, William P. Cutler, Frank E. Wetherell, William G. Graham, E. Gerry Barker, William E. Blodgett, James R. Wood, William H. Cadwell, William W. Hill, Edward G. Marston, Adam Bustead, Alvah B. Heald. A vote of thanks was tendered William E. Blodgett, the retiring President. The Executive Committee will meet next Monday evening for organization and transaction of business

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Mr. Robert E. Johnson, Manager for Miss Mary Sanders, has devoted all his energies to the production of Harry P. Mawson's "Little Nell and the Marchioness" to make the presentation of this Dickens play the most complete that the American stage has ever known. All the scenery, properties, and costumes were made and gathered under the supervision of Mr. William Seymour. The previous versions of this book were in a measure panoramic of it and sketchy. These faults Mr. Mawson has endeavored to avoid and to weave out of the famous work a play that is photographic and yet presents a consecutive and well-balanced story which runs throughout. Mr. Mawson had this advantage in making his play, that a religious observance of the original is not expected at this day, so that the author had a free foot in its delopment which is interesting and dramatic. The play was produced for the first time at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, January 22, Miss Mary Sanders playing the dual role. She is supported by such artists as Max Figman, John Jack, Chas. Stanley, Wm. Seymour, P Aug. Anderson, Harold Hartsell, H. J. Holliday, Lilly Eldridge and Anne Caverly. The usual matinees.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often causing a horrible Burn, Scald Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist..

WINCHESTER.

Coasting is not allowed on the boulevard.

The annual Town Meeting will be held on March 5.

A Unitarian Club was organized, or partially so, here last week. There is nothing in the world more fashionable than clubs.

A caucus to nominate candidates for town officers to be elected in March will be held on Feb. 20. Don't all speak at once.

Dancing and whist parties are all the go here this winter. Winchester is nothing if not gay. The *Star* keeps everybody informed about them.

The "Fortnightly," the crack Club of the town, was never more flourishing and influential than it is now. The finest women among us belong to it.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of —J. A. Dodgen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

The proposition in Mississippi to divide the school funds, so as to apply to the education of negro children only the money received from negro taxpayers, has been killed for this session, and probably for good, by an adverse in the Senate.

The report that a German scientist attributes red noses among women to the wearing of veils has a suspicious appearance. Men don't wear veils, and yet—but it is too delicate a topic for public discussion.

Red tape and official discouragement are doing much to wreck the volunteer movement for the enlistment of English yeomanry. Some of the yeomanry companies have already disbanded, and more are likely to do so.

When Parliament reassembles the Government majority will be reduced by 24 in the House of Commons, not because of any disaffection, but because that number of the Government's supporters have gone to the front.

"The Boer casualties to date are one man killed and two men wounded. There has been a large slaughter of British." This is the Boer official report from Ladysmith—and, though so obviously one-sided, it is not calculated to allay the uneasiness of London.

The Paris Exposition will be opened formerly on Easter Sunday. That's truly Continental. To open an exposition on Sunday would hardly be attempted in the United States.

An Unspoken Hint.

"Most insulting man I ever knew," exclaimed the man with the breezy personality. "I'm never going to have anything to do with him."

"What has he been saying to you?"

"Nothing."

"What has he been saying behind your back?"

"Nothing. Every time I start to tell him a funny story he looks up at the clock."—Washington Star.

On the Rialto.

First Actor (much elated)—Did you see what the critic of The Planet said—that such acting as mine has seldom been seen?

Second Ditto—Essentially that is what The Daygleam says, only it does not go quite so far. The Daygleam man says it was the worst he ever saw.—Boston Transcript.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles S. White of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, now deceased, dated August 24th, A. D., 1878, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1489, Page 300, and assigned by John W. Johnson, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered of said Leonard Thompson, deceased, to John G. Maguire of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 8th, A. D., 1900, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2792, Page 81, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, February 5th, A.D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed (except a portion thereof released from said mortgage, and which is hereinafter described), and bounded substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue; thence the line runs easterly on and by the southerly side of Montvale Avenue twelve rods to a passage way; thence the line turns and runs by and on said passageway southerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet; thence the line turns and runs easterly by land of Mrs. Bean fifty (50) feet; thence the line turns and runs southerly by land of J. D. Porter, eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of John Burke eighty (80) feet; thence the line continues southerly by land of Mrs. Hinds eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of Mrs. Onion one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake and stone by my other land; thence the line turns and runs by my other land westerly about fifteen (15) rods to a stake and stones at land of J. G. Flagg; thence the line turns and runs by land of J. G. Flagg northerly about fifty (50) rods, to the point of beginning.

The portion released from said mortgage as above stated is described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake at land of John G. Flagg and other land described in said mortgage and which stake is four hundred feet and three-tenths of a foot (400.3) from the southerly side line of said Montvale Avenue measuring on the division line between the land of said Flagg and said homestead; thence the line runs easterly by other land described in said mortgage one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by same land one hundred and ninety (190) feet to a stake; thence again easterly by the end of a passageway and land of M. E. Pierson and Bean one hundred forty-four and three-tenths (144.3) feet to a stake; thence southerly by lands of Burke, White, Onion, and others four hundred sixty-six and eight-tenths (466.8) feet to a stake at other land described in one other mortgage given by said White to Leonard Thompson; thence westerly by said other land one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet to a stake; thence northerly by land of Flagg three hundred and twenty-four (324) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, sewer assessments and liens if any exist thereon.

$100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said Mortgage.
Woburn, January 11th, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage given by Annie Sophia Peterson and Betty Johnson to Fred. W. Marshall and Albert L. Harwood, dated July twenty-seventh, A. D., 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 2756, Page 266; on account of a breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, the seventh day of February, A. D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of land, with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being part of the premises conveyed to said Annie Sophia Peterson and Betty Johnson by Guy P. Walton by deed dated June 5, 1899, and recorded with said Middlesex Deeds, Book 2741, Page 459, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Garfield Avenue distant fifty (50) feet northerly from land now or formerly of Couillard; and thence running northerly by said Garfield Avenue one hundred feet to a point; thence turning at a right angle and running westerly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson one hundred five (105) feet to a point; thence turning and running southerly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson by a line parallel with said Garfield Avenue and one hundred five feet distant therefrom one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence turning and running easterly by other land of said Peterson and Johnson one hundred five (105) feet to the point of beginning, containing 10,500 square feet, more or less. The northerly part of said premises are subject to a prior mortgage.

Terms: $200 cash at time and place of sale, and balance within ten days thereafter.

FRED. W. MARSHALL, } Mortgagees
ALBERT L. HARWOOD, }
and present holders of said Mortgage.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of Lucretia T. True, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and two codicils of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of February, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

SQUARE
QUAKER
FOLDING
THERMAL BATH
CABINET

A Turkish Bath at Home for 3 cents each.

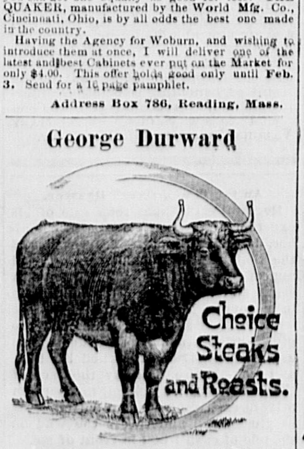
Better and 35 times cheaper than any Public Turkish Bath.

Why pay $7.50 and $12 for a Vapor Cabinet when you can get one equally as good for less? THE QUAKER, manufactured by the World Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, is by all odds the best one made in the country.

Having the Agency for Woburn, and wishing to introduce them at once, I will deliver one of the latest and best Cabinets ever put on the Market for only $4.00. This offer holds good only until Feb. 3. Send for a 16 page pamphlet.

Address Box 786, Reading, Mass.

George Durward



430 Main St., Woburn

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women, for the election of officers, and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held in Room 2 of Savings Bank Building, on **Tuesday, February 6th, 1900,** at 2.30 P. M.

ROSANNA B. TIDD, Secretary.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Fine Watch Clock and Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

From 11 A. M., to 6 P. M., Wednesday, January 31.
From 7 A. M., to 9 P. M., Thursday, February 1.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. He was consulted by many hundreds of people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, and his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday Dec. 28, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE..
Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter, Subject: "Summer in the Arctic." Illustrated. The main object of Mr. Porter's voyage was the endeavor to communicate with Peary, above the Arctic Circle, in the summer of 1899.

TUESDAY, April 17, 1900. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Season ticket holders are requested to keep their present tickets for use for admission to Prof. Harper's lecture. An overflow of engagements compels Prof. Harper to defer his lecture to that time.

The Course of the season will be held in the

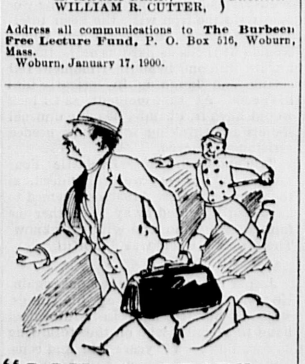
AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, }
E. MARIA BEAN, } Directors.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, }

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, January 17, 1900.



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that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler
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Clocks called for and delivered.
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

TRY
Reed's Ham And Bacon
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

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385 Main St., WOBURN

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LAWRENCE READE,
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Undertaker & Funeral Director,
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Get Your Printing Done At This Office

DR. PIERCE'S
FAVORITE
PRESCRIPTION

MAKES
WEAK WOMEN
STRONG
AND
SICK WOMEN
WELL

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swansdown
And still fluttered down to snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual paitence
That fell from that cloudlike snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.
—James Russell Lowell.

PHEMIE.

"It's no use trying," said Phemie. "Mother hates me, and everything I do is wrong."

"Your mother can't help it, Phemie," said Dr. Jasper. He was the new medical man, in huge favor with Mrs. Albatross, Phemie's mother.

"Your mother is highly strung—quite a woman of genius, and allowances must be made for her temperament, my dear young lady. Temperament rules everything."

Indeed, Mrs. Albatross' temperament seemed to rule Dr. Jasper, the parson, the squire, the parish, but it did not rule Phemie.

"Look here," said the girl—she was just past 20—"you and mother are always croaking about me, I know, but you do nothing to help me. At least I think you would, but you're afraid"—

"Your mother used to take an interest in you, but you did not meet her half way. Is not that so?"

"No, it isn't. When I was 16, she had a fad of dressing me up in last century costume and making a doll of me—not my style at all—just to show off her own cleverness and queerness at my expense. She said I was ugly and only dressing could make me fit to be seen."

"Well?" said Dr. Jasper, who was a rising young medico of 30, as he looked gravely and judicially at the pretty much tried girl, who only half believed in his good will.

"Well," said Phemie, "every one laughed, and I showed mother I would not stand it."

"And then?"

"Then she packed me off to school. The mistress said I was sort of dazed for a time, as if I had been ill treated—and so I had—and quite neglected, but they were kind to me there, and I was very happy for more than a year, except in the holidays, which were always odious. Then you came along"— And Phemie paused and stole a doubtful glance at the doctor.

"What then?" said the doctor, like a person coldly inquiring for ordinary information, yet with a certain little twinkle in his eye which did not escape the aggrieved Phemie.

"Then," said the girl, "I thought you were my friend at first, but I don't now. At least"—

At this moment Mrs. Albatross entered, and, turning sharply on Phemie, said with a snap, "I suppose you haven't fed the fowls or sorted the linen or done anything but idle away your time, as usual?"

"I was called when Dr. Jasper came because you could not be found."

"I'm sick of your excuses. Dr. Jasper does not want to see you." Then, in quite an altered tone, as Phemie shrunk away out of the room: "Do you mind coming up to my sitting room? I want to have a talk with you about those changes at the infirmary. I am sure you will agree with me and you will be most useful. We can't allow things to go on," etc.

Dr. Jasper always did agree with Mrs. Albatross, but somehow he molded her, and she usually came round to his opinion. He listened and she talked. He could wait, and when he had taken her bearings—without ever interrupting or contradicting—she listened and he talked, and not then, but next time, she echoed his opinions and fancied they were all her own.

"It is such a comfort to find a sensible man to talk to in a stupid place like this," said she, laying her arm confidingly upon the doctor's as he sat smiling and agreeing with her.

Mrs. Albatross had worried one husband into the grave—she was too clever for him—but her intellectual vivacity, imagination and enterprise made her an interesting companion. She was only a little past 40, and very well preserved, and she meant to marry Dr. Jasper.

Whether it was hypnotism or will power the doctor came again and again and would not send in his bill, and the doctor's bill never was paid. He paid himself.

"Don't speak to me," said Phemie hurriedly as she met the doctor coming down stairs after a long confab with her mother. "Mother's about. She's out all tomorrow afternoon. I've got to paint the doors"— And Jasper passed out with a sympathetic smile. She knew he would call and advise her about painting the doors. He did call.

"What a deal you know about mixing paints and things! I'm sure I want good advice a great deal more than mother does. But, then, I'm not clever like mother," added Phemie, with a little aggrieved pout. "So it's not worth while talking to me."

"I do feel for you," said the doctor, with an unusual warmth of manner. "I have done all I could to get your mother to be fair to you, Phemie"—he had never called her Phemie before, and she felt her color rise. "What's the matter?" he added hastily, for suddenly Phemie's eyes filled with tears, and she just went off then and there and left the paint pots and things without saying another word.

. . . .

Dr. Jasper's visits became more frequent. Mrs. Albatross was constantly seen about the village with him. They met in cottages. She was devoted, so she said, to nursing the sick. It was certainly a new development. She was never seen with her daughter, nor was Jasper, but he saw her daughter oftener than she knew. Still it seemed less and less possible to do without Mrs. Albatross. Her ability, her cooked foods and port wine for "cases," her influence with the squire, who disliked and obeyed her; with the parson, whose good will was important to the doctor and who was afraid of Mrs. Albatross, for she browbeat him in the chair at parish meetings, picked holes in his sermons and organized the penny readings, which he disliked, under his very nose—all this and a good deal more—for Mrs. Albatross was a woman and not above feminine arts—put Jasper in rather a tight place.

He knew that Mrs Albatross wanted to marry him, and there were days—yes, whole days—when he really thought he should be obliged to marry Mrs. Albatross.

The moment came. It was in the little sitting room up stairs.

Something had happened. Dr. Jasper saw that plainly enough.

The lady was flushed and excited, and he missed the usual confidential hand squeeze.

"I—I wanted to see you," she said and paused. "Nothing has come to your ears, I suppose?"

The doctor looked inquiringly.

"Well, then, I'm dreadfully troubled, annoyed beyond measure, put out. Of course, you know my maid, Susan. She has been with me ten years and is not a gossip"—

"What on earth do you mean? Do be plain. Surely with me you might be quite plain." And he moved a little nearer, feeling at that moment a curious kind of attraction which almost compelled him to lay his hand upon her arm and force her to be quite honest.

"Don't keep me on tenterhooks," he said eagerly. "Tell me!"

"I will," said the lady. "I feel I can tell you anything. I don't think I have any other friend in the world—at least, not like you. No one understands me, no one has helped me as you have, and we've got to part. That is all"—

"What on earth," said Jasper, really shaken and troubled—he had never seen her grow pale like that or her lips quiver like that, and she was not the crying sort, and she did not cry now—"what—what has Susan been saying?"

"Only that it's all over the place, and that she thought at last she ought to tell me"—

"You don't mean, you don't mean"—He couldn't quite say it.

"Yes, I do," she said. And she rose and walked up and down the room full of a sort of angry vexation, mingled evidently with a conflict of passionate feeling she could neither conceal nor subdue.

"Sit down," he said. He had risen. He took her arm. She was positively trembling. He led her to the sofa by the fire.

"I shall have to leave this place," she said in a sort of hard voice. The angry tears came into her eyes. He had never seen her weep. This was the nearest approach to it.

"I know what you are going to say. Don't say it. No, you shan't go. You are useful. The people trust you. It is your sphere. I am the marplot."

"Why should you go?" said Jasper, hardly measuring his words. "Why should either of us go? Why not stay—and stay—stay together?"

"You don't mean it?" Men at such times are more fools than knaves.

"Yes, yes—I—do."

Jasper had taken her hand. The woman with the iron will, the keen intellect, the nature self contained, which seemed at times as hard as nails, turned toward him and in another moment fell crying and laughing hysterically into his arms. At that moment, as ill luck would have it, Phemie, hearing unusual sounds and thinking some one needed assistance, entered.

"Go and fetch some sal volatile. Your mother is not very well." Indeed, at that moment Mrs. Albatross seemed to have really fainted away. Whether she fainted or not no one will ever know. The doctor himself was doubtful.

. . . .

Jasper never entered the house again. He went home, packed up his things, wrote a hurried note in a disguised hand to Phemie, who on the following day would be 21 years old and come into £500 a year, which had been left her, to the disgust of her mother, by her fond father—and Jasper went to bed.

. . . .

He must have risen early. No one at his lodgings saw him go out. His hot water was brought up at 8 o'clock. His boots had not been put out over night.

The servant knocked again at 9. The door was not locked. She entered. She saw boxes packed and labeled "Left till called for." The bed was empty.

The station was a mile off. There were only two passengers by the early train.

When Mrs. Albatross came down to breakfast she inquired for Phemie. Phemie was gone.—Sketch.

Looking Forward.

"When I am rich," he said haughtily, "I will return and taunt you with the opportunity you have missed."

"When you are rich," she answered calmly, "I trust you will offer to pay for the broken leg of that spindle limbed gilt chair."

And he went forth with a hollow groan.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Common Sense Talk with Women

If a person is ill and needs a medicine is it not wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit?

A great many women who are ill try everything they hear of in the way of medicine, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a constant menace to their already impaired health.

This seems to us very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experiments and have been known years and years to be doing only good.

Take for instance Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; for thirty years its record has been one unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female ills the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

It seems so strange that some people will take medicines about which they really know nothing, some of which might be, and are, really harmful; while on the other hand it is easily proved that over one million women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine.

All this should, and does, produce a spirit of confidence in the hearts of women which is difficult to dislodge, and when they are asked to take something else they say, "No, we want Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has been tried, and never found wanting, whose reliability is established far beyond the experimental stage."

We have thousands of letters like the following addressed to Mrs. Pinkham, showing that

Monthly Suffering is Always Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also Backache and Bearing-down pains.

"I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."—Miss Joie Saul, Dover, Mich.

"Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhœa, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods, confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the highest terms to all sick women."—Miss Rosa Helden, 126 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O.

Two Letters which Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Cure Other Female Weakness.

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—Mary A. Stahl, Watsontown, Pa.

"After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhea, I can say that I have been entirely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends."—A. B. Davids, Binghamton, N. Y.

Another Case of Womb, Kidney and Bladder Trouble Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Friend—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

"I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—Mrs. Mary Vaughn, Trimble, Pulaski Co., Ky.

An "Outs and Over" Drawer.

Regarding the humorous side of his experience as a national bank examiner, James S. Escott, now president of the Southern National, says: "I had almost completed the examination of a small and rather primitive institution in a mountain town when I found the balance $100 short. I summoned the president and cashier and asked for an explanation. Each scratched his head and looked wise. Finally the face of the cashier lighted up, and he opened a private cash drawer, counted out $100 in greenbacks and threw the wad on the pile of cash I had in front of me.

"'That makes it all right, I guess,' he remarked.

"I asked him how he was going to enter the $100 he had just put in to make the balance on his books. He looked bewildered and finally said he wouldn't enter it at all.

"'You see,' he remarked, 'that drawer I just went into to make the balance is what we call the outs and over drawer. It's a great thing. Whenever we're out of balance, we go to outs and over to make things right. Then, again, when the sheet shows more cash than we ought to have the surplus enriches the drawer. Funny you all have never thought of the scheme in the big banks.'"—Louisville Dispatch.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

A BROTHER'S KEEPER

When a man who is yet young arrives at the conclusion that life holds nothing more for him and that he can only devote himself to the good of others, there is plenty of keen wretchedness in store for him. If he gets up after a bad blow and is actively miserable and somewhat hateful and resentful, he can yet be happy. But self immolation is not natural, and anything unnatural brings its own punishment. Another person and other people cannot be the center of the universe for very long. There may come a jar that will put you out of plumb for a bit, but you swing back to your normal position.

The jar that came to Osborne was a hard one. The girl to whom he was engaged told him that her parents were forcing her to marry a certain rich man. Now parents in these days do not force one to marry anybody, but Osborne would have believed whatever the girl had chosen to tell him. He believed this and thought she was a beautiful, suffering martyr, and there was a tragic scene, which she did cleverly, and a parting. After that Osborne lost even ambition, which had been a ruling passion almost above his love. The girl was mean enough, too, to keep his misery alive by writing to him now and then bewailing her gilded captivity.

Life, he told himself, was henceforth a vain thing, only fit to be used in the service of others. It is not easy to serve others picturesquely in the army. There are no needy and no fallen ones, because when they fall they cease to be in the army. So Osborne bethought him of his brother Alexander.

Alexander lived on a ranch, as Osborne had done. He was 17 years old. At 16 Osborne had been the support of a widowed mother and two children. He had had no boyhood in particular. It had all been work making the ranch pay. Only those who have tried it know what that means. Alexander was not afflicted after this fashion. He lived on his new stepfather and was envious of his brother.

Now, when Osborne brought Alexander on to San Antonio the first evening of his arrival he spoke to him thus: "There's a first class school right in the town, Alex." [Silence.] "I want you to study hard, youngster, to make up for the time you've lost up there in the wilderness."

Alex braced his feet against the porch railing and tipped back his chair. "It strikes me I've lost more fun than about anything else. It ain't fair, Herbert. You've been having a picnic for the last eight years, while I've been slaving in the fields, and I don't see it in the light of settling down right away to digging at books. I want a swing."

If a nature is ambitious, it cannot be altered. The ambition may transfer its object from self to some one else, but it will not die. Osborne's had transferred itself to his brother. So his heart sank. But he had learned toleration. "Well, I'll give you three months, but you must study to make up for it."

"Three months nothing! What's the matter with six?"

"A good deal is the matter. You'll be nearly 18 in six months, and you don't know as much as the average boy of 14. Of course I'm not blaming you for that. You haven't had a fair chance." Osborne forgot that at 18 he himself had passed the competitive examination.

"I guess I haven't—at that or anything else."

Young Osborne had gone barefoot all his life and had never had a whole new suit of clothes to his back or a dime to call his own. Osborne gave him dancing pumps and various seemly suits and a reasonable allowance.

But he thought the allowance small. "Say, Herbert, I can't make out with that measly ten. Make it 15, will you?" he complained.

"No," said Osborne.

Osborne's "noes" were always definite, but Alexander persisted. "Why not? You've a lot more than you need."

"I know best about that. Ten dollars is enough, and it's all I can give you. I've your education to pay for, recollect. You've no expenses outside of an occasional theater ticket and tennis ball—or you shouldn't have."

"You always did catch all the plums," said Alexander.

Then the mail orderly gave Osborne a letter from the girl. Osborne locked himself in his workroom and read it and believed every word of it. And living—even for others—seemed a hard thing for the next few days.

Alexander felt his oats promptly. He excelled at baseball, he learned tennis and dancing by magic and he rode well. Osborne had never been so popular. He had served the Mammon of ambition exclusively until he had transferred his allegiance to the god of love. Since then he had been a martyr—and martyrs are more pleasing in stained glass than in life. And now he returned to the first cult, and ambition filled him. He rejoiced in his brother's beauty, which was of the Bertie Cecil type, in his magnificent stature, in his agility and his athletics. He mounted him on the finest horse to be had in that part of the country—and wore a shabby uniform himself all winter. He read with him for two hours daily and was well pleased when the boy remembered just enough to give his conversation a peculiarly brilliant turn. He argued great things from this when Alexander should go to school. But when he went to school Osborne saw the truth.

"Alex, the account of you is very bad. You've barely scratched through on two things, and you've failed on mathematics altogether. I've told you that mathematics is the test at the Point," Osborne admonished.

"Oh, come, I say, let up, Herbert. I'm trying to learn this piece." He picked on with beautiful absorption at the guitar the lieutenant had given him.

"Put up that thing and listen to me."

Alexander obeyed, as all men did when Osborne willed.

"I am going to get you into West Point at 20. When I say I am going to do it, you know it is going to be done. Don't you? None of it depends on you except the study. I can't make you drink, but I'll take you to water and keep you there until you find it will be easier to drink. You can go back to the ranch if you like, but I'm not afraid you'll like it. I don't want to treat you as a small boy unless you act the part of one. You can learn and you must learn or the theaters will stop, and the hops will stop, and the guitar will stop—also the tennis. You have been cutting time, but henceforth you will study four hours a day and I will sit with you to help you and see that it is done."

So four hours out of every 24 Osborne put to the use of teaching one who did not wish to learn. Density can be bored through with patience. It is the india rubber of indifferent cleverness that resists. After some of the struggles Osborne would lie awake for the rest of the night from sheer nervousness. The boy slept with unruffled brain. The lieutenant almost came to forget the girl, but never quite. A letter would come when Alexander was most inert, and Osborne would stare straight in front of him and grit his teeth and wonder that a man could live with both sides of his nature thwarted and put back. But he had his reward. Alexander went into the academy at 20. He was the handsomest and most popular cadet in his class—and he failed in the first year.

Just how such things are done no one is ever quite sure, but in Osborne's case it must have been sheer force of determination. Alexander was reappointed, and he himself was made instructor at the Point.

He stood over the cadet with the stinging lash of his ambition, and Alexander was graduated. Osborne unwisely took some credit to himself.

"Nonsense!" said Alexander. "I'd have done it alone. The first miss was only bad luck. Don't think it's your circus."

"It doesn't make any great difference to me whose circus it is so that you come out all right. I'm only glad you're getting some ambition."

"Ambition be hanged! It's the one word in your lexicon. I'm sick of the sound of it. It is the sin by which the angels fell. Look out you don't fall, angel brother."

"I'm not likely to fall, but I should not mind it if it put you on a mountain height."

"No heights for me. I can't breathe rare air," answered the younger.

Now in the course of army events it came to pass that a strange fate made Alexander Osborne second lieutenant in the troop of which his brother was first lieutenant, and the first lieutenant continued his ambitious goading. Alexander was independent at present and resisted to some purpose. He would not spend his nights in study and his days in wire pulling. The war department did not reward that sort of thing, he said. It was action it approved. Wait until his time for action came. Then he would satisfy his brother.

And the time for action did come, but the action was disappointing. They marched 200 miles and then marched back again. Alexander complained loudly that he had had no occasion to display his prowess in battle.

He should have been quite safe in this, for that evening they would be once more in Grant. But the Indian host is not to be reckoned with. At sunset, within ten miles of the post, the Apaches caught the battalion in a ravine and kept it there until well into the night.

The moon came up and showed to the bucks hiding behind the cedars and scrub oaks on the rise the soldiers penned in the gully below them. It was merely for the latter a question of holding out and having a few men killed. The danger was not great unless the Apaches should be re-enforced or the couriers should not reach the fort. So the men took shelter behind bushes and rocks and fired at the flashes of light in the darkness above them. The officers walked about in the deep shadows, firing, too, and giving orders.

First Lieutenant Osborne was with his sergeant and another lieutenant when he came upon Second Lieutenant Osborne crouched down between two rocks, his arms clasped over his bent head and his carbine dropped on the ground beside him.

There was no mistake to be made. The other lieutenant hesitated, the sergeant drew back, but Osborne went up and touched his brother with his foot.

"Lieutenant Osborne," he said to the junior, "go and report to the officer in command, Captain Clarke. I shall have preceded you and have reported you for cowardice."

He went in search of the captain and made his report, and Second Lieutenant Osborne was sent under arrest back to the dismounted horses in the rear. Then the first lieutenant threw open his blouse and covered his breast with a wide, white silk handkerchief that gleamed even in the shadow and walked out into the full moonlight.

It was a matter of only a moment before the hidden Apaches saw him with the white target on his bosom, and two of them at least took aim at the target and hit it full in the center, and First Lieutenant Osborne pitched forward on the stones.—Gwendolen Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

Keys are made, to a considerable extent, by machinery, special dies for each variety being employed to cut the wards so as to fit a particular lock. The hollow keys, formerly made altogether by hand, are now in great part manufactured by a machine.

There seems to be no garment or other article of wearing apparel pertaining to woman on which a miniature may not be appropriately used as a garniture.

Philadelphia has just organized a Rainy Day club, with Mrs. Helen M. James as president. A skirt reaching to the boot tops has been adopted.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 28.

Text of the Lesson, Math. iii, 13, to iv, 11—Memory Verses, Chapter iii, 16, 17—Golden Text, Math. iii, 17. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by D. M. Stearns.]

iii, 13. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him." Jesus was now about 30 years of age (Luke iii, 23), and the same voice that came to John in the wilderness telling him to go forth (Luke iii, 2) had doubtless come to Jesus at Nazareth, for He was ever under the complete control of the Father both as to the words He spoke and the works which He did (John xiv, 10). We must ever see in Jesus, God manifest in the flesh, a mortal man filled with God (I Tim. iii, 16; Col. ii, 9), one who never pleased Himself, but esteemed it His life to do the will of God (Rom. xv, 3; John iv, 34).

14, 15. "Suffer it to be so now." Thus said Jesus to John when John insisted that he had more need to be baptized by Jesus than Jesus by him. If every child of God could only hear the Spirit whisper in every trial, "Suffer it to be so now, for Jesus' sake," how much easier some things would be. That step in the humiliation of Jesus was like all others to fulfill righteousness. When by accepting Him as our Saviour He becomes to us the end of the law for righteousness, it is that the righteousness of the law may be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit (Rom. x, 4; viii,4).

16, 17. Heaven opened, the Spirit descending, the Father lovingly testifying to His Dearly Beloved Son—what a scene, what an event! It makes one cry, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost! Luke says that Jesus was praying (iii, 21), and he also tells us that at the transfiguration, when the Father gave the same testimony, Jesus had been praying (ix, 29-35). In Him heaven comes to earth, and in Him is perfect access to heaven. He is the True Ark where alone the Spirit dove can rest.

iv, 1. "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." We think of the statement that God did tempt (i. e., prove, try, put to the test) Abraham (Gen. xxii, 1). And again, "The Lord trieth the righteous" (Ps. xi, 5). The Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil (I John iii, 8). He took flesh and blood that He might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil (Heb. ii, 14); therefore at the very beginning of his public work, being baptized by the Spirit and proclaimed by the Father as His Beloved Son, He is brought face to face with His great adversary. Let no child of God therefore expect to escape the conflict, but let us learn from our Lord Jesus how to gain the victory.

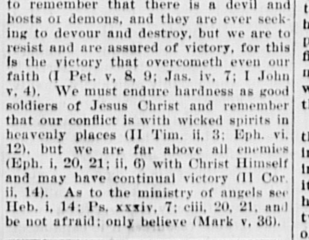
2. "And when He had fasted 40 days and 40 nights, He was afterward an hungered." Luke iv, 2, says, "He did eat nothing." We think of the other two, the only two, who fasted 40 days and 40 nights, who afterward appeared with Him on the Mount of Transfiguration, and we wonder what the full significance of these four 40 day fasts can be (for Moses endured it twice, Deut. ix, 10), but we shall know hereafter if necessary. Mark says that He was with the wild beasts (i, 13), and here again we wait for more light, but remember that David, before he slew Goliath, had a conflict with a lion and a bear.

3, 4. God had just said, "This is My Beloved Son." The devil says, "If Thou be the Son of God." Hungry, alone and with the wild beasts, He did not seem like the Son of God and perhaps did not feel like it, yet He was. The same tempter comes to the child of God, who may be in a strait place and seemingly forgotten of God, and says, If you were a child of God, would He leave you in these circumstances and give you these hard things instead of the comforts which would nourish you; would He deprive you of the simple necessaries if you were His child? Thus he would have us distrust God and turn our backs upon Him. Mark our Lord's reply and let us lay it to heart and learn to use it, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God" (Luke iv, 4).

5-7. This is a temptation to presume on God's care while doing recklessly, like challenging peculiar risks because we are Christians. The place is the temple in the holy city. The suggestion is again made that He is not the Son of God, and a partial quotation is made from Scripture. The devil never uses Scripture to honor God, but just the contrary. And in this case he omits the foundation of that which he quotes, "Because Thou hast made Jehovah my refuge, the most high Thy habitation" (Ps. xci, 9). Those who dwell in God will not do reckless things, for those who do thus are not abiding in God.

8-10. This last is a kingdom temptation, bowing down to the devil to obtain that which only God can give. The devil seems to understand that the Son of God is some day to have the kingdoms of this world as His (Rev. xi, 15), and as present prince of this world (John xiv, 30; xvi, 11) he offers the whole on short notice, but the Lord Jesus will accept nothing from him. He accepts only from God. Some one has said that it is no wonder the devil hates the book of Deuteronomy, as is evident from its treatment by the so called higher critics, for in each temptation our Lord quoted from this book (Deut. viii, 3; vi, 16, 13). We must not, as children of God, question our relation to Him or His dealings with us when He allows us to be tried. We must not presume upon His care if we are disobedient. We must accept no favors from the world or the devil.

11. "Then the devil leaveth Him, and behold angels came and ministered unto Him." So the sword of the Spirit, in the power of the Spirit, wrought the victory, and He has given us the same shield of faith and mighty sword (Eph. vi, 11-18), and we need not be overcome. We are to remember that there is a devil and hosts of demons, and they are ever seeking to devour and destroy, but we are to resist and are assured of victory, for this is the victory that overcometh even our faith (I Pet. v, 8, 9; Jas. iv, 7; I John v, 4). We must endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ and remember that our conflict is with wicked spirits in heavenly places (II Tim. ii, 3; Eph. vi, 12), but we are far above all enemies (Eph. i, 20, 21; ii, 6) with Christ Himself and may have continual victory (II Cor. ii, 14). As to the ministry of angels see Heb. i, 14; Ps. xxxiv, 7; ciii, 20, 21, and be not afraid; only believe (Mark v, 36).



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MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
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STRENGTH AND VIGOR
THE WORLD'S NEED.
DR. GREENE'S NERVURA
BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY
The One Sure Remedy for the World's
WEAK, SICK, and SUFFERING.

What is it all the world hungers for? Strength, energy, the electricity, the vigor and power of youth.

What makes these things? Why, fiery blood, and snapping nerves, iron strength, superb health.

And whence comes superb health? By the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy (nature's own medicine), we may build our weakness into strength, our exhaustion into vigor, our prostration into renewed life and energy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the remedy of remedies—the one sure and perfect cure for disease—the medicine which makes people well. It is the renewer of life, the true tonic and restorative, which gives appetite and enjoyment for all life's pleasures. Everybody should take it,—if well to keep so; if ill to make yourself well.

Take it—and be strong.

Mr. F. P. Dearth, Woodsville, N. H., says:—

"I was taken sick and was ailing for a long time. I had a stomach trouble and was not able to work much for about a year. I employed a doctor for a year, who did not seem to hit my case. I was weak and the slightest exertion wearied me. I heard of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and of its wonderful results on other people, and I resolved to try it, and from the results I can say nothing but good for it. I have not been as well in years as I am since taking Dr. Greene's Nervura, and I cheerfully recommend it to all."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain sealed envelopes.

IN THE LIBRARY.

The fire is dim, the light is low,
And silent, in my easy chair,
I sit and dream, and fancies flow
About me in the darkling air.

The walls with books are covered well;
Quite to the ceiling high they rise;
And in the darkness I can tell
Where each beloved volume lies.

But now they seem to live and move,
And faces from their bindings stare,
And all the authors that I love
And their creations fill the air.

They never speak; their eager eyes
Look for companions never found,
As each into the darkness dies
In turn and makes no sound.

And groups float by, but never gaze
Upon each other; all, intent
On unknown errand, go their ways
Or stand in mute bewilderment.

What are ye—real or feigned things?
And will ye live some grander life
When we, who breathe, have lost our wings
And fallen, silent, in the strife?

And who are greatest? Those who found
A city grand, a palace high,
Or those who till the spirit ground
Of fancy that can never die?

For men may live and do and dare,
Yet fade away, by all forgot,
But these creations, foul and fair,
Live on and perish not.
—Watson's "Songs of Flying Hours."

Talk to Your Horse.

Some man, unknown to the writer hereof, has given to the world a saying that sticks, "Talk to your cow as you would to a lady." There is a world of common sense in it. There is more; there is good sound religion in it. What else is it but the language of the Bible applied to animals, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A pleasant word to a horse in time of trouble has prevented many a disaster where the horse has learned that pleasant words mean a guarantee that danger from punishment is not imminent.

One morning a big, muscular groom said to his employer: "I can't exercise that horse any more. He will bolt and run at anything he sees." The owner, a small man and ill at the time, asked that the horse be hooked up. Stepping into the carriage he drove a couple of miles and then asked the groom to station along the road such objects as the horse was afraid of. This was done, and the horse was driven by them quietly, back and forth, with loose lines slapping on his back. The whole secret was in a voice that inspired confidence. The man had been frightened at everything he saw that he supposed the horse would fear. The fear went to the horse like an electric message. Then came a punishing pull of the lines, with jerking and the whip. Talk to your horse as to your sweetheart.—Buffalo Horse World.

Laughing Gas For Poets.

It is over a hundred years since nitrous oxide—the gas which so many of us associate with the dentist's chair—was first intentionally inhaled. The experiment was made by Sir Humphry Davy and was the result of a report published by a brother chemist that laughing gas, called by him oxide of septon, was the cause and basis of all contagion.

Cautious experiments made with the diluted gas produced no ill effects, and Davy proceeded to inhale considerable quantities of the pure gas. Contrary to his expectations, the effects were highly pleasurable. Thrills of pleasure pervaded his body, and his mind was filled with ideas and emotions of the most exalted kind, which, however, were very indistinct when the effect of the gas passed off.

It occurred to Sir Humphry Davy that the gas might be useful in promoting poetic inspiration, and he accordingly tried writing verse while under its influence, but the recorded result hardly shows a close connection between the divine afflatus and nitrous oxide. Davy's experiments had the effect of making the inhalation of laughing gas for a time highly fashionable, so that in 1802 a French writer alludes to it as having become a national vice in England.—Golden Penny.

Lightning and Thunder.

By counting the number of seconds in the interval between lightning and thunder it is possible to figure approximately how far from the observer is the scene of the storm. Sound travels 1,100 feet a second, so multiply the number of seconds by 1,100, which will give the distance in feet from the point where the lightning flashed.

For example, if ten seconds have elapsed the distance away will be 11,000 feet, or a little over two miles. It might be added that, as light and lightning travel so much faster than sound, if one survives after hearing the crashing peal he can be sure he is safe. Remembrance of this will dissipate terror.

Thunder can be heard a relatively short distance only. Strong cannonading can be heard as far off as 70 or 75 miles, while thunder is usually not farther away than 12 or 15 miles. In only exceptional instances does the interval between thunder and lightning amount to 100 seconds, so that the extreme distance at which thunder can be heard may be put down as about 21 miles.

Balzac a Terror to Printers.

With no inborn literary facility, with an inborn artistic conscience that drove him on in untiring pursuit of perfection, Balzac filled the vast chasm between his thought and its expression with countless pen strokes and by methods of composition all his own, the exact reverse of those of Dumas, writing at white heat, never rewriting, or of Hugo, who said, "I know not the art of soldering a beauty in the place of a defect, and I correct myself in another work."

Balzac began with a short and sketchy and slipshod skeleton, making no attempt toward sequence or style, and sent it, with all its errors, to the printer. Proofs were returned to him in small sections pasted in the center of huge sheets, around whose wide borders soon shot from the central text rockets and squibs of the author's additions and corrections fired by his infuriated fist. The new proofs came back on similar sheets, to be returned to the printer again like the web and tracks of a tipsy spider. This was repeated a dozen or, it is said, a score of times, always with amplifications, until his typesetters became palsied lunatics. He overheard one of them as he entered the office one day say: "I've done my hour of Balzac. Who takes him next?" Typesetter, publisher, author, were put out of misery only when the last proof came in, at its foot the magic "Bon a tirer."—Scribner's.

General Grant Owns Up.

When General Grant came to Liverpool and was entertained at the town hall, a quite unknown Liverpool man wrote to the mayor with many apologies, but asking if he might take the liberty of asking for a few minutes' conversation with the great soldier. The mayor hesitated, but found a way of mentioning the matter to the great man, who, without hesitation, said, "Certainly; let the gentleman come." He came. He said to the general: "Now, sir, utter amateur as I am, I have followed every step of the war, and I think I understand every movement except one. On such a day you were there and the southerners were there," pointing to plans on a map that he had brought. "Now, it seems to me that you ought certainly to have gone there, whereas you went there," pointing again. General Grant, the usually taciturn and when not taciturn phenomenally terse, just took the cigar from his mouth and said: "You're right, sir! Infernal blunder!" And in a moment the amateur strategist, beaming now, was courteously dismissed.—"That Reminds Me," by Sir Edward Russell.

A Natural Mistake.

A few years before his death Allen G. Thurman of Ohio was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit which was tried before a country judge in one of the small towns in the central part of the state. Opposing Judge Thurman was a young lawyer named Cassidy, who wore his hair pompadour, assumed an air of great dignity and was apparently greatly impressed with his own importance. Upon several occasions during the progress of the trial Thurman referred to his legal opponent as "Mr. Necessity." The young man arose whenever this occurred and with great gravity reminded the court that his name was Cassidy. Finally, after the offense had been repeated about a dozen times, the pompous attorney exclaimed:

"I must again remind counsel upon the other side that my name is Cassidy. I can't understand why he persists in maintaining that it is Necessity."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," said Thurman. "The reason I keep getting him confused with Necessity is, I presume, due to the fact that the latter knows no law."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The First Telescopic Comet.

"On the evening of Oct. 1, 1847, the Mitchells were entertaining a party of invited guests," writes Amelia H. Botsford of "The Mother of the Stars" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "But Maria Mitchell was not to be deterred by 'company' from following her custom of sweeping the heavens with the telescope every clear night. She slipped away and ran up to the observatory. Soon afterward she returned and told her father that she thought she had seen a comet. He hurried up to the observatory to look himself and declared that it was indeed a comet. This discovery entitled Miss Mitchell to the gold medal that had been offered some years before by the king of Denmark to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, and it was struck off and forwarded to her."

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2. 1900. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 9.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8 15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4 55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only

WINCHESTER and WOBURN

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2 56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8 15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4 03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, [illegible]33, 10 38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6 30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10 15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6 30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8 30, 9.00, 9.[illegible], and every half hour until 10.00, 10 30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9 45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9 00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9 00 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 0.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7 30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8 05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a m and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7 45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8 30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.37 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. [illegible] and Washington [illegible]
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vern[illegible]
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house [illegible]
47	Salem St. [illegible]
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and [illegible]
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	[illegible]
52	Eastern Ave. opp. Jefferson [illegible]
53	Fowle St. near [illegible]
54	Cor. Main and [illegible]
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue
57	Conn St., [illegible] Factory
58	Cor. Arlington and [illegible]
59	Cor. Green and [illegible]
61	Main St. opp. [illegible]
62	Cor. Main and [illegible] Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and [illegible] Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pr.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 5.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7 00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5,30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.2, 2 45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

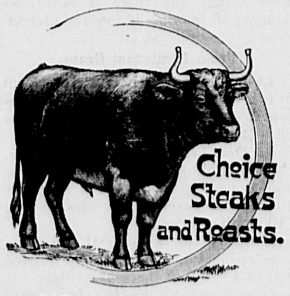
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE PARTING.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Give us your hand, my boy;
Grasp we warm and long.
Thanks for the day when our hearts had joy,
Our feet had speed and our lips a song.
The sails are filling—give us your hand!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true—
Here's to us both, one left on the strand;
One off in the bark comes never to land.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Give us a kiss, my girl;
Life and love are all.
Thanks for the glance mid the dance's whirl,
For the smile and the sigh and the sweet lids' fall.
The sails are filling—one more kiss!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true—
Thanks for the heart a heart can miss.
Here's to us both, the end of the bliss!

—John Vance Cheney in Cosmopolitan.

A HEROINE AT LYDENBERG.

An Episode In the Transvaal War of 1880-1.

BY W. WILMOTT DIXON.

One forgets many things in 18 years, and probably the story which I purpose retelling here is forgotten by all except the surviving actors in it and their immediate friends. But the memory of such a signal instance of British pluck should not be allowed to die.

On Sunday, the 5th of December, 1880, the little town of Lydenberg, in the Transvaal, was in a state of unwonted excitement. The whole population was out in its Sunday best to give a hearty send off to the Ninety-fourth regiment, which had been quartered there for many months and was now ordered to Pretoria. Both officers and men had made themselves extremely popular with all classes, and the expressions of regret at their departure were universal. Numbers of the inhabitants accompanied the regiment on its way for five or six miles. One lady and gentleman—Lieutenant Walter Long, the junior subaltern of the Ninety-fourth, and his pretty young wife—rode out as far as 15 miles. The colonel had paid the lieutenant the high honor of leaving him in sole command of the troops left behind, a responsible position for a youngster of barely two and twenty.

As the lieutenant and his wife turned their horses' heads and bade farewell to their comrades Colonel Anstruther called out:

"Goodby, Mrs. Long! Look after Long, and mind you're a good little adjutant. Goodby, Long! Look after my garden for me; remember, I expect to find it in as good order as I leave it."

Both the colonel and the lieutenant were enthusiastic gardeners.

As the regiment tramped past Mrs. Long cried out:

"Goodby, Ninety-fourth! God bless you!"

And the men shouted back:

"Goodby, our lady! God bless you, Mrs. Long!"

It was a last farewell for many of them, though they little thought it, for a fortnight later Colonel Anstruther and more than half his men were killed at Bronkhorst Spruit.

Out on the open veldt, about half a mile from the town, were eight military huts, each 50 feet long by 18 feet wide, built two abreast, with an intervening space of 30 feet, the whole forming a parallelogram 78 yards in length by 20 in breadth. At the first rumor of disaffection among the Boers Lieutenant Long resolved to withdraw his men into these huts and throw up some kind of shelter round them, for up to this time they stood without the slightest inclosure and utterly unprotected. The force under his command consisted of 50 privates and three noncommissioned officers of the Ninety-fourth, seven privates and a sergeant of the Royal engineers, three privates and a conductor of the army service corps—in all, including Dr. Falvey of the army medical department and Lieutenant Long himself, 66 officers and men.

Mrs. Long, who had been living with her husband in a pretty little cottage embowered in roses and fruit trees at the lower end of the town, without a moment's hesitation decided to leave her comfortable home and take up her quarters with her husband. Her many friends in Lydenberg tried in vain to dissuade her from the step. She was offered a warm welcome in half a dozen houses, but the brave little woman said that her place was beside her husband. So the soldiers brought her belongings from the pretty cottage to one of the huts and showed their admiration for her pluck by taking the greatest pains in making her quarters as tasteful and comfortable as possible. There was, however, but scant accommodation for a lady in the hut assigned to her, which sheltered under its roof three horses (whose every movement was distinctly audible), besides herself and her husband.

On the 16th of December they began throwing up works of defense round the huts, and Mrs. Long delighted the men by working as hard as any of them. On the 23d of December the appalling news reached them of the massacre of the Ninety-fourth at Bronkhorst spruit. But, stunned though they were by the terrible tidings, they set to work more vigorously than ever to complete their defenses. When the tiny fort was finished, it was christened Fort Mary, in honor of Mrs. Long, and Father Walsh, a Roman Catholic priest who had elected to cast in his lot with the little garrison, formally blessed it.

An envoy from the Boers, Dietrick Muller, appeared on the 27th of December with a proposal that the garrison should surrender and accept a safe conduct into Natal. His surprise at the youthful appearance of the commandant of the fort was great. "Dat younker!" he exclaimed in contempt. But "dat younker" was not so green as Mr. Muller imagined. He suggested writing to Pretoria for instructions. Muller consented, and Lieutenant Long thus cleverly gained a delay of five days, which he utilized in very materially strengthening his defenses.

On the 4th of January the Boers appeared in force, some 700 of them, and formally demanded the surrender of the fort, to which summons the young subaltern returned the spirited reply, "It is inconsistent with my duty as a soldier to surrender my trust." An urgent appeal was once more made by Mrs. Long's friends in the town to induce her to quit the fort and take up her residence in one of the many homes placed at her disposal. But she stoutly refused.

Two days afterward the attack commenced. For three hours and a half 700 Boers kept up a continuous rifle fire upon the little fort at a range of 500 yards. In her own charmingly modest and simple narrative, Mrs. Long thus describes her feelings when she first found herself under fire:

"I must humbly confess that during the first hour of the firing I was dreadfully frightened and took refuge under a table for its imaginary shelter. Father Walsh entering the hut at that moment with his breviary in his hand to look for me, and, not finding me, as he expected, called me. I lifted the table cover and poked my head out, saying, 'Here I am, father!' My position struck me as so ludicrous that I burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Not till 4 p. m. was I able to ascertain that, notwithstanding the terrible fire of the last four hours, not a man had been wounded. My husband, knowing how anxious I should be as to his safety, looked in as often as he could to cheer me."

But she very soon overcame these natural terrors and got so used to the firing, even when the Boers brought a couple of cannon to bear on the fort, that she frequently slept right through the cannonade.

What with tending the sick and wounded and making sandbags, sometimes turning out as many as four dozen of them in a day, Mrs. Long's time was fully occupied. Think of her there, one woman, little more than a girl, alone among 60 men fighting for their lives against ten times their number! What wonder that the men fought like heroes with this daintily bred English lady sharing all their dangers and setting them an example of patience and courage and cheerfulness. She admitted that at first she felt the absence of any of her own sex keenly. But the soldiers were so devoted to her, so delicate in their solicitude and consideration for her, that she soon lost the sense of loneliness.

One day a strange messenger arrived, a little black and tan terrier, with a piece of paper folded in a rag tied round its neck. It was a communication from some friendly townsfolk informing them that the Boers were quarreling among themselves, furious with Dietrick Muller for being such a fool as to allow the English those five days to complete their defenses and adding as a hint that the defenders of the fort were firing too high, which hint, I need hardly say, was quickly taken.

The garrison had nothing in the shape of a gun with which to meet the fire of the two 6 pounders that the Boers had in position. But one day Mrs. Long suggested to one of the army service men that the "monkey" of an Abyssinian pump which they had might perhaps be utilized. The idea was promptly seized upon and ingeniously carried into execution, and the Boers were very much amazed when a cylindrical shot weighing two pounds six ounces, formed of round crowbar iron cased in lead, came crashing in among them. "Mrs. Long's gun," as it was christened, proved a very valuable addition to the armament of Fort Mary.

The huts were riddled through and through with round shot and rifle bullets, and the escapes from death were so miraculous that Lieutenant Long twice had the men assembled for a special thanksgiving service conducted by Father Walsh. On one occasion a cannon shot struck the wall within an inch of Mrs. Long's head and covered her with dust and debris.

Another time the hut in which she lived came down about her ears, and her escape from being crushed in the ruins was marvelous. But she must needs, womanlike, go back to rescue her "things" and expressed truly feminine sorrow to find her best bonnet smashed as flat as a pancake and only one cup, two saucers and a couple of plates left of all her cherished crockery.

Meanwhile the men kept up their spirits with music and dancing. "Hold the Fort," with a strictly local application, was a favorite chorus, and the men invented a version of the famous jingo song:

> We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
> We've got the pluck, we've got the men and ammunition too!
> We've fought the Zulu king and Sekekuni, too,
> And the Boers shall never get into Fort Mary.

And they never did, though they tried their utmost to drive out the gallant defenders with cannon and rifles, and, what was worse, "Greek fire" shot in metallic tubes into the thatch of the roofs. Perhaps if the Boers could only have summoned up courage to make a determined assault while the huts were blazing and half the garrison occupied in putting out the flames they might have captured the fort. But they did not care to meet the stubborn defenders of Fort Mary hand to hand. So they contented themselves with potting at the gallant fellows who fearlessly exposed themselves in their efforts to extinguish the fire. Those efforts were successful, though they cost the lives of two brave men who could ill be spared.

But the garrison were not content with standing only on the defensive. They made plucky little night sorties, which scared the Boers considerably and caused them some loss. Twice Conductor Parsons of the army service corps sallied out alone in the dark and pitched hand grenades in among the enemy, which produced a perfect panic among them. There were vigorous sapping and mining, too, on the part of the Royal engineers, who made things very lively for the besiegers.

Then the water ran short—a pint a day for each man was all that could be spared, and this, though supplemented with a pint bottle of ale from the stores, was terribly short rations of drink in the hottest month of an African summer. Plucky Mrs. Long found the privation of water for washing more trying than even the thirst, and her joy was intense when, after many days of this privation, she discovered a big bath sponge in its oilcloth case, still damp. One daily wipe she and her husband allowed themselves as a luxury and then locked the sponge up.

At last the rain, which for many weary hours they had watched deluging the hills around, condescended to visit them, and then they had rather more water than they wanted, for, the huts being all roofless since the fire, there was no shelter from the pitiless downpour. The soldiers, always eager and anxious to protect Mrs. Long, rigged up a tarpaulin screen to shield her from the rain when sleeping, but despite their care she often woke up drenched.

The news of the disasters at Laingsnek and Majuba Hill was, of course, promptly communicated to them by the enemy, accompanied by a peremptory summons to surrender. But Lieutenant Long, though badly wounded himself, lying helpless, with his faithful wife nursing him night and day, sent back the curt answer, "I shall hold out to the last." And the men, looking at that brave woman, so patient and cheerful under her terrible load of anxiety, set their teeth hard and swore the Boers should never have Fort Mary while there was a man left to handle a rifle.

"And ever on the topmost roof the old banner of England blew." At first, indeed, it was but a merchant ship's ensign. How they hoisted a real union jack I will let Mrs. Long tell in her own words:

"Our ship's ensign had become, what with the wind and what with the bullets, a perfect shred. Moreover, we were anxious to hoist a real union jack. A Geneva flag was discovered, but, though sufficient red and white were forthcoming to complete the crosses, no blue was to be found. Nothing daunted, the men came to me to inquire if I possessed such a thing as a bit of dark blue for the new flag, and, to their delight, I gave them a serge dress of the desired color. A beautiful union jack was very soon made and hoisted instead of the first. Our ship's ensign, though exchanged, was not discarded, for under its tattered shred our brave fellows were carried to their graves."

On the 29th of March the Boers kept up a furious cannonade and fusillade all night. But the next morning, to the surprise of the garrison, a white flag was hoisted over the enemy's lines, and under its protection Lieutenant Baker of the Sixtieth rifles brought them the humiliating news that peace had been concluded with the Boers. So the gallant defenders marched out from the riddled and battered little fort which for 84 days they had held against ten times their number.

Mrs. Long was so thin and pulled down that her friends in Lydenberg hardly knew her. The Boers cheered her heartily as she passed them on her way into the town, and their commander, Piet Steyne, treated her with the utmost courtesy. Indeed such a chivalrous gentleman was this gallant Boer that he sentenced one of his men to 25 lashes for shouting out during the siege: "Come out, Mrs. Long, and make us some coffee. We are so cold." At the same time he threatened double the penalty if any further insult were offered to the English lady.

Lieutenant Long and his men were publicly complimented in a general order "for their successful and heroic defense." But I am disposed to think that the largest share of the praise was due to the brave woman who set them so noble an example.—Chambers' Journal.

California's Demands.

California first invented a serious need of steamboats in the United States and for a generation practically monopolized them. By a poetic injustice she has to this day very nearly the worst steamboats. She invented long distance railroading—indeed, one may probably say the American railroad system. There was not nor has been any other reason for mileages over 3,000. California called for a railroad three times as long as the world had ever seen and, getting it, gave back the sinews to vein the east with railroads—the sinews and the impetus. It is hardly necessary to remark that transcontinental railroading is a technic by itself, and that precisely as American methods actually direct continental ones, so the long, lean, single track, sand ballasted railroads across our continent are still tutors to the short, fat, perfected roadbeds of the narrow states.—Harper's.

That Depends.

"What is the difference between a sharp man and a smooth rascal?"

"Frequently there is no difference. The term depends upon whether you profit or lose by the operations of the man in question."—Chicago Post.

Comparative.

"Waiter, this steak is badly burned."

"Yes, sir; but you hadn't oughter make a fuss, sir; that man over there's got one broiled to a crisp, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Clever Clay.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said:

"Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote"—which he named—"I'm goin ag'in you."

"Let me see your rifle," said Clay. It was handed up to him. "Is she a good rifle?"

"Yes."

"Did she ever miss fire?"

"Well, yes, once."

"Why didn't you throw her away?"

The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you ag'in."

And Harry was elected.—San Francisco Argonaut.

What is Cream of Tartar?

When the juice which is pressed from grapes for wine-making ferments, the acid of the fruit is crystallized and precipitated. This is collected, refined to absolute purity, and ground to a powder. This is cream of tartar.

Fruit acids are among the most wholesome and important constituents of the food of man. They are absolutely requisite to maintain health. In grape cream of tartar there are combined the most useful of leavening agencies and a most healthful food article.

This highly refined acid of the grape, or cream of tartar, is the material from which Royal Baking Powder is made. It is many times more expensive than ingredients used in many baking powders, but being healthful in itself, it adds healthfulness to the food instead of degrading it.

In imitation baking powders poisonous alum is used instead of healthful cream of tartar. Alum powders seriously affect the health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

REVENGE ON A SNOB.

GETTING EVEN WITH A NEIGHBOR WHO PUT ON AIRS.

The Man Who Made His Money Had a Grudge Against the One Who Inherited Wealth—A Patent Medicine and the Billposter Did the Trick.

This time the drummer was a traveling salesman for a large drug firm in Philadelphia, and he was, as he put it, merely knocking around New York to see if his goods were a drug in the market or not.

"The meanest, low down kind of revenge I ever heard of one man taking on another," he was saying when the conversation had got around to the anecdotal stage, "was told me the other day. I won't mention names of persons or places, for the parties are still living, but a dozen years ago there was hurled at the great American public through the newspapers from every dead wall in the city and every fence and barnside in the country, in millions of pamphlets and pictures, and by every means known to the skilled advertiser with unlimited capital, the name and virtues of a medicine that would cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and this valuable truth was heralded forth with all painful and realistic details until it actually made the reader feel as if he needed some of the cure all as soon as he could get to it.

"In some sections of the country the landscape was alive with the glittering and glaring advertising of this wonderful medicament, and in one particular city and state it seemed as if every available inch of unoccupied territory was covered with notices of it. Bigger, too, than the name of this medicine was the name of this Napoleon of public benefactors, this healer of mankind, the great discoverer and Blank's Whatever-it-was, and Blank's Whatever-it-was was far more in evidence as Blank's than as Whatever-it-was.

"In the meantime one man in the city referred to above was gnashing his teeth and pulling his hair out by the follicles, and another man was laughing his lungs out. And why? Because one was the revenger, and the other was the revengee.

"And the nub of it is herein. Blank was a wealthy man in the city of Nameless, where the ads. showed up the thickest, and he was ultra swell and un-American and looked down upon earned wealth as compared with the inherited kind—he being an inheritor. He snubbed most of his fellow citizens when he had the chance, but he was particularly ready to down the man who was the architect of his own fortunes. He who made money was too utterly vulgar for anything. Across the street from him lived one of the kind he disliked so heartily, and this man was a millionaire and a gentleman. He had made every cent he possessed and made it honestly, and a snob was one of the objects in life he was gunning for perpetually.

"And Blank was one he had it in for more than all the others, for Blank he had with him always. He didn't know just how he was going to obtain his object in life, but he waited and trusted in Providence, and one day it came to him in the shape of a formula offered to him by a prominent physician who recommended it as very nearly an infallible remedy in certain cases. He listened quietly, said nothing, took the formula, made up his mind and one Sunday morning every Sunday newspaper in the city of Nameless and in all the cities in the United States fairly blossomed with the circus bill posters of Blank's Wonderful Whatever-it-was, and Blank woke up to find himself famous. He tore the carpets up in his vain pawings to assuage his wrath, but that did no good, for before the week was out there wasn't a spot on earth within reach of Blank's eye that didn't carry the hateful thing to glare at him and make his life a mockery and a bitterness.

"His was a proud name to be thus dragged through the mire of vulgar printers' ink, but he had no recourse, for the other man had found another Blank, one who wasn't so aristocratic and was willing to sell his good name at a fair price to decorate a patent medicine. It was the same name, yet in law it wasn't, and Blank couldn't do one earthly thing except groan in spirit and curse the day that the man across the street had been born. Once he threatened to challenge his tormentor, but on second thought concluded that it would further advertise himself and the medicine, so he settled down finally to accepting the situation and preserving a dignified silence, which he has done to this day.

"Now, just to show how Providence is always on the side of the right," concluded the drummer, "I may say that the man who risked his money to make Blank's name a burden to him made $500,000 out of the patent medicine, and to add somewhat to the romance of it he gave $25,000 of his earnings to a widowed sister of Blank, who had several children dependent upon her and had but a small income."—New York

What a Brier Pipe Really Is.

The so called brier pipe is not made of brier at all. "Brier" is a corruption of the French word "bruyere," meaning heather, and the misnamed brier is in reality the wood of the heather. This peculiar corruption, like many others, is solely due to the English tradesman, who, finding the correct word "bruyere" somewhat difficult for the British tongue to negotiate, quickly reduced it to the more familiar "brier," and the wood has been known by that name ever since.

The heather thrives in great profusion on the rocky slopes of the Tuscan Alps in North Italy and on the mountain sides in Corsica. A little is also to be found in Algeria, though this is not of a sufficiently high quality to be used for the best English pipes. A few years ago the plants flourished on the French side of the Jura mountains, but this supply has long since been exhausted.

The only brier to be obtained at the present day from France grows in the Alps Maritimus, near Nice, but even in this neighborhood the root is so scarce that it would not pay the peasants to work it. Hence there is no such term as "French brier."

Dodging Shells In Battle.

An old army officer, speaking of dodging shots and shells in battle, said that in all his years of experience he had only seen three or four shells actually in the air, and they came from the gun he himself fired.

He explained that there are a few guns with somewhat slow muzzle velocity, and the men firing these can sometimes catch a glimpse of the shells in their flight, but it would be impossible for any man to see a shot coming toward himself.

Dodging shells is done by getting under cover immediately before a gun is actually fired.

"For instance," said the officer, "if I were climbing a hill, at the top of which a gun was directed against me, I could tell exactly when a shell was likely to come bounding along. Before the order is given to fire the men in charge of the piece 'stand clear,' and that is the warning note, so to speak. Keep your weather eye on the gun directed against you, and when the gunners stand clear you dodge the shot."—London Standard.

Some One Was Tempted.

In the course of an address delivered one afternoon at Mount Hermon Mr. Moody referred to a wooded elevation as "Temptation point." One of the trustees remarked that he had never heard the spot called by that name before.

"Neither have I," the speaker replied.

"Why did you hit upon such a name as that?" came the inquiry.

"Oh," said Mr. Moody, "because I thought that some day some one might be tempted to erect a chapel for us on that point!"

The remark was duly repeated, and his wish has since been gratified, for a beautiful stone chapel now adorns the little hill.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1900.

☞ Within two or three years there has been a great public awakening to the folly of the Gypsy Moth business. Little by little, opposition to the commission and its work has developed, until now the sentiment of the people has forced the Legislature to appoint a Committee of its members to investigate the Commission, and also to find out what becomes of the annual appropriations voted to fight the Moth with. If this Legislative Committee are honest, which, as the lawyers say, is perhaps a violent presumption, grand results may be expected from their labors. We are at least on the right track to find out all about it. The JOURNAL was the first newspaper in the State to raise its voice against the business. Sole and alone, for years, it opposed appropriations. How is it now? A majority of the newspapers occupy the identical ground we stood on five years, and more, ago!

☞ The North Attleborough *Evening Chronicle* of Jan. 26 contained an editorial on Massachusetts State Commissions, with especial stress laid on the Gypsy Moth Commission, which went to the right spot. A large share of our State Commissions are eleemosynary institutions created for the benefit of decaying and impecunious politicians, and are of no earthly use so far as carrying on the government is concerned. The Editor of the *Chronicle* is Mr. H. D. Hunt who represents the First Bristol District in the present House and who, by virtue of that honorable and influential position, ought to be able to do something towards bringing about a reform in the much abused practice of creating State Commissions.

☞ It is rumored that the Woburn School Board intend to make another effort to secure a new schoolhouse this year. If so, they will "start from the stump" and work up. The reasons for last year's failure are seen more plainly now than then, and it is proposed to obviate, or steer clear, of the mistakes then made as far as possible. They hope for hearty co-operation by the city Council, and think it is safe to reckon on it. Business methods only are to be employed by the Board, if encouragement to go ahead is met with from the people.

☞ State Senator Goebel of Kentucky was shot and badly wounded on his way to the Capitol at Frankfort about 11 o'clock last Tuesday morning by some person unknown. The tragedy was not altogether unexpected, for the friends of the Senator have feared for some weeks that the violent political excitement that has existed at Frankfort ever since the State election, and for which he was largely responsible, would result in his death at the hands of an assassin. He disregarded their warnings and suffered the consequences. He may recover.

☞ Herbert L. Clarke, the eminent cornetist, has been engaged by John Philip Sousa as soloist to play at the Paris Exposition from the opening to the close of the season, and afterwards in the larger European cities. Mr. Clarke is a son of the ex-organist who resides at Clarigold Manse on the Reading and Woburn boundary line, and was born in Woburn on Montvale Avenue. He is a musical product of this ancient burg in whom our people have good cause to take pride. His father, in days gone by, was equally eminent in musical circles.

☞ There is ample authority for the statement that Mayor Davis regards with disfavor the project for a boulevard from Winchester to Woburn Centre at the present time. He does not object to improvements of that character, and would endorse the present plan were the city in a condition financially to indulge in such luxuries. But until such a condition is reached he believes in going slow.

☞ At the annual meeting of the Lawrence Newspaper Club, held a few evenings since, Phil. K. A. Richardson of the *Telegram* Editorial Staff, formerly Mayor of Woburn, was elected President, a position he is well calculated to fill with honor. The Club will hold a banquet on Washington's Birthday, on which occasion look out for eloquence and things.

☞ The Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee for the current year organized last Friday evening by the re-election of Mr. Herbert S. Riley, Chairman, and Mr. G. W. Copp, Treasurer; and the election of Mr. Charles H. Harrington, Secretary. Thus the interests of the Party continue to remain in good hands.

☞ Hon. William J. Bryan, Democratic aspiant to the Presidency, received a great ovation from the Unterrified in Boston last Tuesday. He made speeches, and was banquetted in grand style. Nevertheless, there are many Democrats in Massachusetts who refuse to march under his banner.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. P. Feeney—Citation.
Dr. Kennedy—Medicine.
F. N. C.—Entertainment.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Pettengill & Co.—Dr. Greene.

— Easter Sunday will fall on April 15 this year.

— "Life's latest sands are its sands of gold."

— The roads are in prime condition for hauling cordwood.

— Fine all-wool hose are sold at Richardson's for 25c. per pair.

— Prof. Worthley's next visit to this city will be on Thursday, March 1.

— City Almoner Hevey went to Lynn Wednesday on official business.

— The National Band Association will give a dancing party on Feb. 21.

— Don't be alarmed—there'll be snow enough yet this winter, and ice too.

— Mr. A. S. Wood of this city is to be the next Senator from this District.

— Remember we are headquarters for shirts, overalls and cheap pants. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— The Glendon Club were guests of the Towandas last Tuesday evening.

— Neckwear in all styles and patterns at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Horn Pond is alive with skaters every day and evening. It's great fun.

— Considerable smart cold weather has prevailed here this week. It is better than the soft, tepid sort.

— The funeral of Miss Anna Hart Tidd took place at the home of her parents at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

— When bent on doing a good thing for the city Mayor Davis never has another term in his eye. He isn't built that way.

— Mrs. Alfred Dow and Mrs. William Clewley were to start for Mexico and California yesterday. We envy them.

— It seems that the Trustees of the Public Library are going to stop publishing bulletins, as has been the practice for some years.

— Mr. Ralph F. Goddard, member of the insurance firm of S. B. Goddard & Son, is enjoying a shooting visit in North Carolina.

— There was a great and much needed rainstorm last Sunday night. It was the heaviest that has occurred here for many months.

— Lovers of firstclass amusements will do well to read over carefully the announcement of the Friday Night Club in this paper.

— Mrs. Howe, the popular chiropodist, will be at her rooms, No. 414 Main street, on Tuesday, Feb. 13. Remember the date.

— Dr. George P. Bartlett and family have taken up their residence in Boston, where the Doctor has a large and lucrative practice.

— The days have increased in length 59 minutes. The JOURNAL's record stops today. People must keep their own reckoning hereafter.

— Fine taste is displayed in dressing the windows of the Hammond clothing store. The present arrangement is as neat as a pin.

— The Massachusetts City Messenger Club sent Mr. Edward Simonds, Woburn City Messenger, a basket of beautiful flowers on his 80th birthday.

— Our California tourists don't find such terrible sight better weather out there than we have here. But they are having a good time, all the same.

— Captain C. P. Jayne inspected the six Nantasket excursion steamers for insurance early this week. He says they are a fine lot of pleasure crafts.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— C. M. Strout & Co. advertise the Pallas Stove this week, which is the best in the market. This firm deal in them largely and warrant perfect satisfaction.

— Do not fail to attend "Uncle Nat's Husking Bee" to be given by the young people of First church, Feb. 22. Purchase your tickets early as the number is limited.

— The Montvale Christian Endeavor Society gave a successful entertainment at the Chapel last Wednesday evening to raise funds with which to buy electric lights for the Chapel.

— The alarm of fire in Durward's Market Sunday evening was a case of "great cry and little wool." If it hadn't been, the JOURNAL building would have been in jeopardy.

— Helen Sylvester, the wonderful child reader, will be another attraction at the Vaudeville by the Friday Night Club on Feb. 15. She should be seen and heard by everybody.

— Where do you leave your laundry? If in a hurry and want it done in the least possible time, leave it at our store and receive good results. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— You haven't forgotten that the Klondike Club are to participate in the Friday Night Club's Vaudeville entertainment on Feb. 15, have you? It is going to be a boss feature of the affair.

— Miss Jameson, Instructor of Music in our public schools, is teaching a Glee Club which graduates of the High School have recently formed. A better instructor could not have been chosen.

— The alarm from box 51 at 4.53 Thursday afternoon was for a fire in the house of George A. Mackin, 35 Mt. Pleasant street, caused by children setting a fire in the cellar. Damage about $50.

— Business at the carriage factory of Mr. Thomas Wilson 18 Union st. is rather more than "from fair to middling" this winter. It was better in 1899 than in 1898, and he hopes for an increase during 1900.

— Mr. James W. Kimball has been a faithful employee, a foreman, of the Gypsy Moth Commission for several years, in which responsible capacity he will, no doubt, be continued. Wherever placed he always fills the bill.

— Mr. B. A. Tripp of Woburn will give experiments in Magic on next Thursday evening, Feb. 8, in Shirley Hall, Montvale, at the public installation of officers of the Beacon Lodge, I. O. G. T. The public cordially invited.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— The St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society will give an afternoon and evening party on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. It will be a fine affair if the different committees do not fail in their calculations. Help the boys along.

— Some of the Boston papers said last week that a remonstrance was about to be presented to the Trustees of the Public Library against allowing the location of the Rumford Monument on the Library grounds. Does anybody know anything about it?

— Dickey lamb lined coats $4.00 at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of **PRICE?**
We have the answer.

Is your question one of **QUALITY?**
We have the answer.

Is your question one of **ASSORTMENT?**
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

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New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Working pants 75c., $1.00, $1.25, at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Tickets for the Friday Night Club Vaudeville at Wilcox's on Feb. 10.

— There is to be a Monologue at the Vaudeville by Friday Night Club, Feb. 15.

— Worthley, the optician, met a large number of clients here yesterday and Wednesday.

— Ladies of the M. E. church will provide a public supper and entertainment on Feb. 22.

— Handkerchiefs and mufflers of all kinds are displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— A letter from our good friend, Mrs. Mary E. Putney, of Putney, Georgia, conveys the pleasing intelligence that she is well and happy.

— The one round of an alarm from box 47 at 1.25 Wednesday afternoon was caused by the telephone linemen who were at work on Salem street at Walnut Hill.

— Burbank W. R. C., No. 84, will hold another of their enjoyable dancing parties in Post No. 33, G. A. R Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 9. Chesley's Orchestra of Wakefield will furnish music.

— The R. G. Co., of Boston, of which Mr. W. E. Blodgett of this city is Treasurer, expect to do some of their manufacturing out here. They will use what was once the Catholic meetinghouse.

— Socialist Labor Party will hold a a public meeting in Buffers Hall, 500 Main street, Monday evening, February 5. The speakers will be W. J. H. Williams of Somerville and Frank McDonald of Stoneham.

— Mr. Gordon Parker has sold his drug stock and business to Mr. Charles W. Perry of Natick, who is a druggist there. Mr. Joseph W. Huntley, his clerk, will have charge of the business here. Mr. Parker will continue to reside here.

— Mr. Frank E. Barnes, former Secretary of Woburn Y. M. C. A., now of Winter Hill, Somerville, had a son born last Saturday, Jan. 27. The JOURNAL heartily congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Barnes on this acquisition to their family circle.

— The Misses Mary and Bertha Frost of Pleasant street were to sail yesterday from Boston on the steamer New England for a six months European tour. They will also visit Palestine, attend the Paris Exposition, and take in other points and scenes of interest.

— Some people were very much diverted last week to see the initials of our regular Public Library correspondent appended to an ironical communication entitled "The Masserchewsetts Reform Club," and no wonder. It was the work of the "Intelligent Compositor."

— Everybody will want to take in the song with buck and wing by Holland & Watt at the Vaudeville entertainment of Friday Night Club on the evening of Feb. 15. It will really be one of the best things in the whole performance. Holland & Watt are experts.

— The teams of Capt. J. M. Ellis hauled Count Rumford from the Custom House in Boston to this city last Tuesday. It weighs two tons and was quite a load for the horses. On Wednesday workmen were preparing the base for the monument, which may be put in place this week.

— The weather took a tumble Wednesday night and Thursday morning was next to the coldest one this winter, the mercury at Waterman Brown's Observatory marking only 6 above. Two degrees above has been the coldest this year, and that was some weeks ago.

— A large number of the employees at the Russell Counter Company's factory went to Cambridge last Tuesday as witnesses in the Superior Court in the case of Mrs. Sexton against the Company to recover damages for injuries received at the factory some time ago by the falling of a pulley.

— It was at one time reported that David Johnson, a U. S. Philippine Islands soldier, had lost his life by drowning, but the story was not true. He is a member of Co. F, 13th U. S. Infantry, Regulars, now on duty in Luzon, and when he last wrote to Mr. A. L. Bowdoin of 42 Fowle st., this city, was well. He recently sent a copy of *The Manila Freedom* dated Dec. 16 last to Mr. Bowdoin, thus proving that he was alive and well at that date.

— Collars and cuffs, latest styles, can be purchased at bottom prices. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— If the Municipal League had elected Mr. Charles G. Lund President they would have done something worth while. He would have made a business body of the League without any Ward politics in it. Mr. Lund is a Democrat, but for all that he would have made a firstclass President.

— There is an evening branch of the Lowell Textile School of which Mr. William W. Crosby of this city is Principal, which adds considerably to his labors at that institution. He informs us that the School is in a flourishing condition and constantly increasing in the number of students and influence.

— A fetching feature of the Friday Night Club Vaudeville entertainment on Feb. 15, will be the Coon Songs by Miss A. Frances Watt, a talented imitator and fine singer. According to popular belief, to hear Miss Watt in her gems of Negro minstrelsy will be worth more than the price of admission

— Mr. George Buchanan was elected Honorary Member of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange last week. He has been in the fruit trade in Boston for 50 years and is held in high esteem by all members of the Guild of Fruiterers. His election was a complete surprise, but he accepted the honor in a feeling and grateful response.

— Only one more winter month left, and that a short one. It has been a remarkable winter. It has been unusually dry, no rain to speak of having fallen for many months. It has been very mild. Two or three times the thermometers have given us weather very near zero, but not quite, and the temperature has often stood at 40, and on special occasions at 60. Truly, it has been a remarkable winter.

— While a member of the High School Anna Tidd was a prime favorite with Principal Owen, who loves bright pupils. In her whole four years course not one single mark for any cause was placed against her name. That was indeed an honorable record. One sister of the deceased, Bertha, is a teacher in our schools, and the youngest is in the High School. They were three very smart and capable girls.

— Dr. Harlow celebrated in a mild sort of a way last Tuesday. The anniversary of a couple of events was observed. On Jan. 30, 1896, his sleigh overturned on a snowbank on Main street near Everett, and one of the Doctor's legs was broken. The usual consequences followed. On Jan. 30, 1897, he was stricken down with pneumonia, and again the usual consequences followed. He recovered from both, and it was the recovery that he celebrated last Tuesday.

— It was expected that the Conn road order would come up at the Council meeting last evening for discussion and action. The JOURNAL goes to press too early Friday morning to publish the proceedings. It is said that Mayor Davis disapproves of the measure and will veto it if it comes to him from the Council. He believes, and wisely, that the true way for a municipality, as for an individual, is to pay as you go, and is opposed to running in debt for things that are not absolutely necessary. His head is level.

— Last Friday evening First Parish held their annual meeting and elected officers for 1900. The meeting returned to a former practice of the Parish and chose a Standing Committee of three instead of five, the rule for the last few years. Hon. George F. Bean and James Skinner, Esq., declined a re-election, whereupon Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., and Messrs John K. Murdock and William A. Prior, the latter being a new member, were elected. Hon. Edward E. Thompson, who has served with marked ability and acceptance many years, was re-elected Treasurer, and Mr. C. Willard Smith, Clerk.

— Mr. Edward Simonds, City Messenger, was 80 years old last Sunday. He has been a resident of Woburn from boyhood, or early manhood, coming from Bedford, his native place. His sister is the wife of Mr. Hiram Whitford, and his daughter is the wife of Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court. Mr. Simonds has served as a Town and City officer many years, and always with efficiency and fidelity. He was for a long time Town Collector of Taxes, a Constable, and since Woburn became a city there has not been a day that he has not held some office. He is now the oldest City Messenger in Massachusetts. He is still supple and vigorous, and a man who enjoys the respect of his fellow citizens.

— Mr. Gordon Parker, Milk Inspector, reports the total expense of the Department for 1899, exclusive of salary, was $9.50, and the printers got that.

— An interesting and instructive lecture was given in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening by Mr. John C. Bowker on "The Transvaal" which was illustrated and made more understandable by a profusion of fine photographic pictures. All eyes are just now turned towards the Transvaal, a faraway region with which Mr Bowker showed great familiarity, and which he described in language that held the closest attention of the large audience from beginning to end. Mr. Bowker is an excellent speaker, and his theme Tuesday evening was a live one. The next lecture in the Course is to be given by Mr. Russell W. Porter, whose subject will be "Summer in the Arctic." Illustrations will supplement the text. It will doubtless be an entertaining lecture.

— As near as we can find out "Uncle Nat's Husking Bee," to be given in Music Hall on the evening of Feb. 22, in aid of the First church Social Benevolent Society, will be a nice thing. Eighteen young people comprise the cast, and the Highland Orchestra will furnish music. Mr. Edward D. Hart is to bring the corn for the "huskin'", among which he guarantees that there shall be a good supply of "red ears," and the girls hope he will not go back on them in that respect. A pretty little play is to precede or succeed the "bee," we've forgotten which. The managers of the entertainment expect to reap quite a harvest of dollars and dimes for the benefit of the Ancient and Honorable Social Benevolent Society, and the JOURNAL hopes they will not be disappointed.

— Superintendent Emerson submitted a report to the School Board at their meeting last Tuesday evening concerning the capacity of each room in the Centre schools and the number of pupils which now attend them. He showed that everyone of them receives more scholars daily than it is calculated for, and incidentally the pressing need of increased accommodations. Supt. Emerson took great pains in gathering the material and writing out his report, and it is reliable as to the congested condition of the Centre schools. The Board, at that meeting, adopted a resolution asking the City Council to cooperae, by means of a committee, with them in considering the matter of building a new schoolhouse, and all questions connected therewith. A copy of this proceeding was presented to the City Council last evening.

— With open arms and thankful heart we welcome Rev. Henry C. Parker, the able and faithful Pastor of the Unitarian church in this city, to the anti-license ranks in which the JOURNAL is a humble but conscientious laborer. His conversion to the true doctrine is in the highest degree encouraging to the friends of legal prohibition. He "came out into the liberty," as the good old fashioned Baptists used to say, last Sunday evening, and his "testimony" was clear, strong, and to the point. We welcome this new and valuable recruit with all our might and main. As Rev. Mr. Parker is Mayor Davis's pastor and spiritual adviser, it would not surprise us in the least to learn, at an early day, that His Honor had seen the light and become a true, sincere and active convert to the doctrine of "No License" for Woburn.

— It is fair to presume that many people, probably a large majority of them, are looking forward to St. Valentine's Day with lively interest. It is rapidly approaching—one week from next Wednesday, Feb. 14, is the exact date of its arrival in these parts—and the period of waiting will be brief. It is a day to be cherished. Already those stores and shops that make a business of selling them are fully stocked with Valentines and many windows are radiant with brilliantly colored hearts, darts, cupids, and things. They look very enticing. The people at the post-office have less reason for doting on St. Valentine's Day than almost any others. Its observance greatly increases their official duties and adds largely to their work. This is not agreeable to them, and they do not hail the approach of the Day with pleasing emotions. It will be observed as usual in this city.

— This is Candlemas Day and if, at exactly high noon the Groundhog, when he emerges from his winter bed to make meteorological observations, sees his shadow on the earth or snow he will immediately retire for another nap of 42 days duration. If, on the other hand, his shadow is not, at the moment, in evidence, he will at once prepare himself for spring operations, for he knows and fully realizes that the "backbone of winter" is broken, and that vernal calculations are in order. The Groundhog has expert knowledge of all these things. Again, this day the farmer, according to an ancient and certain rule, should have on hand, in barn and shed, "half his wood and half his hay," because the season for fires and foddering is just half gone on Feb. 2. The prudent and thrifty husbandman will, therefore, take an account of stock today and lay his plans accordingly. These remarks show to all who read the importance, of and the large part which Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, plays in the affairs of life.

— Miss Anna Tidd, daughter of Mr. T. Benton Tidd, a graduate of the W. H. S. Class '99, is in the Massachusetts General Hospital recovering from a surgical operation for appendicitis. She was not taken sick until Jan. 26, and when the trouble was discovered was conveyed to the Hospital.

LATER. Miss Tidd died at the Hospital at noon on Monday, Jan. 29 She was taken ill on the previous Friday; an operation for appendicitis was performed on Saturday; and her death occurred as above stated. She was born on Aug. 11, 1880; graduated from the Woburn High School last June; and was studying at Boston University. Anna Hart Tidd was a fine scholar, a close student, and had every prospect of becoming a useful and influential member of society. She was of an amiable disposition; a good daughter; and enjoyed the love and esteem of many warm friends, especially among her schoolmates, who now deeply mourn her sudden death. Her family have the heartfelt sympathy of this community in their sad bereavement.

THE BEST
Clothing

is that which best meets these five requirements:

Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

— The Phalanx Rifle Team gave a fine ball last evening.

— A year ago now the houses at Horn Pond were full of new ice.

— The Daughters of Liberty contemplate the surrender of their charter.

— Richardson's, 431 Main street, is the place to buy the latest hats, caps and gent's furnishings at bottom prices.

— Judge Johnson of the District Court has designated Feb. 16, as the date for the inquest on the death of Lindsey Huntress who was killed on the B. & M. tracks at Wilmington lately.

— The Congregationalists of the whole United States will observe Feb. 11 as "Lincoln Sunday" in response to a request by the American Missionary Association. A notice of the exercises at First church will be given later.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney is touring New England with William J. Bryan, the silver tongued champion of 16 to 1, to report his progress and speeches for the Boston *Herald*. And yet some people think that a reporter's berth is an easy and agreeable one!

— The Towanda Club Whist Team has now such a lead over all its competitors that it is sure of the Whist Championship in the Interclub Association of Massachusetts. The series ends next week when the Review Club of Chelsea plays the Towanda at Woburn.

— Miss Josephine H. Ellis went into Boston yesterday to see her friends, the Misses Frost leave on the steamship New England for a European tour. Miss Ellis and party sailed on the same steamer when they went to Europe last Summer. It sailed with over 500 passengers yesterday.

— Mrs. Mary C. P. Cummings, widow of the late John Cummings of Cummingsville, will sail next week from New York for Europe where she will spend several months on a tour of pleasure. It was expected that she would accompany the Misses Frost on on the New England, but was prevented from doing so.

— Chairman Hevey of the Overseers of the Poor says the Almshouse store, a scheme of Mayor Davis's, where only groceries are kept, has saved the city this last year as much as 50 percent on the cost of that class of goods. He furthermore states that 75 percent of the goods are bought of Woburn merchants and the balance in Boston. Chairman Hevey spoke without the figures before him, an examination of which would probably induce him to modify them somewhat. But even if one half of the groceries are bought in this city no particular fault can be found with the management of the store on that account, although everyone must admit that Boston establishments ought not to be patronized to the exclusion of home traders. The store is not popular with many business men. Necessarily it takes bread out of the mouths of our merchants, and such a course is not calculated to build up a town and make it prosperous. Economy in the conduct of municipal affairs is a good thing, but there is sometimes danger of running it into the ground.

From Lieutenant Grant.

Last Tuesday Mr. Alexander Grant of this city received a letter from his son, Lieut. Homer B. Grant, of the 26th Regiment of Infantry, U. S. V., dated Dec. 17, 1899, at Santa Barbara, Panay, Philippine Islands. It was mailed on Dec. 20, and was therefore 40 days in reaching its destination, 14000 miles away.

Lieut. Grant writes: "I am in a new business now, or hardly started yet, as I reached here last night. I have a city on my hands. It is supposed to have a city government of some kind, but I don't know exactly what it is, and my knowledge of Spanish makes it difficult for me to find out.

"The Chief Mogul is the Presidente, and my instructions were that if he didn't do what I wanted him to do fire him out, and get one that would. So, you see, I am a sort of official Autocrat, or something like it. * * *

"I have had some clothes made by a Chino tailor—two white uniforms and one shaki, all for $25, Mexico, equal to $12.50. How would you like to do tailoring at that rate? * * *

"I have had no sickness at all since I left home. I think the climate here agrees with me. I have a horse now, so I get some good exercise every day."

Many of the officers of the 26th have been assigned to special duties similar to those imposed on Lieut. Grant, which are to govern cities and establish good local governments. We hope the Lieutenant's next letter from the Philippines will contain the announcement that he has been made Governor of a Province, or the Lord of a goodly Island.

There are one hundred and sixteen thousand British regulars and twenty-eight thousand colonial troops in South Africa—all told, one hundred and forty-four thousand men under Lord Roberts's orders. This vast host undoubtedly outnumbered the Boer army two to one.

An "anti-gossiping" society has been organized in Springfield, Missouri.

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EXPERT PIANO TUNER
REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
WORK GUARRANTEED
BEST OF REFERENCES
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
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BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS

One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Friday Night Club
VAUDEVILLE
AUDITORIUM
THURSDAY, Feb. 15, 1900.

Popular Music, Character Sketches, Laughable Farces, Cake Walk, Coon Songs, Monologue, Recitations, Buck and Wing, Operatic Gems.

Reserved Seats,	**50 Cents**
Admission,	**25 Cents**

Tickets on sale **FEB. 10,** at Wilcox's Drugstore
Door open at 7.15 P. M. Curtain 7.45 P. M.
☞ Automobiles may be ordered for 10.15 P. M.

Another One.

LOWELL, MASS., Jan. 30, 1900.
EDITOR OF JOURNAL:

I have just received a letter from Lieut. Grant. He is stationed at Santa Barbara, Panay, P. I., where he has a squad of 24 Privates, 2 Corporals, and 1 Musician, and is Military Governor of the city which contains something like 16,000 people, located 10 miles north of Iloilo. He finds many evidences of wealth there and many cultivated people, but the city is tremendously dirty, and his chief mission at present, after keeping down petty insurrections, is to see that the place is cleaned up. He has orders to discharge the President unless the latter obeys him. He finds it hard to start the work laid out for him, for the people are slothful, but he thinks the use of the torch will help things wonderfully. At the Plaza is a shack which has been used as a market place, bones having been thrown about there for over a year; the state of affairs in such a case needs no elaboration to be understood.

The natives are "mucho amigo Americano," and some are quite intelligent. He is living at the Monastery, a fine building of stone with walls 3 ft thick, which was used by the Insurrectos as headquarters. Wherever there is a city in a similar state to Santa Barbara there will be found a detachment of U. S. V's. In this way a large amount of territory is brought under direct American control and the first principles of American citizenship inculcated.

I hope the above will be of some use to you.

Yours truly,
WM. W. CROSBY.

Looking Back to Former Years.

"Looking back to former years, the Mayor said that he could remember when the Woburn officials, or some of them, at least, were in politics for the money to be had out of the offices."—*Mayor Davis at the Annual Gentleman's Night of the Woburn Woman's Club.*

And pray is there any disgrace in seeking an office because of its compensation? The very men who retain office because of the salary make as a rule the best officials. They are practical. Perhaps their inaugural or public addresses do not teem with the flowery, sky scraping eloquence of the man who yearns for honor only, but when it comes to the problem of creating a policy or solving financial perplexities they are right in line with the pocketbook interests of their constituents every time. It is yet to be recorded where a salaried official has failed to accept his salary.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Parker's drug store.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Hawaii.

Chairman Knox's Committee on Territories has practically completed the bill for the government of Hawaii. One feature—the property requirement for electors for the Senate—which was likely to provoke opposition, has been stricken out, in the interests of a wider native suffrage. This will make it very difficult to obstruct the measure. It ought to be enacted at once. There is no need to make Hawaii wait on the "reconstruction" of Puerto Rico, much less the Philippines. The conditions in each case are very different, and the policy to be pursued is different.—*Boston Journal.*

It is probable that the agitation expressed at Stockholm over the reported presence of Russian spies in the neighborhood of fortified places in Sweden explains in part Sweden's course in ordering more artillery and Mausers.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

There is one excellent reason why no resolution proclaiming our purpose to withdraw from Cuba should be adopted by Congress—and that is that no such proclamation is necessary.

The Superintendent of Prisons for the State of New York has recommended the abandonment of Sing Sing.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Divine Elective." Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 6.45 P. M. Preaching at 7 P. M. Monthly Concert Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Speaker, Rev. Charles H. Daniels, D. D., of Boston.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "For the Joy That Was Set Before Him." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Went Away Sorrowful." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "How to Know the Love of Christ."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Epiphany
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday Evening Service at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—5th Sunday after Epiphany. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Power of the Gospel."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.45 P. M., Service of Praise and Thanksgiving. Reception of New Members.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Meeting of Ladies Society.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Hope in Little Things and Force in Quiet Things."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.
Thursday, at 7.45 P. M., Young People's Annual Festival. Address by Rev. Aug. Pohl, Campello, and songs by Miss H. Pohl.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 23, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Frederick W. Connors of Woburn and Mary E. McMorrow of Burlington.

In this city, Jan. 25, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John J. Dunn and Nellie Guerin, both of Burlington.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 27, Daniel Lynch, aged 5 years.

In Boston, at Mass. Gen. Hospital, Jan. 29, Anna H. Tidd, aged 19 years, 5 months, 18 days.

At the residence of his daughter in Providence, R. I., Josiah Linscott, aged 79 years, 5 months.

In Pomfret, Conn., Jan. 22, Mrs. Lewis Williams, aged 80 years, formerly Miss Clara Coolidge Baldwin of Woburn.

A Special Attraction
For the Ladies.

We have succeeded in purchasing a limited number of dozens of

Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose

of extra quality. To our customers we shall offer them at 13c. pair, 2 pair for 25c.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

Several new members will be received next Sunday evening.

The choir is planning to give a concert in Wakefield in a few weeks.

Mrs. Olof Olson, living near Rag Rock, has been ailing for some time and will not be fully restored for some weeks.

Happily only a small percentage of the Swedish Americans use strong liquors, but this ought to dwindle down to nothing.

Last Saturday evening the pastor appeared at a festival in the Swedish Lutheran Church in Everett. One of the songs sung was The Holy City.

The Ladies' Society will meet at the home of the pastor next Thursday evening. The society proposes to raise $500 this. Last year it was about one-fourth less.

Next Sunday evening the service will be song and praise. The choir will sing two songs. Several have expressed their desire to hear the choir sing Next Sunday evening they will have an opportunity.

The pastor of the church, as representative of the Swedish Americans in Woburn, has received an appeal from the Swedish Consul in Seattle, Washington, asking aid for Charles Nordstrom, accused of murder by malicious persons, but generally believed to be innocent. Said Nordstrom has been imprisoned 8 years and is in danger of losing his mind. It is firmly believed that he will be acquitted if given another chance to defend himself. Donations, however small, will be most thankfully received by the pastor of the church and proper acknowledgement made from the pulpit.

Last Sunday evening the pastor gave a temperance sermon before an interested audience. A very large number of young people was present. In discussing the local situation the speaker urged all who had lived here the requisite number of years to become naturalized without fail, so as to be able to vote on the right side. Negligence was criminal and sinful. The number of Swedish voters in Woburn is increasing yearly. Among other points made, the young women were warned not to marry a person addicted to the use of liquors, but to ask him to first show his manhood by reforming *before* marriage. Women whose husbands used liquors, should refrain from scolding and instead seek to make the home pleasant for their spouses.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Parker's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and $1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

For Ten Years.

Altogether, the British Government has now chartered two hundred and twenty-one merchant steamers, with a tonnage of one million one hundred and ninety-five thousand, for the South African war. Most of these vessels have been withdrawn from the transatlantic service, and the United States, 80 per. cent. of whose overseas trade is carried in British ships, is helping to pay the bills of the war in swollen freight rates and shrunken commerce. The money which this is costing us would subsidize for ten years every ton of American registered shipping now afloat.—*Boston Journal.*

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896 I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Servia Thompson has been quite ill—threatened with pneumonia.

Mrs. Rufus Poole who lives with her son Rufus on Pearl st. is ill.

Mrs. Chas. Greene fell on a bit of ice and broke the radius bone of her left arm near the wrist.

Volcanic Eruptions.

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life and joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them, also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile Cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

It is reported that when Mr. Bryan reached the South Station in Boston he experienced a slight chill.

Literary Notices.

The SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE for February shows no diminution in the rapid strides it has been making to the forefront of the magazine world. Its new cover is a genuine work of art, and its pages do not belie its exterior. Thoroughly healthy in tone and free from sensational illustration or reading-matter it is par excellence the Magazine for the Family. Its contents are so varied in character and of such intense interest that all classes must find several articles which appeal to their individual tastes. Of its eighteen principal articles twelve deal with strictly American subjects, making this magazine essentially one for American readers. The illustrated articles, with their usual wealth of fine half-tone pictures, describe and depict The Manufacture of American Tea; Scenes in the Philippines; Amalfi and Its Strange Disaster; (Tess,) an Educated Chimpanzee; The Man Who Wrote (David Harum); and Our Cattle Industry. Other papers treat of: Mary the Mother of Washington; The Race Supremacy in Africa; Uncle Sam as a Builder; and The True Glory of Nations. Appropriate to the season is an article on The Festival of St. Valentine. Ornithology from a Car Window describes the birds visible from a railroad train during the best part of a year's daily journeys. Timely also is Washington Notes—Gossip from the Capital. An American Cromwell—Nathaniel Bacon—is a good historical sketch of the early Colonial rising against Governor Berkeley in Virginia. Woman's Invasion of Man's Province as Bread-Winner is further discussed, while the Educational Department has an excellent paper on The Teaching of Civil Government in the Public Schools. The editorial columns review the Necrology of 1899 and discuss the current topics of general interest.

Since the New England influence has been strongly felt in the formation of Montana, an account of its settlement place in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. To its February issue Rev. J. H. Crooker contributes a capital study of the elements which have been most powerful in shaping Montana's history, and the social and industrial conditions there existing today. The article is fully illustrated. The Gypsy Moth in Massachusetts is accompanied by a lot of illustrations, and will have especial interest and value just now, when the question of a further appropriation for the work of exterminating this pest is being agitated. Professor Livermore's paper on Thomas Hutchinson, Tory Governor of Massachusetts, presents the character of Hutchinson in the light of modern criticism, when time has removed prejudices. Among the illustrations are two fine portraits of Hutchinson, one of which forms the frontispiece of the number. Mr. William Everett Cram, entitles his account of the habits of many hibernating animals Our Sleepy Neighbors, and illustrates his paper with several drawings. Mr. C. S. Walker has made a study of the system of benevolences known as the Smith Charities, established in Northampton fifty years ago, and his illustrated article on The Smith Charities and their founder have special value for the student of economics and sociology. In Emigrating to the Ohio Country, Mr. G. T. Ridlon, Sr., describes the exodus from Maine under the leadership of Elder Maurice Witham a century ago, recalling scenes of the abandonment of the peaceful homes in the Saco valley and incidents of the journey overland. The days of wealth ease and luxury so well pictured by Mr. George C. Mason in Old Plantation Life in Rhode Island, were strangely in contrast with the life of the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies in those days. There are stories by Agnes Provost and Stanley Edwards Johnson, a sketch of The Mistress of the Old Gray Schoolhouse, and poems by Charles F. Saunders, Leigh Gordon Giltner and F. Whitmore. The Editor's Table is devoted by Mr. Mead to Thomas Wentworth Higginson and is an enthusiastic review of Colonel Higginson's literary work and his lifelong services for freedom. WARREN F. KELLOGG, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich, tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work" This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nerverousness, sleeplessness, meloncholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

As the attempts before the Legislature to secure the revocation of the sentence of banishment passed upon Roger Williams in 1635 have only excited laughter throughout the country. It would be better for future Legislatures not to touch the matter.

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Shall We Know Our Dear Ones in the Next Life?

BY B. A. TRIPP.

This question is often asked. But little is found in the Bible to help belief, but enough to satisfy the longing soul that we shall know each other in the life beyond.

We read in Math. 17: 3. that Christ took Peter, James and John and went up into a high mountain, and that Moses and Elias came in such a way that they knew them; one as Moses, and one as Elias or Elijah; one had been gone from the body 1500 years, and the other between nine and ten hundred. They talked with Christ about His coming death at Jerusalem. Now, if Moses and Elias could be thus known and each had retained his identity sufficiently to be recognized by Jesus and His disciples, why should we doubt that we shall see and know our dear ones in the glorious home above? What would life be there even in beautiful mansions, if those we had known and loved on earth were there to be unknown?

We read in Heb. 12: 1st, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Who are these that the Apostle speaks of? Can it be possible they are strangers to us? No, they are the immortal spirits of our beloved ones, sent to watch over us and administer God's blessings. We shall know in the future life as we are known. Christ said to His Disciples in His Fathers House there were many mansions. Can it be we are to live in them with strangers, or alone? The desire of our hearts would be blasted were we never to meet and live with our dear ones there. The future life would be robbed of its joys if we cannot recognize there the friends so dear to us here.

The world beyond must be a glorious one, for we are told in Heb. 12: 2. that Christ endured the Cross and despised the Shame, for the joy that was set before Him. This home of the soul must be all happiness and joy to those who have done life's works well. We find in Luke 16: 20, 30, that the rich man knew Lazarus and Abraham, and that Abraham knew him, which shows that we shall know each other, as we are known here. If it were possible for the rich man to know the poor man in the next world, is it not reasonable to think that we may know the loved ones that have gone on before us? certainly we shall know each other there better than when in the earthly body.

In Math. 8: 11, Christ said that many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. If we cannot know one another in the life beyond, how will Abraham, Isaac and Jacob be distinguished from others? I am satisfied that each one will retain his or her identity in the next life. Moses and Elias, Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, were only men no better than many in this world today battling with life's trials, trying to elevate the standard of the Cross, to live good lives, and to do something to make the world better by leading men into a high and holy life. Can one think that Moody will not be known in the life beyond as Moody? No!

As sure as there is a future life we will know each other in it. May God help us to grasp the great truths in His Book to comfort our hearts on life's journey, and as our loved ones pass on to the home beyond may we have the living faith that we shall meet them in that world of glory where there will be no more parting nor sorrow nor sighing, where mansions are prepared for all who love and serve the Lord.

May God help us to receive this great truth and to believe that we shall meet and know our dear ones in the life beyond the tomb.

There is no better medicine for the babies than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant taste and prompt and effectual cures make it a favorite with mothers and small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds, preventing pneumonia or other serious consequences. It also cures croup and has been used in tens of thousands of cases without a single failure so far as we have been able to learn. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. In cases of whooping cough it liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, and lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing, thus depriving that disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

The Training of a Librarian.

Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, writes of "What It Means to be a Librarian" in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*, giving this advice to aspirants for library work: "First, secure the best possible general education, including, if possible, a college course or its equivalent; second, acquire a reading knowledge of at least French and German; third, add to this a training in a library school; fourth, if a choice must be made between the special training in a library school and a general course in a college, choose the general course, but make every effort to supplement this by the special course, if only for a brief period; fifth, if an opportunity occur for foreign travel, utilize it; sixth, if you have not been able to contrive either a thorough general education or special training, your best opportunities in library work will be in a small library where your personal characteristics may be such as to offset these other deficiencies; seventh, without at least a fair reading knowledge of French and German you cannot progress beyond the most subordinate positions in a large library."

Dr. Jameson is reported hit by a bit of a shell at Ladysmith, and Cecil Rhodes is shut up in Kimberley, but the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the other member of the triumvirate chiefly responsible for the war, is safe and complacent in London.

Worst Off Man In The World.

The weak and despairing among men—those who, through excesses of any kind, dissipation or overwork, find their vital powers decaying—can secure prompt and efficient help by calling on Dr. Greene, the eminent specialist, or writing confidentially to him at 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Dr. Greene is the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura which is famous wherever the English language is spoken, as the greatest medicine ever made known to suffering humanity. He has also discovered many other wonderfully curative remedies for different diseases. This great specialist can be consulted free of all charge, and every man who is beginning to realize the despair of devitalization should avail himself of the opportunity to be restored to the full vigor of manhood. No other physician in the world has done what Dr. Greene has done for weak men. His advice is free and his treatment is the most successful in the world. There are healthy and happy men in every community who were made so by Dr. Greene's scientific advice.

Eight Hundred Thousand

Sufferers From Kidney Trouble Cured This Year by

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.

Thousands who have written for one of the free trial bottles of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy have literally had their lives saved by a postal card. They got the trial bottle, and it proved to them that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was the only real cure for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation and the sickness peculiar to women. They bought a large sized bottle of their druggists and it benefited or cured them (*the above is not an idle statement, but the result of careful investigation*).

You can do the same thing. If you are in doubt as to whether you have trouble with your Kidneys or Bladder, put some of your urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours: if it has a sediment, or a milky, cloudy appearance, if it is ropy or stringy, pale or discolored, you should lose no time in taking Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; it can be had of all druggists at $1.00 a large bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. It is without question the surest medicine of the age to put a stop to such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, a frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, scalding burning pain in passing water, inability to hold urine and all the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer.

Send your full name and address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and be sure to mention this paper when a trial bottle, with pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be mailed to you absolutely free. The publisher of this paper guarantees the genuineness of this liberal offer.

Wide Tires.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In the discussion of the subject of highway improvements there is one thing that is likely to be overlooked to which I desire to call attention. Thirty years ago four tons were deemed a load for four horses on our principal streets. Within that time their grades have been reduced and their surfaces so improved that ten tons are deemed a load for the same number of good horses. When four tons were a load the wheel tires were from two and one half to three inches wide. Now when ten tons are carried the tires are from two and one half to three inches wide. In other words the bearing surface of the wheels has received no increase while the weight they are to sustain has been increased two and a half times. Is it any wonder then that with these enormous loads plowing through our streets on narrow tires they soon resemble gutters and water-courses, unsightly and unsafe? No McAdam nor Telford roads can stand such outrageous and unreasonable treatment any length of time. There are at least two remedies for this trouble; one, stone or iron pavements which at this time is impracticable on account of its great cost; and the other is wheel tires of sufficient width to bear the loads they are intended to carry without injury to the surface of the streets. In the latter case I suppose Woburn cannot alone lawfully apply the remedy, but the Legislature can, and it seems to me that our Board of Public Works should take up the matter immediately, or certainly before the time of petition expires I have no doubt but that the members of the city government and the citizens generally would generously aid them.—H.

WINCHESTER.

The loss of property in this town during 1899 by fire was about $5,000

The Congregational church raised $1,000 for the "Forward Movement" in missionary work.

Next Thursday afternoon, Feb 8, the Ladies Friendly Society will hold their annual meeting in the Unitarian church.

Names of candidates for Selectmen are being warmly canvassed. Most of the present ones will run again this year.

The recently elected officers of the Ladies Western Missionary Society of the Congregational church are as follows: President, Mrs. C E Swett; Vice-President, Mrs. Joshua Coit; Secretary, Mrs H C. Blood; Treasurer, Miss E. D Chapin; Directors, Mrs Martha A Gage, Mrs. Chas. L. Allen, Mrs. Charles F. Lunt, Mrs. M. M. Saunders.

Mr. George H. Gilbert has had made to order a handsome low running Canadian sleigh built by Lariviere of Montreal. It is painted a handsome red and is a dandy and attracted considerable attention during the sleighing of last week —*Winchester Star.* Lucky for Mr. Gilbert he has the "rocks" wherewith to gratify his taste for the good things of life.

Prophecies Refuted.

When the Boston *Sunday Journal* began giving its readers regularly each week a bound 48-page magazine there were many who said that the paper could not afford to continue a feature evidently so expensive. Notwithstanding these predictions, the New England Home Magazine continues to go regularly with the Boston *Sunday Journal*, and events have proved the wisdom of the policy it represents. The circulation of the Boston *Sunday Journal* was never so great before as it is today, and—what is even more to the point—it is constantly increasing. Announcement is just made that arrangements have been concluded for a number of short stories by many of the best American and English authors, and these are to begin at once. They include such writers as G. A. Henty, Justin McCarthy, Stephen Crane, David Christie Murray, William Le Queux, John Strange Winter and S. Baring-Gould.

The Thomasville (Ga.) *Times Enterprise*, asks: "Why didn't the Commissioners of Agriculture at their recent meeting in New Orleans lynch Neill? That's what the Southern cotton planters want to know."

The prizes offered by the managers of the Paris Exposition for the athletic contests to take place in June and July are well worth striving for because of their intrinsic value.

The censor in Paris has finally put a stop to a play at the Athenee on the ground of immorality.

It ought not to take much time to "flip out" the over-takative British Consul at New Orleans.

The French Senatorial elections were attended by the practical effacement of the Nationalist candidates.

OLD AGE IN THE SOUTH.

Good Sporting Blood a Thrilling Standby Even In Declining Years.

"Some one has said," remarked Jack Tollifer, "that the closing years in the life of a southern gentleman are sad and lonely; that the man who leads an out of door life, hunting and horse racing, has no resources left with which to lighten his old age. Well, it may be so, but it seems to me that that's a rather sweeping statement. Just take my Uncle Archie in Virginia, whom I visited during the holidays three years ago.

"'Why, Jack!' he exclaimed as he met me at the door of the square old fashioned homestead. 'I am glad to see you. Come right in and make yourself comfortable.'

"I followed him into the dining room, where the carved oaken legs of the old side table were almost bowed under the game and fruits and wines.

"'Yes, Jack,' my uncle said when we were seated, 'it certainly does seem good to see you, and I only wish you'd come oftener. But I suppose I'm gettin to be poor company for a young chap like you. The boys, they have their huntin and ridin, but we old fellows have to just sit round and think it all over. No more foxes or coons when your knees get feelin that stiff way. I guess there isn't much left in this world for your uncle now. But it's a great comfort to see you again, Jack; 'deed it is.'

"It did seem hard for an old widower to be living that lonely life, too old to take any part in the hunting that he was so fond of and with no one to talk to but old Joe and Aunt Sally. His one remaining interest seemed to center in his pet horse, who, like his master, was of good thoroughbred stock, but well on in years.

"'Jack,' my uncle said on the morning of my departure, 'Robert L and I may be well on past huntin and racin days, but I'm goin to drive you down to the station behind him, and, though there may be horses in the country that are faster now, I don't think we'll miss that train of yours by very much. Joe, just let that shovelin rest awhile and harness Robert L to the light buggy. I shall drive Mr. Tollifer to the station.'

"The old darky touched his hat and hobbled off to the stable. Soon he returned, leading Robert L with one hand and dragging the clinking harness with the other. In the road he stopped, threw the lines over the horse and hobbled back to fetch the buggy. Just then we heard a shouting and the sounds of galloping hoofs up the road. Nearer and nearer they came until a small party of horsemen dashed into sight and did not stop until they drew rein in front of Uncle Archie.

"'Colonel Tollifer,' the leader began breathlessly, 'have you seen—er—the boys—er—go by here lately? Just scared up a big red fox—er—biggest ever seen here—started up back of'—

"'What!' shouted Uncle Archie, his eyes suddenly snapping. 'Big red fox? First in two years? No. Which way? I haven't seen 'em. Goodby, Jack! God bless you, my boy! Joe,' he cried, 'you drive Mr. Tollifer to the station!'

"Sweeping the harness off, he scrambled excitedly to Robert L's back and, without saddle or stirrup, flew on with the rest in their mad tear down the road. Soon I could only catch glimpses between the clouds of dust of the white whiskers blowing back over his shoulders—an impressive reminder of that old age which, they say, so saddens the lives of gentlemen of the south."—New York Sun.

Very Consoling.

A somewhat vexatious law in China compels every doctor after dark to hang up in front of his house as many lighted lamps as he has sent patients into the next world. One evening a European, who was staying in Peking on business, set out in search of a doctor for his wife, who had been suddenly taken ill. He called at the house of a good many, but was deterred at the large number of lamps exhibited before each. At length, after tramping about for several hours, he came to the house of a doctor where only three lamps shed a melancholy light over the entrance. Our happy European dashed into the house of this excellent man, awoke him and took him off to his lodgings.

"I presume you are the best practitioner in this city?" he said to his companion as they went along.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you have only three lanterns hung over your door, while all your colleagues have dozens displayed on their house fronts."

"Ah, is that the reason?" calmly replied the Celestial. "The fact is I only lately set up in practice, and I have had but three patients."—New Haven Union.

He Was "Ruther Crowded."

"Can you give me a room for the night?" inquired a travel stained pilgrim as he halted at a 10 by 12 cabin in a Georgia county.

"Doggone it, stranger, we uns hain't got but one room in our shack, but light, stranger, light an bide whenst I run in an palaver with the ole 'ooman."

In a few seconds "mine host" appeared at the door.

"Powerfully sorry, stranger, but we uns can't find you uns overnight. Ole 'ooman 'lows ez how we uns air goin ter hev comp'ny, an we uns air goin ter be ruther up a stump fer room. Ole 'ooman an granny air occerpyin the fireplace corner, 'Lindy an the twins hez the next, Bob, Pete an leetle Jake use the other, an if Lije an his family show up I reckon I'll hev ter give my corner up ter them. Mought gin ye a shakedown in the middle of the floor, but I'd hev ter turn my seven best coon dogs out in the clearin if I did that. Right sorry, stranger, but you see we uns air goin ter be ruther crowded tonight."—Los Angeles Herald.

Where the Gems Came From.

A speaker at a Sunday school teachers' meeting touched upon certain things a child should be taught and said the teacher ought to be very sure that the child understood its lesson, giving the following story as an illustration:

A teacher asked a class for a definition of the word "jewel." The answer came quickly, "A jewel is a gem." The teacher not being sure that they knew what a gem was questioned them further. What is a gem? Then there was silence. Finally one little girl piped up, "Gems comes from gem pans."

Now, said the speaker, if a child thinks a jewel is a gem and gems come from gem pans the child's idea of the time "when he cometh to make up his jewels" will be a very peculiar one.—Reading Herald.

In the Dark Ages.

"In the middle ages people must have had more time than we do now."

"How's that?"

"Well, even if the days weren't longer they had more knights."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Can Cats Swim?

"Can cats swim?" was asked of an old fisherman.

"Why, certainly," was the reply, "and that reminds me of a cat I once tried to drown that swam ashore. Surely there must have been hundreds or thousands of people who have drowned cats in the same way, but nevertheless this was an experience of my own. We had a cat that we wanted to get rid of, and as humane a way as any to kill it was by drowning. So I put a couple of bricks in the bottom of an old grain sack and put in the cat and tied the bag up carefully and securely and walked down to the end of a wharf, and stood there, and swung the bag with the cat and the bricks in it round like a sling until I could give it a good momentum, and then let it go, and slung it out to fall and sink in the water, I should say 20 feet away.

"I supposed, of course, that that was the last of the cat, but the next morning the first thing I saw when I went out of the house was the cat sitting on the veranda.

"I suppose the bag had a weak spot in it somewhere. The bricks were heavy and sharp cornered, and swinging the bag round that way started it more, and the cat was desperate, and with the bag that way it scratched and tore its way out and got to the wharf and clawed its way up and came ashore.

"Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"—New York Sun.

A Russian Sleigh Ride.

George Fuller vigorously describes his first sleigh ride behind a trio of Russian fliers: "After spending two weeks in St. Petersburg in company with the general in charge of the imperial stud I proceeded to Krenovol, which is 800 miles southwest of St. Petersburg. We were met at the railway station with the regulation winter conveyance, a low sleigh, with three horses hitched abreast, a trotter in the center and a runner on each side. Then commenced the journey to the stud, and I never will forget that trip. After we were seated in the sleigh and were comfortably wrapped up in the fur robes the driver, who drives his team standing upright, gave an Indian warwhoop, and we were off.

"The first jump took away my breath. The snow flew in every direction, and as we whizzed around corners the sleigh would ride on one runner, and I expected every moment to be spilled out and have my neck broken. The driver never ceased his whooping, and altogether I think I rode faster on that trip than I ever did before in my life. When I finally landed at the stud, more dead than alive, I said, 'No more Russian sleigh rides for Uncle George.'"—Breeder's Gazette.

Dangers of Illuminating Gas.

Numerous accidents occur annually in the use of gas for lighting, cooking or heating through either carelessness or ignorance. The largest number of accidents probably occur from ignorant persons either blowing out the gas or turning it off and subsequently turning the cock on sufficiently for the gas to escape unnoticed.

Many other accidents are the result of the bad practice of turning down a gas flame, particularly in a bedroom. This is always ill advised, for such a turned down flame may be either blown out by a draft of air from an open window, or else it may be extinguished by a sudden variation or reduction in the pressure. When this happens in a small bedroom without ventilation, there is great danger of asphyxiation, particularly so if water gas is used. Much can be done to avert this danger by a proper arrangement of the gas piping in houses.

Another dangerous custom is to shut off the gas at the main service or at the gas meter during the night, and numerous accidents, some of them fatal, have resulted from it. It is almost equally bad to turn off the gas at the meter during the day.—Cassier's.

A Dramatic Incident.

Mr. Edward Terry, the English actor, tells of a pretty incident which occurred during a tour in Australia. "Do you know what I consider the most glowing tribute I ever received? The compliment came from a child. There was a crowded house, an intent audience, and humor had for the instant given place to pathos. You might have heard a pin drop, and I felt the tension of the house was at breaking point. The intense silence was broken by a childish voice, a girl's, who, turning to her parent, asked in a broken voice, 'Mother, is it real?'"

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Samuel Melendy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, Octavia Melendy, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court for allowance the final account of her administration on said estate and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in her hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of February, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why distribution should not be made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of Lucretia T. True, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and two codicils of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Charlie A. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of February, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women, for the election of officers, and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held in Room 2 of Savings Bank Building, on **Tuesday, February 6th, 1900**, at 2.30 P. M.

ROSANNA B. TIDD, Secretary.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street. Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday March 1, Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE..

Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer,* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Frankstord Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Summer in the Arctic." Illustrated. The main object of Mr. Porter's voyage was the endeavor to communicate with Peary, above the Arctic Circle, in the summer of 1899.

TUESDAY, April 17, 1900. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Season ticket holders are requested to keep their present tickets for use for admission to Prof. Harper's lecture. An overflow of engagements compels Prof. Harper to defer his lecture to that time.

The Course of the season will be held in the

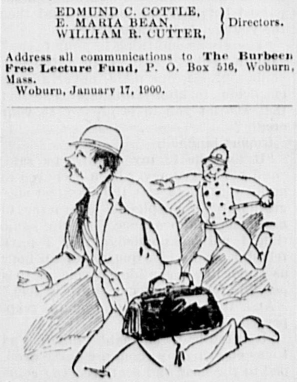
AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER,
} Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, January 17, 1900.



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Watchmaker and Jeweler
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Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

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HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

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W. H. CUMMINGS,
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Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
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At This Office

"Oiling Up."

Just a little oil on the engine at the right time may mean the difference between life and death to the passengers and crew. What oil is to the friction of the delicate parts of the engine, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to the delicate organs of the body. It eases their labor, prevents the loss of power and waste of energy caused by friction. Many a man who was all run down, whose limbs ached when he walked, whose back ached when he laid down, who breathed with difficulty, and coughed constantly, has been perfectly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach and heals weak lungs.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," nor any medicine called "just as good" by the dealer.

Mr. Chas. Hunwick, of Lenox, Macomb Co., Mich., writes: "I have never felt better in my life than I do now. I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery right along. I can now walk quite well with a cane, and hope to throw even that away before long, and as I have had to use crutches for nearly two years, I think I am doing fine. I do not cough now and I can sleep like a school boy. You must know that I have been treated in two hospitals and by three doctors besides, and received no benefit; so I think your medicine the only medicine for me."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper cover, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

UNDER THE EAVES.

Hidden by dusk and dust they lie
Under the spacious eaves;
Rusty and broken and all awry,
The castaways of years gone by,
The gloomy depth receives.

Leather bound books of quaint design
With yellow and well frayed leaves
(Chiefly telling of things divine),
A cracked decanter enlabeled "Wine"
Under the gloomy eaves;

A tiny cricket, a broken chair,
A brindle cowhide trunk,
A strange old stove, so rough and square,
Filled with rusty cooking ware
And other kitchen junk;

A little cradle, rude and plain—
How fancy round it weaves
The tale of mother joy and pain,
That all these fleeting years had lain
Under the gloomy eaves;

And so to each poor castaway
Some tender fancy cleaves,
The gentle voice that oft did say,
"Oh, save it yet another day!"
Under the spacious eaves.

—H. H. Richardson in Boston Courier.

The Romance Of a Lost Nickel.

And How It Got Into the Possession of Its Rightful Owner.

By W. R. Rose.

He had come to Cleveland to accept the offer of an extensive manufacturing concern. They wanted a first class chemist; they were about to conduct extensive experiments. Rupert Pratt had been highly recommended by eastern experts, and they engaged him. It was an excellent situation, with a fine salary and the certainty of liberal rewards if the experiments he was conducting turned out winners. He liked his position, he liked the city, and yet he was lonely.

Rupert Pratt was slow at making friends. He had never overcome a natural shyness. In all his school career he possessed but one strong friend. They had parted the day after they took their degrees. If Tracy Grant had remained with Rupert, under the same roof, sharing his thoughts and aspirations, it would have been different. But when Tracy left him Rupert slipped back into his hermit ways. He studied, he experimented, he took long walks and rides. But he made no friends, and his heart hungered for human companionship.

Early in November he had occasion to visit the east end. One of the officers of the company was convalescing from a long illness and had expressed a desire to hear the bright young chemist describe to him the results of certain important experiments he had been conducting. Roger boarded the Euclid car at Erie street late in the afternoon and found it pretty well filled. He took a seat about the middle of the car and, drawing a letter from his pocket, perused it with great interest. It was from Tracy Grant, from Hongkong, where Tracy had secured, through the influence of English friends, a position as manager of an exporting house. It was a bright, cheery letter, and it did Rupert good.

"Let me know when you finally settle down," the writer said. "You tell me you have an excellent offer from the west. Have you accepted it? And where is it? You don't write half enough about yourself, dear boy. I particularly want to know where you are going, because my little sister has just finished college and is to reside with our aunt, and it is possible that you will become acquainted, a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The car stopped, and Roger was aware that a young woman had come aboard. He looked up and found she was standing in the aisle beside him. It was only a hasty glance that he gave her, but he was aware that she possessed a face that was strongly attractive and that her eyes were perhaps the tenderest and the brightest he had ever seen. He crumpled up his letter and, quickly rising, offered her his seat. She accepted it with thanks. A moment later she had deftly crowded up the two women who occupied the seat and made room for Rupert. As she pointed to the vacant place he noticed that she looked at him a little curiously. It was a ladylike scrutiny, but Rupert found it confusing.

A moment later the conductor came up the aisle. Rupert hastily felt in his pocket and passed out a nickel. The young woman handed the conductor a dime. That official promptly returned her the nickel which Rupert had just given him and which he had retained in his hand. As it fell in her neatly gloved palm Rupert started and turned pale. He recognized the coin. It was his dearly prized pocket piece, the pocket piece Tracy Grant had given him, with the alleged Hindoo hallmark on one side, which meant, according to Tracy, "I am never lonesome," and that in turn meant, according to Tracy, that the talisman would always attract other coins to the owner's pocket. "Cherish it like the apple of your eye," said Tracy, "until you meet the girl who is to win your love and wear your name, and then have it made into a bangle for her with Brother Tracy's best wishes."

And here was this precious token of a David and Jonathan friendship slipping into the dainty purse of a strange young woman. What could he do? He must ask her for it. Could he summon up the courage? He tried. He framed the words he would use. He moistened his tongue.

Then the car suddenly halted at a cross street, and while his attention was momentarily distracted the young woman arose and, giving him a bright look that was so unmistakably friendly that it almost took his breath away, alighted from the car—with the nickel of course.

Rupert softly groaned. This would never do. The car was in motion. He hastily strode back to the platform and leaped lightly to the pavement. When he reached the corner of the street down which the young woman had turned, he saw her ascending the steps of the second house, a handsome stone residence on the west side of the street.

Then Rupert's courage wilted again. He turned and walked up the street. He wheeled about and came back. He couldn't give up that precious nickel.

He walked to the house in which he had seen the charming young woman disappear, and boldly ascending the steps pressed the bell button. A neat serving maid answered the summons. Rupert felt in his pockets. He hadn't a card with him.

"I wish to see the young lady of the house," he said.

The maid looked at him sharply. Something about his appearance must have softened her heart.

"Come in," she said, "and I will call Miss Leslie. What name, please?"

"The name," replied Rupert, "is of no consequence. Tell her a gentleman desires to see her for a moment or two." And he wondered at his own boldness.

The maid disappeared, and almost immediately a handsome, elderly lady with a motherly look came into the room.

"You wished to see my niece?" she inquired, with a rapid glance that took in the caller's general appearance. Rupert slightly flushed. He bowed and hesitated.

"I came on a somewhat peculiar errand," he stammered. "If your niece is the young lady whom I saw entering the house a few moments ago, she is the person I wish to see."

"My niece entered the house a few moments ago," said the elderly lady, "but she is at the present time engaged. I infer that you are a stranger. Can you tell me the nature of your business?"

"I have come, madam," stammered Rupert, who was finding this ordeal very trying indeed, "I have come for a nickel."

The elderly lady looked astonished.

"I would not infer from your appearance," she said, "that your circumstances could be so—so straitened."

Rupert wiped his forehead.

"You misunderstand me, madam," he said. "I am not asking charity. I—I simply want to exchange nickels with your niece."

"How very extraordinary!" murmured the old lady.

"It is, indeed," said Rupert, and he wished himself at the other end of Ohio. In fact, he was just about to bolt through the hall door when with a little swish of drapery the young woman he had seen on the car came into the room. Somehow her appearance called back Rupert's oozing courage. He paused and faced her with a bow.

"Will you kindly listen while I explain this intrusion?" he asked. Then he hurriedly added: "I sat next to you on the car this afternoon. In handing the conductor my fare I inadvertently gave him a nickel that I value very highly. It was the gift of a dear friend now far away. This nickel the conductor gave you in change. I saw and recognized it as it dropped into your hand. I have come here to beg of you to permit me to redeem it." He paused, and the ladies looked at each other.

"It is quite an extraordinary story," said the young woman, and Rupert heard her voice for the first time, and a charming voice it was.

"Just what I remarked," said the aunt.

"Just what I am prepared to admit," said Rupert.

"It might, of course, be true," said the young woman.

"It might," said the elderly lady doubtfully.

"It is," said Rupert. He gathered himself up again. "If you will take the trouble to look in your purse, you will find the proof."

"I will look," said the young woman. "It will necessitate my going up stairs." She turned in the doorway. "Did you say your name was on the coin?"

"No," said Rupert; "there is only a cabalistic sign on it."

She turned again.

"Will you be seated, Mr. ——." She paused expectantly.

"Pratt—Rupert Pratt," replied the young man. "Thank you." And he sat down. As he did so a lightning glance passed between the ladies. And then the younger lady disappeared.

"There was one thing in your favor," said the elderly lady, with a friendly smile. "Lena, our maid, never admits suspicious looking strangers. The fact that she let you in is greatly to your credit."

Rupert laughed.

"It may be to my credit," he said, "and yet I have never been prepared to admit that there was the slightest suggestion of a suspicious character in my general appearance. At the same time I will acknowledge that I have felt during the last quarter of an hour as much like a confidence man as it is possible for an innocent youth to feel."

And then the young woman reappeared.

"It is too bad," she said, "but just as I was entering my room my purse dropped to the floor and scattered the coins in every direction. Your nickel must have hidden itself with great care, because I failed to find it."

Rupert hastily arose.

"I'm very sorry to have put you to all this annoyance," he said, "and I'm especially sorry that I have been unable to prove the honesty of my purpose in intruding upon you. Good afternoon."

"One moment," cried the young woman. "I haven't given it up yet. I will make a more thorough search, and you must call again."

"Come tomorrow evening if you are not engaged," said the elderly lady.

Rupert stammered that it would be a pleasure and a moment later was hurrying down the street to catch a car. He felt strangely exhilarated. She certainly was a remarkably pretty girl. And somehow the remembrance of her looks softened the thought of the ordeal through which he had just passed.

He called the next evening and found that the precious nickel was still undiscovered. Miss Leslie had been too busy to make the promised search.

Women Who have the Blues

Despondency in women is a mental condition directly traceable to some distinctly female ill. Well women don't have the blues, but comparatively few people understand that the right medicine will drive them away.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

overcomes the blues, because it is the safeguard of woman's health.

It regulates the entire female organism as nothing else does. When the dragging sensation and the backache go, the blues will go also.

Read the letters from women appearing in this paper—women who have tried it and know. There are a million such women.

And yet Rupert staid on through the evening—and there had never been an evening in all his recollection that could compare with it. When he started to go, the elderly lady suggested that he might like to come up Sunday evening and accompany them to church. And the bashful Rupert accepted the suggestion without a murmur.

On the way home from church on one never to be forgotten evening the elderly lady had suddenly startled Rupert by inviting him to dine with Miss Leslie and herself.

And so Rupert enjoyed the most delightful meal that ever was eaten—but the nickel did not turn up.

Pretty soon he began to call without being specially invited—and after a little while he never alluded to the nickel. Sometimes he felt quite dazed by his good fortune and by the remarkable assurance he displayed in accepting it. Yet he was a shy lover still. He asked no questions; he took everything for granted—much as if he were living through a delightful dream and feared he would awaken if he moved. Why, it was a fact that he didn't even know the lovely girl's full name. She was Miss Leslie to him as to the household, and he could invent many delightful names to call her when he was not at her side.

One evening, it might have been six weeks since the memorable day he lost the nickel, he was with Miss Leslie in the little reception room at Mrs. Morgan's, for that was the elderly lady's name.

Suddenly the sweet gray eyes looked up at him.

"I have found the nickel," said the gentlest of voices.

"Have you?" cried Rupert. Then his voice changed. "Really," he went on, "I don't believe I'm half glad over its recovery. It brought me such wonderful luck, you know, the day it disappeared."

"Then you do not want it?" she softly questioned with a blush.

"I am not as anxious about it as I was," replied Rupert.

"Then," said the gentle voice, "why not give it to me?"

Rupert started.

"If I dared," he muttered.

"Dared what?" asked the young woman.

To Rupert's ears it sounded like a defiance.

"This is madness!" he murmured. He caught Leslie's hand. "Will you be my wife?"

She dropped the veiling lashes over the bright gray eyes.

"I—I accept the nickel," she stammered and blushed as she said it and gave him the other hand.

A little later she drew him toward the mantel.

"Rupert," she said, "you're the victim of a mild conspiracy. I knew you that very first day. I knew the nickel. I told auntie who you were."

"You knew me!" cried the dazed Rupert.

"I knew all about you through Tracy's glowing praises. I am Leslie Grant, Tracy's sister."

"What!" cried Rupert, sinking into a chair. "Tracy's sister? Then you knew about the nickel?"

"I knew all about it," said Leslie demurely. "And then, too, we had your photograph. Look here."

She reached behind the clock and drew the portrait into sight.

Rupert gazed at it with a dazed expression.

"We'll put a frame of gold on it," he murmured.

"On your portrait?" laughed Leslie.

"No," said Rupert solemnly; "on the nickel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The Gentle Dove."

I am almost afraid to say that the great amount of kind feeling, sympathy and regard bestowed upon doves in general is wasted upon the undeserving. To all keepers of doves and pigeons the pugnacious disposition exhibited by birds of this class is well known, although the means of inflicting injury upon each other is somewhat limited in consequence of the comparative want of weapons. Not being armed with claws, spurs and a powerful beak like most gallinaceous birds, they not only do battle with a somewhat weak bill, but strike each other with the wing joint. The heavy blows thus inflicted by the aid of the powerful pectoral muscles would perfectly astonish any one who received it, and, although they seldom kill each other, they are prone to quarrel, fight and keep up a very determined disagreement.—Bartlett's "Wild Animals In Captivity."

A Facetious Canadian Editor.

The Toronto Globe doesn't take the proposed Fenian invasion of Canada very seriously. "Arms," it says, "have been stored at Omaha ever since the Fenian raid of 1866. That is the bitterness of it—that we are to be the targets of guns 33 years old, while in South Africa the very latest and smartest things in guns are in common use. Nothing so mortifying to the national pride has happened since it was suggested that our flourishing lake ports were to be bombarded by that floating woodshed, the Yantic."

A Narrow Escape.

"Talking of narrow escapes," said a railroad man, "a friend of mine was once saved by a drink of water. He was at that time an engineer, and, wanting a drink of water, stepped from his seat to the water can on the tender to get it. He was just raising the can to his lips when there was a terrific crash, the entire side of the cab was torn off and the air filled with flying pieces of wood and iron. Luckily, neither he nor the fireman was seriously injured, and they, with the aid of the train's crew, managed to bring the train to a stop without further harm. They then found that the connecting rod on the right hand side had broken in two and the two loose ends, flying around with terrific force, had wrecked everything with which they came in contact. The right hand side of the cab was torn to smithereens, and as the engineer's seat was directly above the loose end of the connecting rod attached to the rear driving wheel had my friend not had that lucky inspiration to take a drink he would beyond question have either been killed outright or else possibly so badly mangled as to make death by comparison seem preferable."—New York Tribune.

Romping, Not Dancing.

Try as a few devotees to dancing may, the art has been struck by decay, and there is no help for it except when romping is the object. A famous English dancing master is the first to acknowledge the fact, which Americans must indorse when they have reached the end of their inventive genius.

Almost all of the new dances originate here and are carried across the water, despite the protests of our foreign cousins, who declare that our romping dances have driven out real, graceful and dignified dancing. The unusual exertion is followed by the inevitable reaction—disgust and apathy. From this may arise a new order of things, but only time will tell that. At summer resorts there is little attempt made to keep up even a pretense of dancing, principally because men are scarce and dancing men scarcer.

The fall of the art can really be traced back to masculine indifference, even if some women do maintain that dancing with members of their own sex is just as enjoyable as when male partners are plentiful.—Detroit News Tribune.

The Lumberman.

For all the lumberman's rough jocularity his heart is right, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic. Once the forest harbored fugitives from justice; but the railroad brought the sheriff, the sheriff brought the law and law brings decency. Besides, as at sea and on the plains, the open air breathes a spirit of chivalry. Suppose a man affronts a waitress; 20 defenders leap to their feet. Suppose a poor fellow is hurt: round goes the hat. What is more, two comrades will drop their work and take him 60 miles to the doctor. And, sad to tell, there is need enough for that sort of sympathy.

A fine hero, no doubt, is this man of the forest, a brave and a generous soul; but, nevertheless, as in the case of Mr. Burgess' impurpled heifer, "I'd rather see than be one." For, roundly outdoing that sly humorist's confessed preference for "fingers rather than toes," the lumberman does his best to dispense with both. What are left by the woods are claimed by the mill.

Dining a Talker.

Seven people make a very comfortable company for a dinner, provided the seven are well selected. Two servants, even one, can attend to seven very nicely. And with that number the talk can be general. It can be, but it is not always so. There are so many people of many words in this world that it is difficult to get seven men and women together without including one monopolist. When such a monopolist is a woman, her sex does not make her more attractive. Such a person is a "weariness, a fever and a fret." The most, however, is responsible if such be included at a small dinner. The large dinner is the place for such a person; then only two persons, the one on either side, can be made miserable. There is an idea in that—a fiendish one, however. If it be desirable to punish two of your friends, give a large dinner and put the most insistent bore in town between the two.—John Gilmer Speed in Woman's Home Companion.

A Child's Tribute.

The most touching memorials made by hands are not the statues, tablets and inscriptions erected over the dead, but the simpler offerings of spontaneous affection.

In the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral in London lies buried Lord Nelson, chief among the naval heroes of England. Leaning against the marble tomb is a small, square, perforated cardboard worked as a sampler, which for years has remained there undisturbed.

It bears these words, spelled in worsted letters: "In loving memory of dear Lord Horatio Nelson. 'Thy will be done,'" and was brought thither by a child whose heart was in this tribute to his hero.

The rules forbid the incumbrance of the stones by miscellaneous offerings, but the verger stood by and watched the offense committed and the authorities have never ordered this true "In Memoriam" to be removed.—Youth's Companion.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A Delicious Dessert

Lemon Sherbet made with

KEYSTONE Silver White GELATINE

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and we'll send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.

MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

AN OCEAN CEMETERY.

THE MOST PERILOUS PORTION OF THE WHOLE ATLANTIC.

Cross Currents, Fogs, Icebergs, Shoals, Reefs and Every Kind of Marine Snare That Entraps Luckless Sailors Abounds In These Waters.

If one prong of a pair of compasses be placed about the center of the gulf of St. Lawrence and the other describe a semicircle from Labrador to the southernmost point of Nova Scotia, the area circumscribed might well be called the graveyard of the Atlantic. Not only is this part of the ocean subject to all the gales of the roaring forties, but every kind of water snare that entraps luckless sailors is found in this section of the north Atlantic. The dirty brownish fogs that lie across the horizon above Belle Isle are, of course, the most treacherous enemy for the ocean liner. They conceal the other dangers, and the other dangers are neither few nor far apart. What with icebergs ranging in size from a few hundred feet in circumference to monsters nine miles in length (the exact dimension of one measured by the Newfoundland superintendent of fisheries), with naked rock walls rising vertically 700 feet out of the sea, with crumbled ledges whose saw tooth edge stands up in pinnacles or slopes down to a white capped reef and with the submerged shoals of the Sable and Magdalene island districts the pilot has as difficult a piece of water to navigate as could be found.

The perils of Nova Scotian waters can be and have been lessened. Lighthouses now mark the most dangerous points, and long ago a stop was put to the nefarious work of the wreckers who plied successful depredations, with Sable island as a basis. Time was, within the memory of navigators still living, when false lights above the sands of Sable island lured passing ships to their ruin, and when the government cruisers would come to the ships' aid not a thing would be found but the stripped hull. Though passengers might have waded ashore in some places, the dead used to be found stripped of all clothing and jewels, with the ring finger cut off and frequently the gash of a wrecker's weapon across the forehead, signs plainly telling of a conflict between the passengers struggling ashore through beating surf and the murderous men who awaited them. But all this is a thing of the past on Sable island. Not only were wreckers driven off, but live stock was placed on the long stretch of grass grown sand, so that castaways could have some means of subsistence until help came.

Belle Isle strait is by far the most treacherous part of the north Atlantic route. The coast of Labrador projects into the ocean like a barrier against the flinging tides, and when the baffled current finds resistance suddenly removed, when the narrow strait opens between Newfoundland and Labrador, the waters toss in with the sidling motion that creates the beam sea so hateful to all landsmen. The strength of this inbursting current simply cannot be calculated or counteracted by any mariner. In width the strait varies from 9 to 40 miles, and when the brownish fog, never absent from the northern horizon, spreads southward, obscuring every landmark, it is impossible for any captain to keep up speed and retain his bearings. He may refer to his chart as often as he pleases and tell himself, "Thus and thus have we come, and here is the place we are;" tide and fog may have betrayed him in spite of his calculations, and he may be at least 100 miles out of his course.

Besides the danger from fog and tide at the entrance to the gulf of St. Lawrence there is the peril of long, sharp ledges that furrow all parts of the northern coast and are only visible by the fretted line of surface spray. No lighthouses mark these hidden reefs, and many a schooner comes to grief upon them during the night or in a fog. The old "rooms," or fishing harbors, of French and Jersey fishermen have long been deserted in the neighborhood of the strait. Occasionally a dismantled hut or a dilapidated chapel may be seen clinging to the base of the rock wall, but all is lifeless desolation. There are not a dozen settlements on either side of the narrow channel, and these are hidden away so securely behind rock guarded harbors no sign of life is visible to passing steamers. No aid to navigation exists on these bleak northern shores. False cape runs out from Newfoundland in great, jagged, towering rocks, torn by the driving tide, and White island lies off the shore bare and lonely as a tombstone. Afar, from other rocky islands, comes the dull booming of the surf, which Indian legend of Labrador describes as the shrieking of demons over their prey. Roofless huts used as windbreaks by the sealers in the spring add to the indescribable loneliness of the tenantless coast, and if some fisherman's dory comes bounding over the waves its sudden disappearance behind some rocky eminence only accentuates the utter dreariness of the whole region.—New York Post.

A Successful Negro Farmer.

"Ten miles north of Topeka," says the Kansas City Journal, "lives a colored man by the name of Benjamin Vance who was born a slave in Kentucky 64 years ago. He came to Shawnee county 17 years ago with a team of horses and 50 cents. Today he owns 400 acres of land without a dollar in mortgage upon it, several hundred head of stock, a fine residence and the other property usually found on a well ordered farm. Recently he gave one of his daughters a grand piano as a birthday present, and his house is luxuriously furnished. Every dollar he has he made on a Kansas farm, first as a renter and then as an owner."

The Benefit.

Widow's Daughter—Mother, why do you tell people that I am only 18 when you know I am 24?

Widow—Because 18's six years younger than 24.

Daughter—Yes, I know, but surely I do not need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I?

Widow—Not at all, my child, but I do.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 4.

Text of the Lesson, John i, 35-46. Memory Verses, 35-37—Golden Text, John i, 37—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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35, 36. "Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples, and, looking upon Jesus as He walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!" John was still baptizing at the Jordan when our Lord returned from the fasting and temptation and victory over the devil in the wilderness. On a certain day he testified to some priests and levites, sent from Jerusalem to interview him, that he was neither the Christ nor Elijah nor the prophet, but just a voice heralding the Christ, the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. The next day John saw Jesus coming to him and pointed Him out as the Christ, the Son of God, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, bearing record also to the descent of the Spirit at His baptism. Our lesson opens with the day following, or the third day of these events. Let the words of verses 29 and 36, "Seeth Jesus," "Looking upon Jesus," take firm hold of us, for herein is the secret of life and joy and peace and victory.

37-39. "They came and saw where He dwelt and abode with Him that day." They saw Him, they followed Him, they entered a house with Him and they abode with Him. Their eyes and their hearts were occupied with Him, and He revealed Himself unto them. John was not jealous when his disciples left him and followed Jesus. He said, "He must increase, but I must decrease," and "A man can receive or take unto himself nothing except it be given him from heaven" (John iii, 27-30). His words to the two who followed Him, "What seek ye?" and "Come and see" are words for every heart. "What seek ye" in the Scriptures, in prayer, in the public worship, in the prayer meeting, in the Bible class, in the daily life?

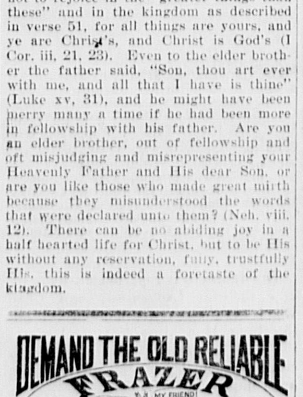
10 a. m., so that they had quite a full day with Him, a day never to be forgotten. Happy are those who, not permitted to attend helpful conferences or even the public worship in the house of God, have learned to take their Bibles and have blessed hours and days with Him in heavenly fellowship.

40-42. "He brought him to Jesus." Such was one of the first results of that day which Andrew spent with Jesus. He found his own brother, told him of Christ and brought him to Him. Why is it that those who have accepted Christ and know their sins forgiven are so slow to speak of Him or attempt to lead others to Him? Is it because they do not see Him as the Christ, the King of Israel, for whose return we live and watch and labor? John, the writer of this gospel, who was no doubt the other of the two who followed Jesus that day, does not tell us of his bringing his brother James to Jesus, but there can be little doubt that he did so. The new name for Simon makes us think of the new name given to Abram and to Jacob (Gen. xvii, 5; xxxii, 28), and of the new name promised to Israel in the future, and to the believer who is an overcomer (Isa. lxii, 2; Rev. ii, 17; iii, 12).

43, 44. "The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee and findeth Philip and saith unto him, Follow Me." Apparently another illustration of Isa. lxv, 1, "I am found of them that sought Me not." He came to seek and to save, and He is ever doing it. But why should He search out Philip, or why should Philip follow Him unless Philip was one of those who, like Simeon and Anna, were looking for the Messiah? The Spirit moves, a heart here and there responds, and wherever a heart responds to the movings of the Spirit and looks longingly to God God will quickly reveal Himself more fully to that heart. What a mercy to be found of God, to be chosen by Him, to be one of His, not only redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb, but associated with Him in service and fellowship here and in glory hereafter forever. The words "follow me" are very few and seemingly very simple, but they mean so much that few believers are willing to obey them. They mean such denial of self and cross bearing as few are willing to endure. It is truly a narrow way, and few there be that find it (Math. vii, 14; xvxi, 24, 25). The vast majority of Christians are willing to let Jesus save them and take them to heaven when they have to die, but few are willing to be His disciples and follow Him in all the daily life.

45. Philip, having seen and heard Him, at once testifies of Him to his friend, Nathanael, probably the same as Bartholomew, as Matthew, Mark and Luke always say Philip and Bartholomew. John associates Philip and Nathanael. The first three never mention Nathanael; the last never mentions Bartholomew. His full name was probably Nathanael Bartholomew, like Simon Bar Jona, and tradition says that he was the bridegroom of John II. Philip said, "We have found Him." He might have said, "We have been found of Him." He, like Andrew and John, bare record of Him and testified of Him as the one whom Moses and the prophets said should come.

46. Just for a moment the place, Nazareth, came in between Nathanael and the one who was seeking Him, but Philip said quickly, Come and see, knowing that to see Him and hear Him was to forget all else. All doubt and argument step aside when, with believing eyes, we see Him and with meek heart receive Him. The interview was glorious. Ponder well the testimony of Nathanael (verse 49), and can you say from the heart the same, and do you know what it means? Are you, as far as you know, a child of God without guile, sincere before God? (Rev. xiv, 5; Gen. xvii, 1; Deut. xvii, 13.) Then let your soul delight itself in the words of our Lord to Nathanael. Fear not to rejoice in the "greater things than these" and in the kingdom as described in verse 51, for all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's (I Cor. iii, 21, 23). Even to the elder brother the father said, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine" (Luke xv, 31), and he might have been merry many a time if he had been more in fellowship with his father. Are you an elder brother, out of fellowship and oft misjudging and misrepresenting your Heavenly Father and His dear Son, or are you like those who made great mirth because they misunderstood the words that were declared unto them? (Neh. viii, 12). There can be no abiding joy in a half hearted life for Christ, but to be His without any reservation, fully, trustfully His, this is indeed a foretaste of the kingdom.



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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price

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MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

The Great Health-Builder, Nerve-Strengthener, and Vital Restorative for Women.

From the burning flames of womanly weakness does Dr. Greene's Nervura rescue suffering women. How women suffer—patient—cheerful—enduring—while underneath they conceal a volcano of misery which would put a man in bed. We don't believe there is a woman in the world who does not need Dr. Greene's Nervura to make her well and to keep her well. Women are such delicate things—they are so finely strung with millions of tiny nerves and the work and worry of life are so great they MUST give their overworked nerves and vitality the invigoration and building up they crave. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is essentially the great cure for the nerves and blood, the great maker of strength and vigor. But it also cures indigestion, womanly weakness, biliousness, sleeplessness, weakness, headache, backache, bad complexion, etc., by strengthening the nerves and purifying the blood. Many a woman has been changed from a weak, listless, miserable, unattractive woman to a magnificent, magnetic woman, full of the hearty beauty and cheer of good health, by Dr. Greene's Nervura. Try it and see for yourself its wonderful health-giving effects.

Mrs. Lulu Reynolds, Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y., says:—"I had been ill for a long time and could get no help, having employed different doctors and taken most every kind of medicine, but I got no help until I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I shall always bless Dr. Greene for having put such a good medicine on the market, and I cannot say enough in favor of it. I had suffered so much for years with heart trouble, female weakness, and was so nervous that I could not bear to have any one walk across the floor; I had such pains darting all over me, and have had St. Vitus' dance. My menstruation stopped entirely; in fact, I went through everything that flesh is heir to and live, so no one can wonder that I feel so thankful for my health. I hope others will find out about Dr. Greene's Nervura, as I did, in time, as every one in my neighborhood thinks I have been raised from the dead, or nearly so, as they know what Nervura has done for me. I thank Dr. Greene for his wonderful medicine, and if any lady wishes to hear more from me, and what this medicine did for me, I will be glad to explain, if she will enclose a stamp in her letter to me."

If you wish medical advice, it may be had absolutely free, by calling or writing to Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Here your troubles will receive scientific diagnosis and sympathetic consideration. All consultations, by letter or personally, are confidential.

BLACKSMITHS' APRONS.

A Legend Which Explains Why They Are Always Notched.

The teacher of forging at the Manual Training High school, James Yule, told a story to his pupils which was reported as follows by the Indianapolis News. "Boys," said the teacher, "you have all seen Rembrandt Steele's decorative work, the blacksmith with the edges of his leathern apron notched. There's probably not one blacksmith in a hundred who knows why the apron is notched, and yet every blacksmith fixes his apron in this way, whether in America, England, Germany, France, Spain or Mexico.

"When I was a boy in England, where I learned my trade as blacksmith, when I got my first apron I sat down and with my knife began to notch the edges. One of the older men, seeing me at work, knife in hand, asked me if I knew what I was doing and why I was doing it. I replied that I was doing what I had seen the other smiths do. Then he told me this legend:

"Once upon a time a king of England gave a great feast, to which he invited the masters of the various crafts in his kingdom. After they were seated at the table the king, passing from one to another, talked with them, asking questions as to their handiwork. At the head of the table sat the tailor, dressed in his best and looking very, very proud in his fine attire.

"In answer to the king's inquiry as to his trade he said: 'I am the tailor. I make the king's robes of state and the suits for his hawking and hunting.'

"'With what dost thou do these grand things?' asked the king.

"'With shears and needle,' said the tailor.

"'And who makes these rare tools for thee?' asked the king.

"'The blacksmith,' answered the tailor.

"Then the king, passing along the table, spoke to the carpenter, to the bricklayer, the mason and to other craftsmen. Each one told of the work he did for the king. But these, as did the others, acknowledged that it was the blacksmith who made the tools with which they did their work.

"At last the king came to the blacksmith, modestly seated at the very foot of the table, not clothed in as good apparel as the other craftsmen, but with a smutched face and a grimy leathern apron.

"'Ho, ho!' said his majesty as the blacksmith rose in an awkward way, for he had no acquaintance with the manners of the court. 'What dost thou make for thy king?'

"'I make your armor and your sword when you go to war for the honor of the kingdom,' stammered the smith.

"'Yes,' said the king, 'and thou makest the sharp points to the arrows of my stout longbows and the heads to my spears and battleaxes. More than that—without thee there would be no tools for these craftsmen.'

"The king then took the blacksmith by the hand. His blushes could even be seen through the smudge on his face, and, moving the tailor down to the foot, the king placed him at the head of the table.

"The tailor alone of all the craftsmen did not like this change of places, so, watching his chance, while the others were drinking the health of the king in great flagons of beer, he slipped under the table and with his shears cut the edges of the blacksmith's apron.

"And that is the way the blacksmith's apron came to be notched, and it has been worn so ever since."

A Full Description.

The effect of red tape on the official mind seems to be experienced by all who are brought up under the influence of the "circumlocution office."

A Parisian has picked up the following particulars of a conversation which passed in an emigration office:

The father of a family presented himself and asked for tickets.

"How many are you?" asked the agent.

"Three—I, my wife and my child."

"Good. Your age, your profession?"

"Thirty years, carpenter; my wife, 24, needlewoman."

"The boy?" asks the agent.

"Seven months."

"His profession?"

The father's eyebrows formed Gothic arches on his forehead.

"His profession, I say?" repeated the agent angrily. "We have no time to lose."

The father reflected and at last replied, "Bachelor!"—London Telegraph.

A Genuine Dilemma.

"I know what you want, Mr. Spoonamore," said Johnny. "You want to kiss Mabel."

On which account the sorely tried young woman dared not send the impudent youngster out of the room.—Chicago Tribune.

CARRYING THE KING.

AN ODD ADVENTURE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY.

His Majesty Didn't Stick to His Bargain, but Escaped a Threatened Ducking—A Grateful and Unconventional Peasant.

Once, while hunting in the Italian Alps, Victor Emmanuel started before the rest of his party, but was soon stopped by a brawling mountain torrent. He was not tall, says a Piedmont correspondent of the London Daily News, but even if he had been able to wade across without being drowned he would have been what in Ireland is called "drownded," and it is no help to a day's shooting to begin it soaked to the skin. So when a tall man happened along the king hailed him.

"You must carry me across," said the king.

"Well, comrade," returned the big man, "it would take a good deal to make me do that. You may not be very long, but you are broad and heavy."

"Oh, come, what will you do the job for?" asked the king, slightly ruffled by the allusion to his sore point—his bulk.

"Not a sou under 100," the man replied, "and I warn you if you fidget I'll drop you, even if it should be in the middle of the stream."

"Done!" cried the king. But in midchannel a fear seized him that his pointer was not following, and he twisted round to have a look.

"Bourreau! You shall be paid for this!" growled the porter, but he did not drop his burden.

"Now," said he as he deposited the king on the bank, "you must pay me not 100 but 200 sous. Don't you know you risked both of our lives with your fidgeting?"

The king humbly pleaded that he wanted to see if his dog was safe over the water and paid the price cheerfully and then asked:

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?"

The big man pondered. At last he said: "The thing I am long wishing for is a donkey. If I had a donkey, I should be happy as a king. I'd sell my little crops in Turin then."

"But it is a long way to Turin," objected the king. "Wouldn't a horse better serve your need?"

"What, a horse and no stable? A donkey fills in in the corn shed or anywhere, but it would cost me many a lira before I should have a stable built," said the man mournfully.

And so they parted. But soon afterward the king provided one of his own farm horses and sent it with 20 goldpieces to his bearer's cabin.

The man's wife was at home and scouted the idea that beast and money were for her husband. The messenger, however, was firm. He explained that the gifts came "from the king." This excited the woman's mirth. She shouted down the hillside to her husband:

"Come home! Here's a horse for you, man, and a purseful of gold! From the king! For yourself!"

It took the big fellow a long time to get it into his head that all these miracles had happened because he once helped a stranger over the torrent, but at length he accepted it as true.

That, however, is not quite all the story. One day when the peasant and the cart and the horse were in Turin he saw a crowd gather, and the people said the king was coming. Then he bethought himself of his manners. He flung the reins to a boy, straightened himself to his full height and went into the middle of the street, holding up an imperious hand to the coachman on the box of the royal carriage. The coachman reined up; the mountaineer bounded to the carriage door and shook the king's hand heartily.

"I am proud to see you, majesty," he said, "for I wanted to thank you for sending me that money and the horse. Look over at him there with the cartload of cabbages. He is hale and hearty! And I always wished to tell you I am glad I was of service to you at the stream, and I am sorry I called you bourreau."

The king greatly relished the frank, independent ways of his Alpine subject, his unconventionality and good breeding, as well as the hearty handshake, which was returned with equal heartiness.

A Taxless Community.

One of the happiest places in the world is said to be located at Orsa, in Sweden. The community has, in course of a generation, sold nearly $5,000,000 worth of trees and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways, telephones, etc., are free, and so are schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

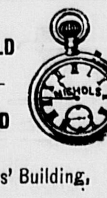
J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 4-8.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.



Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
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Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
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No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

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— DEALERS IN —
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Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. H. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass.
Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

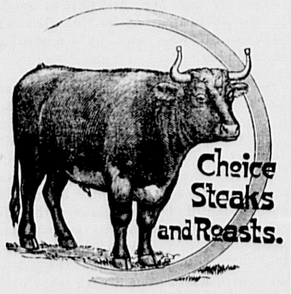
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward


Choice Steaks and Roasts.

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DENTIST,
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353 Main St., Woburn, Mass

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Watchmaker and Jeweler
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Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE SPINET.

Beneath the rafters, black and bare,
  The ancient spinet stands;
The spiders o'er its yellow keys
  Have stretched their filmy strands;
Around its weak and tottering frame
  The airy cobwebs blow,
In lieu of silken tapestries
  That molded long ago.

But windy nights a quaint old tune
  Comes stealing down the stair,
For then she wakes the keys again—
  A ghost with powdered hair.
The mice go dancing in and out
  To melodies she sung
When fashion trod the minuet
  And Washington was young.

Around her on the garret floor
  Her shining satins trail;
A haunting sorrow dims her eyes;
  Her face is proud and pale.
But when I climb the creaking stair
  The gusty moonlight falls
On nothing but the withered herbs
  That bang against the walls.

And yet the spinet trembles still
  To that forgotten tune,
The ashes of a crumbled rose
  Upon the keys are strewn,
And yonder chest below the eaves
  Her gown of satin holds,
With sprigs of broken lavender
  Between its faded folds.
—Minna Irving in New England Magazine.

Story of Sacrifice.

A Bit of Eavesdropping That Led to the Righting of a Great Wrong.

By George Lincoln.

The judge fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon he always took a ride on his bicycle and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of good families, or at least well to do families, and their manner led him to think there was breeding behind them. How, then, did he come to know that they loved each other? you ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always past 50, and he had a good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way "he" looked at "her" and the way "she" looked at "him" and the tenderness of the young man's courtesy the judge knew well enough how matters were.

She was a beautiful woman, not over 20, and gave one an impression of trigness and neatness. A woman would say she wore a becoming suit that fitted her. She was petite, with one of those fresh, sparkling faces so seldom seen among overworked society girls.

He was a manly chap of 22, athletic, bronzed and thoroughly "fit," as my nephew says. My nephew plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority in our family on such matters.

And they noticed the judge. After awhile he got into the way of bowing to them, although they didn't know he was Judge Storrow, and he didn't know them.

One dreamy Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew and lay down to rest. There had been a puzzling case before him that morning and while thinking it over he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and woman were talking. He knew not what to do.

He soon discovered that they were "his lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affection.

What could he do? There was no way out except past them. Would it be better to come out and so let them know he had heard their talk, or would it not be more delicate to remain till they had gone, not listening, and they would never know any one had overheard them? He decided on the latter alternative and remained perfectly quiet.

But, try as he would, it was impossible not to hear their whole conversation.

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. "You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were a thousand times worse—that if it were you yourself—I would marry you."

"Oh, but think of it, Ned! Think what your friends would say! 'Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail.'"

The judge couldn't help wondering if this were the son of Grant on the supreme bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father intimately. The girl's gentle voice broke as she said this, and Ned cried:

"Oh, Alice, I wish you wouldn't think of that! It just breaks me up to see you cry, you know."

Then followed a silence during which Alice must have been in some way comforted, for she said in a steady voice:

"No, my dear boy. I have been very weak to see you so often and have these rides. I should have refused and tried to forget you. But, Ned, I could not. I can't think of anything but you—and—I do love you so!"

More silence, then:

"And, Ned, this really must be the last. I can't marry you. No, dear, please don't go all over it again. I know that it would be a great wrong to you to say yes. It would always be a hindrance to you. We would have no friends, and a young lawyer must have friends. Who would come to your house if they knew your wife was the daughter of Rand the embezzler?"

That was where the judge almost discovered himself. He sentenced Rand to 20 years' hard labor, and he had still 15 years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this was the motherless girl he had heard so much about.

"Now, see here, Alice," the young man said, "you know it takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes two to make a separation. So while you may think it best not to see me again I shall not give you up, and I shall see you every opportunity I can so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it, and he's with me."

The judge wanted to shout "Good for dad," but he didn't.

Then they got up to go, and after another longer silence they left him alone. He knew all about the trouble, and pretty mean he felt about it too.

As he rode slowly home he turned the little tragedy over and over in his mind, and the more he thought about it the more he felt that he had made a mistake by staying and listening. At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

> Mr. Edwin Grant—I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rand today, although in quite an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the son of Grant of the supreme, you are made of the right sort of stuff to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sentenced Rand, and if you care to call on me I should be glad to see you. Perhaps we may think of some arguments to make Miss Rand look at the case differently. At any rate, I agree with his honor, your father, and am also "with you." Yours,
>
> ROBERT STORROW.

The next day the judge was obliged to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The Rand case was almost purely a circumstantial one and hung on the handwriting in which the false entries had been made in the books. The handwriting experts all agreed that the entries had been made by Rand. Indeed the prisoner admitted as much.

He had pleaded "not guilty," and when he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely baffled by the admission, and Rand refused to explain it in any way. Try as he would the lawyer could elicit nothing further, and the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty.

It could never be found how Rand had disposed of the sum he embezzled. In fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storrow was now sitting.

One night at the club the conversation drifted round to money and banking. The judge made the remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece, who was going abroad, and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sentenced the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?" The judge said he did.

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. At that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money and then, when they realized, collected Rand's notes, and in this way they both made money, and Rand's share was a moderate fortune to a man in his circumstances. It was not many years before Rand had lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money. The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start fresh."

Now, this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal impressions, which, of course, had nothing to do with the "law and evidence." He had an idea that Rand was not that sort of man, and, curiously enough, he had acquired an antipathy for Hooper.

That night he woke thinking of the case. Gradually he found himself forced to a conclusion for which there was little reason—he somehow thought that Hooper was the guilty man and Rand the innocent. He had known a few similar cases of quixotic gratitude.

The next day he called at the banking house of Hooper & Co. As he was leaving he met Hooper face to face. The man went white and staggered against the door jamb as if he had been struck.

"Why—how d'ye do? Why—I didn't expect to see you," he stammered. "Anything we can do for you?"

The judge looked him square in the eye and said, "No, Mr. Hooper, nothing you can do, unless—but never mind now." And he gave him a peculiar look under which Hooper quailed.

The judge had not gone two blocks before one of the clerks came rushing after him and said Mr. Hooper wanted him to come back. He found Hooper striding the floor and mumbling to himself.

"My God, judge, do you know?" he cried.

"I know you are a scoundrel," the judge replied, surprised out of his self control.

"I did it, judge; I did it."

"I know it," calmly replied the judge.

"I came to this city because I couldn't stand meeting you, and I have never had a happy or an easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear of apprehension."

The judge looked at him and could scarce restrain his contempt and indignation.

Stepping back, he turned the key in the lock and put it into his pocket. Then he went to the telephone and told police headquarters who he was and asked them to send him an inspector at the banking office.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leaves this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses, and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business, and a headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now, sit down and write."

Hooper shrank from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign, there came a tap at the door, and a stranger was ushered in. He locked the door after him, and the judge had a low conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

It set forth Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available and how he had taken from time to time, showing Rand fictitious notes, so that Rand had every reason to suppose the bank was making loans. In short, he had made the entries in perfect good faith, and then when the stealing was made known he had kept silent, remembering all the benefits received. It was of course a questionable thing for him to do, considering his family. But there was no doubting the nobility of the man's character.

That night the judge started for home, having disposed of the case. There the next day he laid the confession before the governor and his lawyer, who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home on previous evenings. He knew enough of the law to appreciate some things the judge told him.

"Now," said the judge, "this tangle can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from tonight, and I'll try to change her views."

At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang, and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge, and she blushed prettily when he was introduced.

After he had explained at some length that his eavesdropping was quite accidental he began to argue again with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before—that it was doing Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case too. At last he said:

"So there is no way of turning you? You would marry if your father were not in prison for embezzlement?"

She nodded, and the judge silently handed her a long typewritten document. It was the witnessed confession. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching her, and as the door opened noiselessly he saw John Rand waiting for his daughter to look up and see him.

She read it through without looking up. Then as she lay back in the chair she caught his eye and ran to him with a cry of "Father! Father!"

Hooper is still serving his time.—Chicago Record.

Jumbo's Coin Collection.

When Jumbo was struck by a railroad engine and killed at London, Ont., in 1885, P. T. Barnum at once telegraphed to Professor Ward, a taxidermist of Rochester, to superintend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant. Mr. Smith was one of the butchers employed to assist in the work.

"It took us five hours to remove the skin," said Mr. Smith, "and then we worked hard for 15 hours more cutting the flesh from the bones. It was the hardest day's work that I ever did, but we were well paid, getting a dollar an hour.

"In Jumbo's stomach we found an assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There were about a peck of stones as large as hen's eggs and a collection of coins, in which a majority of the civilized nations of the earth were represented. There were French francs, German marks, Austrian thalers, English shillings, pence and farthings and American half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides these there were a large number of lead car seals that the big traveler had doubtless acquired as souvenirs of railway trips. There was even an English policeman's whistle in the capacious paunch."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beat the Messenger.

Ex-Speaker Reed had a great moral influence over the members, and whether willing or unwilling they were wont to obey his requests. One afternoon, when the house lacked a quorum, one of its messengers was dispatched to hunt up an M. C. at Harvey's, a famous restaurant in town.

"The speaker would like to have you come up to the house," said the messenger to the member, who was found enjoying a broiled lobster with a visiting constituent.

"You tell the speaker to go to the mischief," said the diner. "I'm going to finish my lobster."

"Very well, sir," assented the messenger. "I will do so." And he left the room hurriedly. But as soon as his back was turned the belligerent member rushed down by the back stairs, through a side door, into a cab and was up at the house long before the arrival of the messenger.—New York Tribune.

A Young Philosopher.

"Freddie always will have a piece of bread to eat when he has a piece of cake."

"What's that for?"

"He takes a bite of cake and then a bite of bread; says the bread makes the cake last longer."—Detroit Free Press.

Used Moody's Picture.

The late Dwight L. Moody was fond of telling how his picture once did duty for that of Rutherford B. Hayes. During the Hayes campaign a big Republican rally was held in Fort Wayne, Ind. Everything was ready when it was suggested that the meeting would be incomplete without a picture of General Hayes. This brought out the discovery that, although around the walls of the room were hung the pictures of many celebrities of the day, that of Hayes was not among them, nor could a picture of him be found.

One of the members of the committee on arrangements was Joe Brimmer, a sign painter, who had a natural gift of drawing. In a copy of Harper's Magazine on the table was a small cut of Evangelist D. L. Moody. Brimmer decided it was enough like Hayes to make a copy from, and in half an hour he had a good sized sketch and labeled the product "Rutherford B. Hayes." It was hung on the stage, and the speakers of the evening pointed to it as they referred to "that statesman," etc. Finally the joke leaked out in the crowd and almost resulted in breaking up the meeting.—New York Tribune.

It must be so. The leading chefs of the country, the men who cook for the famous clubs and hotels cannot all be mistaken, and they unreservedly declare that they have found nothing to equal
Keystone
Silver White
Gelatine
"I use it wholly," says M. Fellard, chef to John Jacob Astor, "all others are discarded."
Keystone Silver White Gelatine has won this recognition only because it stands superior to every other make of gelatine in the world. Superior because purest, whitest, strongest, goes further, remains firmest. Has every virtue that a good gelatine should possess: Not a single weakness of the common kind.
If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

She Smoked.

A patient of one of the leading specialists who treat polypi in the nose and throat is a woman well known for her work in Sunday schools in this city. She has a record as the organizer of a number of anticigarette leagues among the schoolboys. She came to her doctor the other day. He cheered her greatly by telling her he could cure her quickly and without the use of the knife.

"But you must promise to follow my directions," said the doctor, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I promise," said the lady.

"Without qualification?" asked the physician.

"Absolutely without qualification," answered the lady.

"Well, then, you must smoke cigarettes!"

The lady gasped. Visions of what might happen if she were seen with a cigarette between her teeth by any of her pupils floated before her, and she almost fainted. But the doctor was inexorable. The lady followed his directions, and in a week the foreign growth in her nose had disappeared. But that doesn't mean that the lady is now a confirmed cigarette smoker.—United States Tobacco Journal.

Chinese Inquests.

Coroners' inquests are well known among the Chinese. One of the chief differences between their system and ours is that the Chinese doctors never dissect. In fact, Chinamen have a perfect horror of dissection.

There are few things more absurd than the code of rules laid down for the Chinese coroner. In the first place, he is bidden to make sure that he has a dead body before he begins his inquest. That, however, is less ridiculous than it sounds, for the heathen Chinee is tricky and may demand an inquest on a sham deceased with a view of extorting money from some person who may be denounced as having caused the death.

The preposterous part of the code comes in with regard to the alleged signs which show the cause of death. If the deceased is supposed to have been poisoned, rice is put into his mouth and then taken out and given to a chicken. Its effect on the fowl decides the question. Most of the other methods adopted are even more absurd and fanciful, and, as a result, inquests in China do very little to prevent crime.—Chicago News.

He Won the Bet.

A showman was making great noise at the front of the exhibition of "wonders" he had on show. A man standing in the crowd, with a little dog beside him, cried out:

"I'll bet you a quid you can't let me see a lion."

"Done!" said the showman eagerly. "Put down your money."

The man placed a sovereign in the hand of a bystander, and the showman did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There!" said he triumphantly. "Look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion."

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman.

"I'm blind," was the reply, and in a few minutes the blind man pocketed the two sovereigns and went away.—London Answers.

How She Knew.

Speaking of kindergartens for colored children calls to mind the experience of a "befo' de war" matron who was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell.

The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled o-x, ox, and b-o-x, box, etc. But the teacher thought that she was making right rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said:

"Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?"

"Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.—Memphis Scimitar.

Dubious Compliment.

"And how did you and grandpa get along?" inquired the doting mamma of the precocious child.

"He was pleasant as pie," replied the cherub.

"As pleasant as pie?"

"Yes, mamma—short and crusty."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ORIGIN OF TEA.

AN INTERESTING LEGEND OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

The Myth of Prince Darmal's Amputated Eyelids, From Which Sprang the Plant That Gives Us the Cup That Cheers, but Doesn't Inebriate.

In the youthful years of the nineteenth century the proposal was made seriously, but apparently not entertained seriously, to make the tea plant the national flower of the United States. And why? Because the advocates of tea urged that it was the emblem of resolution, and by some roundabout mental process they argued that the resolution displayed by strong tea was emblematical of the agency of tea in molding the destinies of the American people at the celebrated Boston tea party.

As a matter of fact, tea is much more popular now in the United States than it was when the whimsical proposition was made. We are not yet, like the English, a nation of tea drinkers, but tea is now on every restaurant bill of fare—real tea and not pale yellow water. Most housewives know how to make it, and afternoon tea is an established institution.

Few persons know the Chinese myth of the origin of tea. A Chinese historian, to whom, as he has been dead for many thousands of moons and hundreds of years, a grateful acknowledgment of indebtedness is hereby made, tells the story. He says that in the early part of the sixth century Prince Darmal, the son of an Indian king, landed in the Celestial empire.

Darmal was a missionary. He took the utmost pains to spread throughout China a knowledge of the Hindoo god and of the most remarkable of the Hindoo true religions, that which in recent years enlisted the sympathies and sometimes the active championship of Sir Edwin Arnold and other thinking men. This missionary prince must have met with success, for all Chinamen are not followers of Confucius; a great many of them are Buddhists.

Prince Darmal, to stimulate others by what he thought a good example, subjected himself to privations of every kind. He spent the greater part of his time in the open air. He prayed frequently, and he often performed long fasts. In one of his fasts he vowed that he would keep awake, but the flesh overcame the spirit, and he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was still drowsy, but he roused himself by a desperate effort, and, determined to make amends for his violation of his oath of wakefulness, he cut off his offending members — his eyelids — and threw them on the ground.

Next day, after being awake all night —having no eyelids, he could not sleep; that is the logic of the story—he found that his cast off eyelids had taken root in the soil and had sprung up into a shrub the like of which the earth had never before produced. He plucked and ate some of the leaves of the shrub. He became exhilarated. His strength was restored. His drowsiness left him, and he became more wide awake than ever before.

In fact, he never again missed his eyelids. Whenever he felt sleepy or tired he ate some of the eyelid leaves, which may account for the modern expression "Go, eat your eyelids." Darmal recommended the wonderful plant to his disciples and followers, by whose means its reputation increased and since whose time it has been used generally.

In due course of time some careless Chinese servant spilt a cup of boiling water over a bowl of the eyelid leaves and, drinking up the liquor in order that his carelessness might not be detected, was astonished at the result. With pitying and superior glances he watched his master and his master's family and guests eat the tea leaves. Then, throwing himself upon the ground, he acknowledged his fault, for they had been complaining that the leaves were rather damp, and infused for them all the liquor of the leaves in the simplest fashion, which is the Chinese fashion unto this day—putting the leaves into cups and pouring boiling water over them.

It is to be hoped that no one will think any the less of tea when he learns that it belongs to the natural order ternstromiacea. Lindley remarks that, although many of the plants of this order come chiefly from China and America, after all they form an inconsiderable part of the whole number belonging to it.

China contains seven or eight, North America four or five, while 60 or 70 are beautiful trees and shrubs, natives of the woods of South America. About 20 varieties are known in the East Indies, and one comes from Africa. India and Ceylon teas are almost as well known as Chinese.

The plant is called by the Chinese tcha or tha and te. In Malay it is teh. English speaking people used to pronounce it tay, as the French do, spelling it the, and the Germans, who spell it thee, at the present time. Pope, the English poet, rhymed it with obey, away and stay at various times in various poems.—New York Press.

Point Not Well Taken.

"It seems to me," said the magazine editor, condescending to point out some of the flaws in the literary style of the contributor, "you use a faulty figure of speech when you speak of a 'brave old hearthstone.' How can a hearthstone be brave?"

"Well, sir," said the contributor, "the one I am writing about has been under fire for nearly 40 years without flinching."—Chicago Tribune.

He Got It Anyway.

"You say the man stole your umbrella?"

"Well, I don't want to be too sure about it. He may have been the original owner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Their First Steps.

"A man goes wrong," said the social sage, "from pure cussedness; a woman out of mere curiosity."—Philadelphia North American.

If all the money in the world were divided equally among the people, each person would get about $30.

Kissing the hands of great men was a Grecian custom.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1900.

ABOUT ROADS.

Alderman Conn's order requiring the Mayor and Council to petition the Legislature for authority to borrow $100,000 outside of Woburn's debt limit, for the improvement of roads, has been discussed by the Aldermen in session and among the people, and in neither quarter is it enthusiastically indorsed. In the present state of the city's finances and high taxes, environed by conditions far from favorable, to launch such a scheme at this time is looked upon by practical people as visionary and not to be seriously considered. It is not at all likely, however, that an appeal to the General Court would be favorably entertained.

If permanent and substantial improvement of the roads in this city is contemplated why not begin at the beginning? Some years ago the city government made a sparsmodic move to have Main street widened and straightened. It amounted to nothing, but the idea was a good one, and should have been carried out. It is not too late now. But the Conn order does not contemplate that improvement.

A practical business man says the right way to go at this matter is, first, widen Main street, for, with its present width, a first class thoroughfare can never be made of it. On this point our authorities may find some illuminating object lessons in Medford, Winchester, Arlington, etc.

Secondly, appropriate as much money as can be afforded; hire an expert road builder; begin on Main street at the Winchester line; and proceed to construct real road. Reject former methods and build from the bottom. Lower Main street has been rebuilt three times within 12 years, and how is it today? Worse than ever, if possible. Why? Because the methods were wrong, money scant, and the work miserably performed.

Exhaust that appropriation and make another for continuance of the work.

Adopt this as a policy, make as much road each year as the condition of the treasury will admit of, and keep it up until this city can boast of as good roads as any to be found in the vicinity of Boston.

These are the ideas of a man who knows something about road building.

☞ The wisdom of that clause in our city charter which provides for the election of a majority of the Board of Aldermen at large, or by the whole vote, is demonstrated anew at every meeting. It would be still better if the entire 15 were thus chosen, but the present plan is a vast improvement on the former method and a long step in the right direction. In stability of character and business qualifications the present Board is more than 50 percent higher than the average under the old regime.

☞ Senator Goeble, who was shot down on the street in Frankfort, Kentucky, Tuesday morning, Jan. 30, by an unknown assassin, died of his wounds on Saturday evening. He had been sworn in as Governor of the State. His death was the result of a bad condition of things caused by an attempt by the Democrats to rob the Republicans of the fruits of the State election in November, when Taylor, the Republican candidate, was legally chosen Governor.

☞ The yarn current that Mayor Davis is selfishly cosseting the Horn Pond boulevard scheme is highly improbable. The story goes that his aim is to change the contemplated route from the west side of the Pond to Arlington Road near the lower icehouses and continue it along Arlington Road, by his residence, to Pleasant street, thus adding beauty and value to his fine estate. Selfish men might try such a scheme, but Mayor Davis is not built that way.

☞ Mayor Davis has appointed Mr. Elbridge Gerry Barker, President of the Barker Lumber Company, to be Sinking Fund Commissioner in place of Mr. Thomas Salmon, whose term has expired. A more judicious appointment could not have been made. Mr. Barker is one of the best business men in this city.

☞ A good share of the work done by the Legislature of this State in recent years has been on private bills which the constitution does not sanction. Eliminate this business and a 90 days session would be all sufficient in which to do the work each year. But what then would become of the Lobby?

☞ Having performed the duties of the office faithfully and well, Dr. William H. Keleher has been reappointed City Physician by Mayor Davis. He is a good Doctor, and very popular with city's charges at the Almshouse and outside of it.

☞ Mayor Davis, President of the Council Blodgett, and Aldermen Wood and Greydon, constitute the committee appointed to labor with the Woburn Gas Company for cheaper gas in this city.

☞ Alderman Conn's order for legislative authority to borrow money outside of the debt limit to rebuild roads is probably dead. It has been referred to the Finance Committee, which means that its brief career is ended.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Howe—Visit.
F. C. S. B.—Notice.
J. Leathe—Rubbers.
Huntley & Co.—Drugs.
Rhodes Bros.—Wanted.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
C. A. Jones—Prob. Notice.
Reed & Yates—Wall Paper.
Jefferson Ct.—Young Lady.
Commonwealth—Notice of Hearing.
Commonwealth—Notice of Hearing.

— Mr. Ansart, the baker, has sold out.

— 50c neckwear for 25c at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— They say Miss Watt is one of the best there is in Vaudeville.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols has been gathering a fine ice crop this week.

— Clan Mackinnon will give a social party in Post 161 Hall this evening.

— The Count Rumford statue will be raised on high today.

— The Alpine Quartet will sing at Wilmington on Friday evening, Feb. 16.

— Look out for the Priscillas at the supper in the Methodist church, Feb. 22.

— Mr. Harry W. Wade has about recovered from a severe attack of tonsilitis.

— Contoocook A shirts and drawers $1.25 each, at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. will give an afternoon and evening party on Feb. 22.

— Supt. Brackett of the N. W. S. R. has had an easy time with snow this winter.

— The report that John R. Carter & Co. had sold out their coal business was untrue.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents At Leathe's.

— Mishawum Club are to play Towanda Club for honors in pool, billiards and whist.

— Gordon Parker and some others went over to Arlington to a big supper a few evenings since.

— Mr. J. A. Ham fell and had the end of one of his fingers cut off. It is pretty nearly all right now.

— Have Reed & Yeates, Dow's Block, paper and paint your rooms before the early spring rush.

— On Friday evening, Feb. 16, Division 18, A. O. H., are to give a great ball in the Auditorium.

— For a competant young lady to do sewing apply at No. 3 Jefferson court. She will go into families if desired.

— Prior always picks out the kind of Valentines that young people crave. His windows are a sight to behold.

— Mr. B. T. H. Porter made his first appearance on the street, after an illness of several days, last Tuesday.

— John Johnson, Esq., was quite sick last week, but has fully recovered. He is 86 years old, and smart for his age.

— Clarence H. Littlefield, now in San Francisco, will return to Alaska next spring. He is a plucky young man.

— Of late Sunday nights have won quite a reputation for big rainstorms. A powerful one prevailed last Sunday night.

— Relief Corps 84 will hold one of their delightful dancing parties in Post 33 Hall this evening. Better attend, everybody.

— We are indebted to Mr. R. S. Spaulding of Mayfield, California, formerly of this city, for late Pacific Coast papers.

— Umbrellas 75c, $1.00 and $1.25 with steel rods and paragon frames, are warranted fast black, at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The early Monday morning conductors on the B. & M. reported here that a foot of snow fell at Concord, N. H., Sunday night.

— On and after tomorrow morning, Feb. 10, tickets for the Friday Night Club's Vaudeville can be procured at Wilcox's drugstore.

— Towanda Club, the boss organization of the kind in this city, has entered the candlepin series of the Interclub Tourney.

— Mr. H. B. Clewley has been assigned a leading part in the Farce to be given at the Vaudeville entertainment of Friday Night Club.

— Mr. Buxton and Sawyer had great luck fishing on Horn Pond a few days ago. They showed the finest pickerel of the season.

— Mr. John Maguire recovered a verdict of $20 in the District Court against the A. O. H. for nonpayment of a sick benefit to him.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell, the marketman, James being the Manager, has got about over a bad attack of his old enemy, the rheumatism.

— It was reported that Mr. Fred P. Brooks had sold his drug business, but there wasn't a word of truth in it. He has no thought of selling.

— Mr. A. B. Brooks, dealer in meats, isn't finding any fault with the times; on the contrary, he reports a good business this winter.

— Miss A. Frances Watt is to be a star performer in the Friday Night Club's Vaudeville entertainment next Thursday evening, Feb. 15.

— The Woburn Firemen's Relief Association have decided to hold their Annual Ball on Wednesday evening, April 25, in the Auditorium.

— Reed & Yeates, Dow's Block, have just received five thousand rolls of new and beautiful wall papers, and are selling them at very low prices.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The ladies of Trinity church are to provide an old fashioned supper in the Odd Fellows banquet hall of Feb. 21. It will be worthy of public patronage.

— Our Fitchburg correspondent, Miss E. A. T. Kendall, writes: "What lovely weather we are having, but not very good sleighing, except on the back streets."

— Supper and entertainment at the Methodist church, Feb. 22. Patriotic drill. Music by banjo, guitar and mandolin. A collection of curios will be among the attractions.

— The new office of the Hide & Leather Company was occupied last Monday morning for the first time. It is supposed that Acting Superintendant Lund is now happy.

— Moore & Parker, proprietors of the Woburn News and Book Store, exhibit a great variety of Valentines of this year's vintage. The youngsters are looking at them.

— Mr. W. Frank Fowle returned from a profitable business trip to New York a few days ago. He reports a good volume of work at his saw and belt knife factory on Salem st.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of **PRICE?**
We have the answer.

Is your question one of **QUALITY?**
We have the answer.

Is your question one of **ASSORTMENT?**
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively. What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Old Store! New Firm!

We have bought the Gordon Parker Drugstore, 417 Main Street.

Prescriptions will be Our Specialty

But we shall not forget any other department of our store. As in the past you will find here everything of the BEST.

Reliability and Accuracy.

Courteous Treatment and Fair Prices.

Joseph W. Huntley & Co., Apothecaries,

417 MAIN STREET,

Successors to Parker, The Druggist.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31–2.

Assetsof Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— An all wool hose extra good bargain for $25c at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Gentle Reader, ye who are troubled with corns, bunions, ingrowing toenails, etc., please read Mrs. Howe's notice in this paper. She will be at her rooms, 414 Main street, next Tuesday, Feb. 13.

— Last Wednesday possessed nearly all the characteristics of a late spring day. Many a colder one has been experienced in April. Just think of it! No zero weather or sleighing to speak of this winter.

— One of the Nason California excursionists has changed the gender of the sun from masculine to feminine. She wrote for publication: "The January sun looked down upon us, out of *her* yellow eyes."

— The mother of Mr. Henry McGown was found dead in the bathroom of her son's residence on South street, where she lived, last Monday. She had been in poor health, and her death was from natural causes.

— Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago and New York have just published an "Atlas of Two Wars" which our readers will find very useful in studying the South Africa and Philippine Wars. It is accurate, neat and handy.

— St. Valentines Day comes next Wednesday. Already the windows and counters of Mrs. Jennings's store are loaded with all sorts of Valentines, from which the boys and girls can select just the ones to suit them.

— The Burlington postoffice was abolished on Jan. 31, 1900, and mail for the inhabitants of that town is now supplied on the rural delivery system from the Woburn postoffice by carrier. It is a nice thing for Burlington.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, of the Board of Trustees, told us a few days ago that deposits in the Woburn Five Cents Saving's Bank increased somewhat in 1899 over 1898. Which speaks well for the people and times.

— Mr. S. T. Brigham, the painter, has been a resident of Woburn 44 years. When he came here in 1856 there were but three paintshops in town; now, he thinks, there are 25. He has been successful in the business.

— Monday morning was a ripsnorter for wind. The air was full of hats and umbrellas for a while. If it hadn't been for the kind offices of William Goode the Editor would have been obliged to go bareheaded the rest of the season.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan, the electrician, came home for a brief visit last Saturday. When he left Rumford Falls, Maine, that morning it was 23 below zero, and snow was two feet deep on a level. He returned Wednesday.

— It is the deliberate opinion of Capt. John Gilcreast, Superintendant of the Woburn Gas Works, that this city will not have 80 cent gas until President Blodgett of the City Council is Mayor. Well, that will be in less than a year.

— The schoolhouses and other public buildings in this city were inspected by State Inspector White last week, who found in some of them a bad condition of things, about which more will soon be heard, if he knows himself, and he rather thinks he does.

— The committee wish it understood and remembered that the sale of tickets for the Friday Night Club's Vaudeville entertainment, Feb. 15, will open at Wilcox's drugstore early tomorrow morning, Feb. 10. This is an important announcement.

— Warren Teel, Third Vice-President of the Iowa Ground Hog Association, didn't get fooled by a woodchuck this year, as last. A St. Louis almanac maker stole the animal in 1899, but his little game failed to work last week, and Teel saved the animal.

— Uncle Nat's Corn Shucking Bee at Music Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 22, promises to be "a big thing on ice." Preparations for it are perfect. Mr. Edward Hart's arrangements for the corn, red ears and all, are completed. The music will be superb.

— Mr. James Nolan, who was for 18 years foreman at the John Cummings leather factory, died at his home, 9 Elijah street, this city, Monday morning, Feb. 5, aged 56 years. He was born in Ireland, and an expert leather maker. He left a widow and several children.

— The presence of Rev. James Gilday in this city last Tuesday shows just how much reliance can be placed on what the Boston papers say about people. His name was included in the lists they published of passengers that sailed on the New England last week for Palestine.

— The business of the Electric Light, Heat & Power Company is spreading out with highly satisfactory rapidity. Since July they have made 150 new connections, and no week passes that a number of them are not added. The Company are giving first class service and the best of public satisfaction.

— The large additions to Beggs & Cobb's leather factory on Swanton street are about completed, and the plant recently burned in Woburn will soon be concentrated here. Winchester will then have the most extensive leather manufacturing establishment in the United States.—*Winchester Star.*

— Justice Johnson of the District Court has been notified by Medical Examiner Blake that Frederick A. Prince died in Winchester last Tuesday of a complication of diseases, and that he refused medical aid as a believer in Christian Science. The Board of Health of Winchester have refused Undertaker Kelley a death certificate.

— Treasurer E. E. Thompson was absent from his post in the Five Cents Savings Bank all last week and a part of this from a severe cold and cough. He is on the mend in good shape. In the absence of Treasurer Thompson Mr. Charlie A. Jones has kept the Bank right up at concert pitch all the time, and Miss Cook has been his right hand man.

— At a special session of the City Council last Monday evening, a committee, including the Mayor and President, were appointed to appear before the State Highway Commission and see what can be done toward having a State road built on Cambridge street. At the same meeting Terrance J. Maguire and James E. Marlow were drawn as jurors.

— There was another fairly good rain yesterday.

— Mr. Church, the Central Square grocer, has not sold out.

— Read the notices for Legislative hearings in our advertising columns.

— Fast black seamless hose 15c, 2 pair for 25c at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Probably there'll be no living with the Public Library incumbents now they've got a monument.

— A great many clergymen came out from Boston and vicinity last Tuesday to attend the funeral of Rev. Mr. Pomfret.

— George Durward's market contains the wherewithal, in meat and vegetable lines, to make people contented and happy.

— Col. A. L. Richardson and other members of the family are to occupy the dwellinghouse owned by Richardson Brothers on Walnut street.

— Charlie A. Jones, Esq., has been appointed executor of the estate of the late Mrs. Lucretia T. True in accordance with her wish and nomination. The settlement of the business is in good hands.

— Capt. George W. Nichols, attended a banquet given by the Veterans of the 24th Mass. Vol. Regiment, of which he was a member, at the American House in Boston yesterday, to celebrate the 38th anniversary of the capture of Roanoke Island by the Union troops. The other Federal Regiments engaged in that battle were the 21, 23, 24, 25 and 27 Mass.

— A leading Society of Woburn is negotiating with Elmore A. Pierce to give his stereopticon representation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play in this city, probably some time this month. Mr. Pierce has made great improvements in his exhibition during the last two months and it is one of the grandest things in every way that is presented to the public.

— Mr. George H. Norman, whose death occurred at Palm Beach, Florida, last Sunday, Feb. 4, will be remembered by our people as the builder of the Woburn Water Works. He possessed great engineering skill in that line, as many Water Works in this State and other parts of New England attest. He was 73 years old on Jan. 1, and died worth fifteen millions of dollars.

— A letter from Peter Costello, who is one of Uncle Sam's boys in the Philippines, lately wrote a cheerful letter to relatives in this city, informing them that he is well and hearty and likes the Islands firstrate. He was a member of the National Band before going to war, and has many friends here. He is in Panay where the 26th is stationed, and his term of enlistment expires next May.

— The School Board have commenced the agitation of the new schoolhouse question in earnest. They have started in none too soon if anything is to be accomplished this season. The most formidable foe with which they have to contend is lukewarmness towards the subject on the part of the people. We understand however that they intend to keep pegging away, as the great Lincoln put it.

— Francis P. Curran, Esq., City Solicitor, expects to sail about June 30, for Paris, France, where his wife and children have been living for several months past. He will remain on the other side as long as his home business will allow of, take in the Paris Exposition, and probably do some continental touring. It is not yet decided whether Mrs. Curran and the heirs will return with him or not. They are very happy in gay Paris.

— We have received a copy of 1899-1900 Catalogue of Tufts College, which makes a large book. Among the students we find the name of Wallace Thompson Conn in the Senior Class of the Arts and Sciences Department; Harry De Luce Linscott, Guy Elwood Marion, Harry Stanley Page, in the Freshmen's Class of same Department; Albert Chester Blaisdell in Special Course; and James H. Maloney in the Dental Department.

— Mr. T. Morton Parker has sold out his grocery business at 655 Main street and Mr. Willis J. Buckman, the long time popular merchant at 433 Main street, has rented the store. He has filled it with a fine stock of groceries and is about opening up there for trade. Mr. Buckman will continue to carry on his present place of business and the Central Square establishment will be attended to by competent and popular salesmen. No doubt he will do a good business at the Wyman Green store.

— Mr. James Atwood died at his home, 12 Mt. Pleasant, st., this city, on Monday morning, Feb. 5, aged about 86 years. He was a house carpenter by trade, but age and poor health had prevented his working at it for some time. Mr. Atwood enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. His granddaughter, Miss Annie B. Atwood, is a teacher in our public schools; she has always been kind and dutiful to her grandfather, and tenderly ministered to his needs in his last sickness.

— City Solicitor F. P. Curran, Esq., won a case in the Supreme Court two or three weeks ago which involved an important question never before passed upon by that tribunal. It was like this in brief: the city contracted with A to erect a building; A employed B on the work; A made default of payment of B's wages; B took legal steps to secure a lien on the building; the Court sustained the lien, in other words, held the City liable for the payment of B's wages. The decision favors a large class of workmen and settles a much mooted question.

— Mr. James E. Feeney, a student in the Boston Law School, and in the office of his brother, Lawyer John P. Feeney, has passed a successful examination lately for admission to the Massachusetts Bar, and received a notification accordingly. He will soon be admitted and given a license to carry the green bag. We have understood all along that he is a talented young man and has the making of a firstrate lawyer in him. He graduates from the Law School this year, and after that will probably appear his shingle. He has the JOURNAL's best wishes for a successful legal career.

THE BEST
Clothing

is that which best meets these five requirements:

Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

— Attend the Burbank Relief Corps dance at Post 33 Hall this evening.

— Clan MacKinnon will hold an assembly in Concert Hall this evening.

— Shirts and overalls at the lowest possible price at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Mr. Thomas J. Harney, the old plumber, passed away early this week. He was a large hearted and honest man.

— There will be a Valentine Party by the Sunshine Club at the Unitarian church vestry from four to six Feb. 13. Basket lunch. Admission 5 cts. All invited.

— Veterans of Co. K, 39th Mass. Regiment gave their respected Comrade, Mr. George Fowle, a genuine surprise party last Wednesday evening in token of the 35th anniversary of his being wounded in action in the Civil War. It was a pleasant affair.

— It is not by any means certain that the Count Rumford monument will be completed and unveiled this month. Mr. John M. Portal, who furnished the fine base and has charge of the business, says that a warm day will be necessary to enable him to cement the bolts that fasten the statue to the granite and when that will come nobody knows. He had some thought of trying it last Tuesday but found that the cement would freeze as soon as applied and had to give it up. Thus neither Mr. Portal or anybody else can say positively when the monument will be finished.

— Rev. Edward G. Porter, who was Rev. Dr. March's companion on his voyage around the world in 1888 89, died suddenly in Dorchester last Monday morning of heart failure induced by a slight attack of pneumonia. He was born in Boston, Jan. 14, 1837, and was for 22 years pastor of the Hancock Trinitarian Church in Lexington which he founded. He was a local historian of note, one of his books being "Rambles in Old Boston." He was well known and highly esteemed in this city, having frequently preached and lectured here, and a very warm friend of Rev. Dr. March.

— Last Wednesday we received from Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Smith of 23 Montvale ave. a clipping from the Lawrence *Evening Tribune* of Feb. 6, which contained the story of an attempt to shoot James Murphy, an insurance and ticket agent in that city, last Tuesday, for which Fred Lavine was arrested. Lavine went to Murphy's office in Knox building and demanded money, and on being refused he whipped out a revolver and aiming it at Murphy pulled the trigger. Fortunately it failed to go off and Mr. Murphy escaped. He is an intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who sent us a note with the clipping.

— John R. Carter of Winchester has broken loose again. This time he has taken the Boston & Maine Railroad Company for a target and his assaults are likely to have just about as much effect as shooting peas from a popgun at an elephant. John is a chronic faultfinder, especially with railroad fares. It is on that subject that he is now pitching into the B. & M. Co. We had thought that the public were very well satisfied with fares and service on the Southern Division of that road until Carter reappeared on the carpet demanding a reform in both particulars. We do not remember of his ever having accomplished anything in his numerous attacks on railroads.

— In the Rockland (Maine) *Daily Sun* of Feb. 3, 1900, was published an obituary notice of Mr. Jonathan S. Willoughby, who died the day before at his home in Rockland, aged about 79 years. He was one of the leading and most prominent men in that smart Maine city, having been foremost in building it up and promoting its interests. He possessed wealth, and erected and owned some of the finest business blocks in Rockland. Mr. Jonathan S. Willoughby was a brother of Mr. Alfred Willoughby of Newton, until recently a respected resident of this city, who, with a widow, was the only near surviving relative of the deceased. He attended the funeral and accompanied the remains to their last earthly resting-place at Nashua, N. H., the early home of the family.

— Mr. Joseph W. Huntley, a new comer among us, is a gentlemanly looking and appearing young man, and we incline to the opinion that our people will like him. He is the senior partner of the firm of Joseph W. Huntley & Co., successors to Mr. Gordon Parker, at whose hitherto popular store they will continue to carry on the druggist business, as their card in another column of the JOURNAL plainly states. The junior partner is Mr. Perry of Natick, where he has a large and flourishing drugstore. Mr. Huntley learned the business with Mr. Bailey at Lowell who for years has led in the trade in Middlesex County. Subsequently Mr. Huntley was with Mr. Goldthwait of Brockton, the principal pharmacist in that section of the country. For the last five years he has been with Mr. Perry at Natick, and has now become his partner in the purchase and conduct of the Gordon Parker establishment. Mr. Huntley understands every part of the business thoroughly, and hopes by strict application, courteous treatment, and square dealing, to merit and secure a fair share of public patronage. He will be glad to meet our people at his store and to become acquainted with them.

FRANK A. LOCKE
EXPERT PIANO TUNER
REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
WORK GUARRANTEED
BEST OF REFERENCES
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
LOCKE
PRICES
SQUARE 2.00
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BOSTON OFFICE
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If You Want the Best

BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS

One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Friday Night Club

VAUDEVILLE

AUDITORIUM

THURSDAY, Feb. 15, 1900.

Popular Music, Character Sketches, Laughable Farces, Cake Walk, Coon Songs, Monologue, Recitations, Buck and Wing, Operatic Gems.

Reserved Seats,	**50 Cents**
Admission,	**25 Cents**

Tickets on sale **FEB. 10,** at Wilcox's Drugstore

Door open at 7.15 P. M. Curtain 7.45 P. M.

☞ Automobiles may be ordered for 10.15 P. M.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Lucretia T. True, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CHARLIE A. JONES, Executor.
Savings Bank Block, Woburn, Mass.
February 8, 1900.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church held their regular monthly supper last evening. Later in the evening an interesting entertainment was given consisting of piano solos by Misses Helen Delano and Edith Hall; recitations by Helen Sylvester; songs by Mr. Frank Cummings.

— Mr. Frederick P. Stearns, Chief Engineer of the Metropolitan Water Board, will open the season for the Men's League, Friday, Feb. 16. It will be an illustrated lecture, and the subject matter at the hands of the man who has laid out this wonderful work must be entertaining as well as instructive.

— Rev. J. Jackson of Montvale, is agent for the only authorized life of D. L. Moody, published by Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y. Mr. Jackson has personal letters from W. R. Moody showing that he has the authorized book.

— Day after tomorrow is "Lincoln Sunday," and Monday, Feb. 12, will be the anniversary of that great man's birthday. In Connecticut Feb. 12 is a legal holiday.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— 8 a. m., Feb. 9, Rain; Temperature 38; Wind East.

Montvale.

A very enjoyable and profitable evening was experienced by a large number who were present at the public instalation of officers of Beacon Lodge of I. O. G. F. on Thursday evening. The singing by Miss Stella Lincoln needs no comment, except to say it was grand. The Misses Boutwall rendered two selections which completely captured the audience. The singing by others were greatly enjoyed, but the principal feature of the evening's enjoyment was the slight of hand performance by the friend of every good cause, Mr. Tripp. It was instructive, enjoyable and a very timely warning to all and especially to the young. We must not forget to speak of the coffee and cake which were of the best and in abundance. A great future of usefulness is prophesied for this Lodge.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Boston Blend Coffee 25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

A Young Lady

would like sewing: will go out by THE DAY.

3 JEFFERSON CT.

Weather Predictions.

MR. HOBBS:—As the weather is always an interesting topic I send you the following prediction for the mouth of February:

February presents an amount of phenomena fully up to the average. The temperature, although somewhat variable, is likely to be as low as the mean. The stormy conditions which, during the past autumn and present winter, have covered British America are now moving this way and at present cover the greater portion of the United States. The precipitation is therefore likely to be fully up to the average. The storm periods of the month are located about as follows:

The 2d, or it may be delayed till the 4th; the 7th, again the 9th or 10th; the 15th or the 18th; the 22d, the 24th or 25th; the 27th or 28th. The worst storms are likely to be the 2d or 4th, the 15th or 18th, possibly the 24th or 25th and the 27th or 28th. A heavy snowfall is indicated for Northern New England possibly extending to southern sections.

J. G. FLAGG.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Can We by Searching Find Out God?" Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mind." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 6.45 P. M. Preaching at 7 P. M. Monthly Concert Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Speaker, Rev. Charles H. Daniels, D. D., of Boston.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday Evening Service at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Our Lord's Definition of Life." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Kingdom of God Has Come Nigh Unto You." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Septuagesima Sunday.
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Not of Works, Lest Any Man Should Boast."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Forgetting Those Things Which are Behind."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Festival of Y. P. S. Address and Singing by Rev. Borg of Lynn. No admission fee.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Christian Service."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5 P. M., Communion.
At 7 P. M., Sermon: "Christian Aim and Progress."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading: "Christ's Parables," and Prayer.
Friday, at 7.45 P. M., Service in the Congregational church, Winchester.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other needed 10 cents a line.

In Mass. Gen. Hospital, Jan. 26, Carmina, daughter of Michael and A. Padalino Barestiere, aged 2 years, 7 months.
In this city, Feb. 3, William J. Pomfret, aged 69 years, 9 months, 16 days.
In this city, Feb. 3, Christian E. Stephenson, of Clinton, aged 73 years, 3 months, 28 days.
In this city, Feb. 3, Chandler B., son of Earnest and Georgianna Lord, aged 1 month, 6 days.
In this city, Feb. 5, James Nolan, aged 56 years.
In this city, Feb. 5, Mary A., daughter of Wm. and Anna Watts, aged 11 years, 9 months, 27 days.
In this city, Feb. 5, James Atwood, aged 85 years, 6 months, 1 day.
In this city, Feb. 6, Laura A. O'Reilly, aged 22 years, 1 month, 25 days.
In this city, Feb. 6, Mary McLaughlin, aged 45 years.
In this city, Feb. 7, Thomas J. Harney, aged 53 years.
In Winchester, Feb. 2, Napolean King, aged 16 years.

A Special Attraction For the Ladies.

We have succeeded in purchasing a limited number of dozens of

Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose

of extra quality. To our customers we shall offer them at 13c. pair, 2 pair for 25c.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

City Council.

The Aldermanic Board held a meeting on the evening of Feb. 1, with President Blodgett in the Chair.

The Conn road order was a bone of contention. Its opposers, led by Ald. Loring, offered an order for a loan of $25,000 for highway purposes. It requested the Finance Committee to report an order for a sum not exceeding that amount, the result being that several members wanted to know just what it meant, being afraid there was a cat under the meal. Aldermen Loring and Blodgett only pointed to the order in answer. After considerable discussion it was adopted.

The $100,000 highway order was then taken up, and a substitute offered by Ald. Conn. It was in substance the order as offered by Alderman Loring at the last meeting, that the Legislature be petitioned to allow Woburn to exceed her debt limit to the extent of $100,000 for highway purposes. Alderman Blodgett opposed the order because it did not designate how the money should be spent. Then again he wanted to know if the city was ready to keep in proper condition the roads it was intended to construct. He favored better sidewalks, and would vote anything reasonable to bring it about.

Alderman Loring opposed the order because there was plenty of money without exceeding the debt limit; very soon the city could hire $80,000. The credit of the city stands high.

Alderman Golden would not go to the Legislature for assistance when there was so much money to be obtained without doing so. He wanted a good Superintendent, well supplied with funds. Alderman Wood was equally anxious to keep from exceeding the debt limit if it could be done, and at the same time improve the streets. Alderman Doherty defended the workmen on the highways; he believed there were as good men on the highways in Woburn as elsewhere. Alderman Graney would not throw blame on the highway men; he wanted a good Superintendent; other places get them.

The amended order was then sent to the Finance Committee.

A communication from the Board of Health asking for a loan of $2,000 for the purpose of cleaning Horn Pond was sent to the Finance Committee.

President Blodgett offered an order providing for a committee to co-operate with the Mayor to secure a reduction in the price of gas in the city. Pres. Blodgett said the Woburn Gas Light Company had been established about 50 years, with a capital of about $45,000. Seven years ago it had accumulated a surplus of more than the capital stock. Its dividends had been large, the sum of $35,000 having been paid. Every year the company had set aside a sum for depreciation of plant; $9,000 was so disposed of last year and $5,000 the year before. Only eight places in the State make poorer gas than the Woburn Company. The stock of the Company is held largely by out-of-town people; the city gets only a small sum from the State and Corporation taxes. Woburn should have 80-cent gas. The order was adopted.

An order was adopted providing that the Highway Committee report a plan for work to be undertaken the present year in the line of permanent improvements.

Order adopted providing for the petitioning the Legislature for an extension of the Parkway to this city. Order adopted to petition for amendment to charter, providing in case of vacancy in Council the Council should fill it. This action was taken on account of the great expense of a special election.

Charles L. O'Neil was granted an auctioneer's license.

◆

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

◆

Fine Games.

The last series of games at Woburn in the Massachusetts Interclub tournament was played Tuesday evening between the Towandas of this city and the Reviews of Chelsea. The Reviews won in billiards, pool and wist, the Towandas only being privileged to win in bowling, in which they put up a fine game, scoring 2,538 pins. Among the fancy spares, Cahoon, who took Buxton's place, made 8 and 10; Sawyer, 8 and 9 and 5 and 7, for the Towandas; and DeLano, 4 and 7, and Bolton, 5 and 7, for the Reviews.

◆

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

New Schoolhouse.

At the last meeting of the School Board the following resolutions were submitted by Hon. George F. Bean and unanimously adopted:

"The necessity of the construction in the immediate future of a new High School building demands action by this Committee in order not only that suitable accommodations for the High School may be provided, but that the present building may be utilized for Grammar grades, quarters for which are already exhausted. It is therefore resolved,

"That the City Council be requested to designate a committee to confer with a committee to be hereafter named by this Board, with a view to the selection of a site and the procuring of plans for such building, subject to the approval of both the Council and the School Committee.

"That in the opinion of this Board no repairs on the present High School building can be made which will solve satisfactorily the problem of adequate High and Grammar School accommodations and eqipment in this city, and that the authority to borrow money for such new building, obtained two years ago from the Legislature, should be at once taken advantage of by the City Council, in order that the necessary accommodations may be completed within two years.

"That His Honor, the Mayor, be respectfully requested to co-operate with this Committee in securing such joint consideration of this question as these resolutions contemplate, and that the Secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to His Honor, the Mayor, and to the City Council through its President."

In connection with the above action the following report by Superintendent Emerson is of interest:

"The following tabular statement shows the number of pupils, number of teachers, and the average number of pupils to a teacher in each of these schools, the average number of pupils to a teacher being given in round numbers:—

Schools.	Number of Pupils	Number of Teachers	Average number of pupils to a Teacher
Cummings	513	11	46
Highland	179	4	45
Lawrence	191	4	48
Main Street	108	2	54
Morse Street	110	2	55
Plympton	278	6	46
Union Street	194	4	48
Wyman	175	4	44

"It should be added that there is only one more room that can be rented in Warren Academy, and, so far as I know, there is no other building in or near the centre of the city that is suitable for school purposes."

◆

There is no better medicine for the babies than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant taste and prompt and effectual cures make it a favorite with mothers and small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds, preventing pneumonia or other serious consequences. It also cures croup and has been used in tens of thousands of cases without a single failure so far as we have been able to learn. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. In cases of whooping cough it liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, and lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing, thus depriving that disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

◆

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Frank Daniels will bring his comic opera company to the Tremont Theatre next Monday evening, Feb. 12, to produce Victor Herbert's latest success "The Ameer." Everywhere the Daniels Company have played this season, they have broken all previous records for big business. The music of the new opera is described as the prettiest that Herbert has written. The score is full of catchy melodies and there are two marches in the opera so stirring as almost to make it impossible for the listener to stay in his seat. The librettists are Frederic Ranken and Kirke LaShelle. The former is the author of the Bostonians latest success, "The Smugglers," and Mr. La Shelle wrote the book of that still later success, "The Princess Chic." The part which they have devised for Frank Daniels, is declared by that inimitable comedian, to be the richest in comedy situations of any that he has portrayed. His supporting company, including Helen Redmond, Norma Kopp, Kate Uart, Will Danforth, William Corliss, and Owen Westford, contains over 60 people, and the chorus is declared to be the prettiest and best singing chorus on the comic opera stage today. The costumes and scenic effects have received great praise for beauty and appropriateness.

◆

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matceless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health, Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

◆

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, Feb. 2, at three o'clock. The Music and Art Committee of the Club had planned a delightful musical program for the afternoon. Mrs. Helen L. Thayer-Bryant gave a short introductory talk on "Women in Music" maintaining that many of the finest musical compositions were produced by women. Mrs. Bryant's talk was illustrated by Mrs. Adah Campbell Hussey, Contralto, and Miss Gertrude C. Dennis, Violinist. The following program was acceptably given:

Fanny Hansel. Song. Schwannenlied.
Clara Schumann. Violin. Melodie, Op. 18.
Hope Temple. Song. All My World.
Cecile Chaminade. Piano. Air de Ballet, No. 1.
Guy d'Hardelot. Song. Midsummer Dreams.
Clara K. Rogers. Piano and Violin. Allegro from Sonata in D. Minor, Op. 25.
Kate Vannah. Song. Love's Years are Brave and Long.
Helen Hood. Violin. Minuetto, Op. 6, No. 2.
Emily Meader. Song. The Wide World.
Helen Hopekirk. Violin. Melodie in G.
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.
 (a) Song with violin obligato. Ecstasy, Op. 19, No. 2.
 (b) Violin. La Captive (G String.) Op. 40, No. 1.
Margaret Ruthven Lang.
 (a) Song. Lydia. Op. 32, No. 2.
 (b) Piano Meditation. Op. 25.

◆

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcalona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Woburn in the Eighteen Forties.

WITH CONCLUSION OF EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF LEONARD THOMPSON.

III.

October 10, [1844.] The daguerreotype art is in vogue.

December 31. Temperance *picnic* in the Town Hall; 700 persons present.

May 17, 1845, Saturday. "This week is distinguished by the extra train of cars, at nine o'clock, A. M., and the running of a cab to and from them by S. Young."

The month of May 1845, was decidedly dull in Woburn, so far as social events were concerned. Speaking for Society, Mr. Thompson writes, "in fact, I am ashamed of my native town, and myself, for our mutual unsociability; not a social gathering, or a literary lecture during the month! What a statement for 4,000 people!"

Saturday, July 4, 1846, was a cloudless day, and was ushered in, as usual, with all noisy accompaniments, "which patriots could wish, or rogues invent." Sleep was out of the question. The only important event this day in Woburn was a Sabbath School picnic of persons from Lowell and vicinity at Fulton Village—now Montvale.

October 21, 1846. "The first lecture before the Woburn Lyceum was delivered this evening by Charles Sumner, Esq.; subject, 'Improvement of time.'"

October 28. "Attended the Lyceum lecture by William Sturgis, Esq., a gentleman owning and living upon the elegant Horn Pond estate." The third lecture of this course was given by Levi Woodbury, on Nov. 4; subject, 'Some traits in American character.'" On Dec. 29, Theodore Parker, of the Melodion, Boston, gave a "capital lecture" on the "Signs of the times." January 6, 1847, Ralph Waldo Emerson gave a lecture on "Eloquence." Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, delivered the next lecture. This course of fifteen lectures was closed on March 17, 1847, by a lecture on 'Great Britain,' by *Esquire* Mann, probably Horace Mann.

On January 28, 1847, the Hutchinson Family "gave a concert, and took in $150, at 12½ cts. a ticket. Concert pronounced "Capital." The crowd was a memorable one.

March 5, 1847. The scholars in the town schools "had been riding in sleighs —60 to 67 in a sleigh of 7 seats for two days past—and to-day twenty-one young ladies chartered the *North Star* (sleigh) and with a driver and clerk went to Lowell. This outing was noticed in the *Woburn Guide Post*, and in the issue for March 11, a card from the young ladies who went on this excursion is printed, thanking Mr. S. Young, the owner and driver of the sleigh, for his courtesy toward them on that occasion.

At this date great exertions were made in this country for the relief of the people in Ireland, who were suffering from famine. The sum of $320 was raised in Woburn for this purpose. Grain was shipped there in such large quantities that the price of breadstuff was advanced. The Woburn *Guide Post*, for March 11, 1847, said, "Woburn is not to be behindhand in extending assistance to the starving population of Ireland." It describes a meeting held at the Town Hall, where the citizens organized themselves by the choice of the Hon. Charles Choate, chairman, Dr. John Clough, Secretary, and Gen. Abijah Thompson, treasurer, and adopted such measures as were needful to raise the funds required. Committees were chosen for the respective wards of the town to facilitate the collection of the subscriptions. Of these gentlemen, John Johnson, Esq., alone survives.

To illustrate the utter lack of interest in the local news of Woburn at this date, the following extract from the *Guide Post* for October 7, 1847, is here inserted:—

"In the interval which has elapsed between the cessation and resurrection of the *Guide Post*, we believe but little has occurred in town worthy of allusion to. In that time, to be sure, the visit of the Nashua Guards interrupted the usual tame course of events for a brief space; but with this exception life in town has continued its even and quiet flow. *Woburnia* still stands undisturbed, where she has now been located over two hundred years, and our sincerest wish is that she may always continue her existence without any mutation of her bright prospect."

The prevailing dullness was relieved by one incident which served to brighten the gloom a trifle. The President of the United States was expected to honor Woburn with his presence for a few minutes. Col. Leonard Thompson in his Diary for June 30, 1847, wrote: "*President Passed through Woburn.*" The Woburn *Guide Post* for July 8, 1847, gives an account of this event.

The story is that the citizens expected that the train conveying the President to Lowell would stop at the Watering Station in Woburn for a few moments. Accordingly quite a number assembled there, with the expectation of getting a hasty look at the ruler of the United States. The train, instead of stopping, shot by, leaving those gathered to wonder at the reason. A bouquet, of a size little less than a common barrel, had been prepared to be given to the President, and the ceremony of presentation failed to come off.

More than a thousand persons had assembled on the platform and adjoining heights to welcome the President. The local military were drawn up in line and artillery stationed on a hill to fire a salute. The train was under such headway, and no previous intimation having been given of the purpose to meet the President at this point, before direction could be given to stop, the station was passed. "The assemblage gave some hearty cheers, and the artillery fired a salute, as the train dashed by the scene with great rapidity."

W. R. C. AND A. G. L.

◆

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

◆

"Uncle Nat's Husking"

Will be presented in Music Hall, Feb. 22, under the auspices of the Social Benevolent Society of First Church with the following cast:

Uncle Nat, Chauncy B. Conn; Aunt Peggy, E. Minnett Dow; Betsy an old maid, Florence M. Stetson; Josiah, Edward D. Hart; Lord Fauntleroy, Arthur Chase; Thomas, a college chap, Fred E. Hill; Bob, Charles W. Hill; Maggie, Laura Evans; Mollie, Annie A. Skinner; Kitty, Ethel Bryant; Scipio, Harry V. Dimick; Pat, Waldo P. Cutler; Solomon Levy, Fred Fowle; Ah Sing, Chinaman, George W. Stetson; Algernon Fitznoodle, Clarence Stetson; Pianist, Dora Winn; Music, Highland Orchestra.

◆

The trip by motor car from Cario to the pyramids is made in 14 minutes.

Won't Cure Everything

But Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Will Cure You If You Suffer From Disease of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder or Blood.

THIRTY YEARS OF CURES TO ITS CREDIT—TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Kidney diseases should be attended to at once, for almost 90 per cent. of our unexpected deaths of today are from that cause. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the only sure cure known for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation. It is marvelous how it stops that pain in the back, relieves the necessity of urinating so often at night, drives away that scalding pain in passing water, corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer and shows its beneficial effects on the system in an incredibly short time. It is sold by all drug stores at $100 a bottle.

You can tell just as well as a physician whether your Kidneys are diseased or healthy. Fill a tumbler with urine and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment, if it is milky or cloudy, discolored or paler if it is ropy or stringy, your Kidneys and Bladder are in a dangerous condition and you do not need a physician to tell you so.

If you would like to test Favorite Remedy free of all charge, send your full name and post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and a free trial bottle, together with a pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be sent you post-paid, providing you mention this paper when you write. The publisher of this paper guarantees the genuineness of this offer.

◆

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

During the last year the Lutheran church in New York City has gained fourteen percent.

Four new members were received last Sunday, making a total of 15 during the last three months.

Active preparations are now being made for a concert to be held in Wakefield Saturday, the 24th. Miss Gertrude Heartz will act as accompanist.

Mr. J. P. Dalin was recently ordained a minister in Upsala, Sweden. It will be remembered that Mr. Dalin, while pursuing his studies at Harvard University, was the first to take up missionary work in Woburn in the interests of the Lutheran church.

◆

Literary Notices.

The February McCLURE's opens with a second instalment of The Life of the Master by the Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), illustrated with four of Mr. Linson's brilliant paintings. In both text and illustrations, the work increases in interest and distinction as it progresses. Other features are Walter Wellman's account of the experiences of his last year's Arctic expedition; Governor Boutwell's reminiscences of the Grant Administration, under which he himself was a member of the Cabinet; Mr. Alleyne Ireland's exposition of the relative strength of the great powers in colonial territory, population, and resources; Cleveland Moffett's account of the latest discoveries and speculations regarding the composition of the interior of the earth; and Ray Stannard Baker's intimate biographical and character study of the new Governor of Cuba, General Leonard Wood. All of these articles, except Governor Boutwell's, are fully illustrated. A piece of fiction entitled The Killing of the Mammoth, published in McCLURE's some months ago, was taken by many readers as a record of fact—as much to the surprise as to the regret of the editors. In the present number, Mr. Frederic A. Lucas, of the National Museum, gives us The Truth about the Mammoth; and the *truth*, as Mr. Lucas, out of his ample scientific knowledge, presents it, is so extremely interesting that even those who were most misled by the inventions of the story writer will feel that ample amends are here made. The fiction of the number includes a story of mining life, a yachting and love story of the Georgia coast, a story of English prison life, and a railroad story—all original in incident and interestingly illustrated. McCLURE Co., 141-155 East 25th street, New York City.

The February number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE of Boston is bright and timely, and in contents and appearance is easily a leader among the ten-cent periodicals. Joe Mitchell Chappie furnishes a clever resume of Affairs at Washington, pertinent comment on men and things seen and hear at the National Capitol in his own colloquial style. Maitland Leroy Osborne pays a tribute to the great Evangelist in an article entitled Moody's Northfield Home, and a Moody convert tells of his conversion in plain, every day print. The Fall of Richmond is a remarkably interesting article, giving an inside view of the closing scenes of the great Civil War. It is illustrated. A finely illustrated sketch of Sir Henry Irving cannot fail to interest lovers of the drama. Octave Thanet contributes The Dress Suit; and the second installment of A Knave of Conscience, with several bright short stories, and some fine poetry, comprise the purely literary offerings. Two articles which will be of interest to the ladies are An American in the London Hospital, and Shop Girls as They Are, both copiously illustrated. Jefferson and the Dark Days of '14, treats of a momentous crisis in our National history, and illustrated with some hitherto unpublished photographs. The Publishers Department contains Events current and undercurrent comprising a resume and comprehensive condensation of the large affairs of the month. One can hardly invest 10 cents to better advantage in the purchase of current literature than by procuring a copy of the February issue of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. If your newsdealer does not have it in stock, send direct to the publishers, at 91 Bedford St., Boston.

◆

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasaut anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

◆

In the Black Sea no animal life of any kind is found at a depth below 1,200 feet owing to the large amount of hydrosulphuric acid.

◆

The Koran woman is so little esteemed that she not even a name. She is simply "the daughter" or "the sister" of So-and-so.

Obituary.

On Saturday, Feb. 3, 1900, Rev. WILLIAM J. POMFRET died at the residence of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Greydon, No. 7 Lowell street, this city, where his home had been several months.

Born in Preston, England, April 18, 1830, he came to Lowell with his parents in 1844. In 1856 he entered the Methodist ministry, becoming a member of the New England Conference, in which he served faithfully and successfully 44 years.

His first pupit was at North Brookfield, since which he held pastorates in Clinton, West Brookfield, Colrain, Ludlow, Williamsburg, Munson, Webster, Newton Upper Falls, Woburn, Marlboro, Fitchburg, Southbridge, West Quincy, West Medford, Lawrence and Byfield, in the order given.

Owing to nervous exhaustion he requested to be retired and last April was superanuated, coming to this city, were he has resided with his daughter, Mrs. Frank W. Greydon, as above stated.

A widow, two daughters, Mrs. William P. Nutting of Lawrence and Mrs. Frank W. Greydon, and a son Dr. John W. Pomfret of West Newton, survive. The funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, Tuesday afternoon, they being conducted by the Rev. Frederick Woods, D. D., pastor of the church, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Mansfield of Brook line and Edward R. Thorndike of Lynn, Presiding Elders.

The barers, selected from the conference, were the Rev. Messrs. Mudge, Stratton, Carey, Candlin, Whittaker and Packard. The interment was at Woodbrook Cemetery.

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In Memoriam.

ANNA HARTT TIDD.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call to the better world our dear classmate, ANNA HARTT TIDD, and,

WHEREAS, the pleasant associations connected with our dear friend will never be forgotten by us,

Resolved, That we, as a class, with deep feelings of regret, express the great sorrow occasioned by her death, being comforted only by this thought, that Anna will be there to welcome us when we too shall lay down life's burdens at the Master's call.

Resolved, That we tender to her afflicted family our sincere condolence in this their great sorrow which is lightened by the remembrance that their loss is Anna's gain.

J. MAXWELL MURDOCK,
ETHEL M. BRYANT,
F. WINNIFRED GIVEN,
ALICE M. MURRAY.

◆

WINCHESTER.

The local Golf Club are going to give a ball.

The Ladies Friendly Society elected officers yesterday, Feb. 8.

The warrant for the Annual Town Meeting will be closed on next Monday, Feb. 12.

The many friends of Mr. C. F. Lunt are glad to know that he is getting nicely over his annual midwinter attack of grip.

Congressman McCall is to be one of the four delegates-at-large from this State to the Republican National convention.

The Winchester Mutual Benefit Association will hold its 18th annual meeting in the Town Hall at 1 30 Monday evening, Feb. 26.

Last week T. Price Wilson, son of Editor Wilson, accompanied Sumner McCall, son of Congressman McCall, went to Washington for a fortnight's visit.

After 20 years of faithful service Mrs. Mary E. Dunham has resigned the office of Superintendent of the Infant Department of the Congregational Sunday School.

It seems to me that Commissioner E. A. Brackett of Inland Fisheries and Game is doing a good thing for this part of the State by breeding the Mongolian Pheasant and setting the broods, as they reach the proper age, free in Middlesex Fells. From that point they scatter over the country and it is no uncommon sight to see large flocks of them miles remote from the Fells.

◆

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

◆

HACK SAWS.

And Saws of Various Other Sorts Used In Cutting Metals.

No doubt the common idea of a saw would be of an implement used for sawing wood, and such is the chief use to which saws are put; but there are also many saws used for sawing metals. The most commonly used of these saws is what is called a hack saw.

The hack saw is built something like a meat saw; that is, the blade is held between the bent down ends of a frame, to one end of which is attached the handle by which, in the ordinary way, the saw is plied. But the hack saw is smaller than the meat saw, with a far more slender frame, and a light, slender blade.

There are various styles and sizes of hack saw frames, including extension frames, in which can be used, according as the frame is adjusted, saws of different lengths; for the hack saw blade is not riveted into its frame, but adjusted there, and blades can be taken out or put in at will.

The blades are very narrow and very thin and very fine toothed; they are made of a steel specially hardened for the use. In the manufacture of the blades the teeth are set and filed by machines with greater accuracy than that work could be done by hand, and at much less cost. Formerly many hack saw blades were imported from England; now there are very few imported. The American blades are better and far cheaper. They are so inexpensive that when worn dull they are not refiled; it is cheaper to use a new blade.

The hack saw blades most commonly used are made in various lengths ranging from 6 to 14 inches; perhaps there are sold more 18 inch blades than any other. These saw blades are put up in dozens, a dozen of them together making only a slender little bundle. The average price at retail is about 65 cents a dozen.

Hack saws are used in many trades. A jeweler would have some little hack saws on his workbench; hack saws are used by machinists, locksmiths, stovemakers, plumbers, brass workers, foundrymen; they are used in all trades in which metals are worked, and the carpenter, supposed to be a worker in wood alone, is likely to have a hack saw in his kit of tools. He may want to saw off a bolt or something of that sort, and for that matter hack saws are sometimes used for sawing in wood.

How long a hack saw will last depends, of course, very largely on how much it is used, but a hack saw with which a seven inch steel shaft had been cut off still remained sharp enough for further use. Hack saws are put to many uses on indoor and on outdoor work.

There are now made for railroad construction and repair work portable rail saws for sawing off rails, the old way being to cut them off with chisel and hammer. The rail is clamped into the frame in which the saw is worked, the saw being operated by hand power. Portable rail saws of American invention and manufacture are sold all over the world.

Of power driven saws for metals there are various kinds, these saws being put to many uses. For some purposes hack saws are fitted up so that they can be power driven, but the saws commonly used with power are circular. As to size, circular saws are made for metals ranging from 3 to 60 inches in diameter, and such saws are variously tempered, some harder and some softer, according to the use to which they are to be put. Some are run at high speed, some at low speed. Some are toothed and some are toothless, these last being called friction saws. And there are cold saws and hot saws, so called, the hot saws being used to saw metal which comes to the saws redhot.

Such saws, in one form and another, are used in the various mills in which iron and steel are made into shapes and in bridge and architectural works and in machine shops and foundries; they are used for sawing off rails and beams and bars and for many other purposes.—New York Sun.

Pretoria and Thackeray.

Pretoria, as everybody knows, is named after Pretorius, one of the celebrated Boer triumvirate of the past. He was said to belong to the same family as a Dr. Pretorius who in the early years of the queen's married life was attached to the immediate service of the prince consort and who in that capacity was present at all the functions of the court, The Court Circular of the time, after naming all the distinguished personages present, invariably concluding with the words "and Dr. Pretorius." At a banquet one evening at which Thackeray was present, after the toast of the queen had been received with musical honors, the author of "Vanity Fair" was overheard quietly singing to himself the refrain:

"Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
Dr. Pretorius.
God save the queen."
—Westminster Gazette.

Don't Let This Chance Escape.

A great portion of every woman's life is given up to pain and suffering. Girlhood to womanhood, womanhood to wifehood, wifehood to motherhood, the nervous system is tested at each new experience, and few pass them all without injury to the health. Dr. Greene's advice is invaluable to women who suffer from ill health, nervous weakness and female complaints. From his vast experience he can advise them, as no one else can, how to get back their lost health and strength. Dr. Greene is the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervura, which has done so much to cure ailing women, and of many other equally valuable remedies for various complaints. He is the most successful woman's physician in the world and his advice is free, either at personal call at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by letter through the mail. Most women are bundles of nerves, and need advice and treatment of the right kind in order to be cured. Tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene in perfect confidence, and his advice will put you on the road to health.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Samuel Melendy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Octavia Melendy, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court for allowance the final account of her administration on said estate and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in her hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of February, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why distribution should not be made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE.

Chap. 317, Sec. 18, Acts of the Legislature for year 1894, relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings, reads as follows, *i. e.*:—

> "The Trustees shall cause to be published semi-annually in some newspaper published in the County in which said Corporation is located, the names of the members of the Board of Investment, or other officers of such Corporation charged with the duty of investing its funds."

In accordance with the above requirements notice is hereby given that the following named persons compose the Board of Investment of The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, Woburn, Mass., for the year ending July, 1900.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
CHARLIE A. JONES, JOHN WINN,
JOHN R. CARTER, L. WALDO THOMPSON,
S. B. GODDARD, WILLIAM BEGGS,
LUKE W. FOWLE, HERBERT B. DOW.

Attest:

EDWARD E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Feb. 7th, 1900.

The Committee on Cities will give a hearing to parties interested in House Bill No. 569, petition of Wm. F. Davis, Mayor, providing for the election of Clerk of Committees of City of Woburn; and House Bill No. 570, petition of Wm. F. Davis, Mayor, relative to the Sinking Fund of the City of Woburn; at room No. 444, **Tuesday, Feb. 13th**, at 10.30 o'clock, A. M..

LOYED E. CHAMBERLAIN, Chairman.
FRANK E. WETHERELL, Clerk of the Committee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Feb. 7th, 1900.

The Committee on Mercantile Affairs will give a hearing to parties interested in House Bill No. 658, the petition of C. A. Jones and others for legislation to incorporate the Fernglade Cemetery, at room No. 431, State House, on **Wednesday, Feb. 14th**, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

FRED. JOY, Chairman.
THOMAS F. PORTER, Clerk of the Committee.

WANTED!

Experienced man to manage slicker cloth factory. Good wages. Address SLICKER CLOTH. Care of JOURNAL.

Mr. S. C. HOWE,
THE CHIROPODIST,

Will be at her rooms, 414 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., on

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900,

for business.
Public patronage respectfull solicited.

Fine Watch Clock and Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday March 1, Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE..

Public Lectures

—IN THE—

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Summer in the Arctic." Illustrated. The main object of Mr. Porter's voyage was the endeavor to communicate with Peary, above the Arctic Circle, in the summer of 1899.

TUESDAY, April 17, 1900. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War.' Season ticket holders are requested to keep their present tickets for use for admission to Prof. Harper's lecture. An overflow of engagements compels Prof. Harper to defer his lecture to that time.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, }
E. MARIA BEAN, } Directors.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, }

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, January 17, 1900.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison ta s 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 10 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

TRY

Reed's Ham And Bacon

— AT —

Linnell's Market

406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

A Country Lass,

Health in her beaming eyes, health in her glowing cheek, health in her merry laugh. Yet country air and country hours can't save her from the common experience of women—an experience which dulls the eye, pales the cheek, and turns the laugh to a sigh. Womanly ills come to almost all. But for these ills there is help and healing in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, stops unhealthy drains, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"Miss Ella Sapp, of Jamestown, Guilford Co., N. C., writes: "I had suffered three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pain in my back and stomach. I could not stand without fainting; had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better—had better appetite and slept better. Now I am happy to say I am entirely cured, and all done in two months' time, when all other medicines had failed to do any good at all."

Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

Have you forgotten, little wife,
Our faroff childhood's golden life,
Our splendid castles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,

The rain that caught us in the wood,
The cakes we had when we were good,
The doll I broke and made you cry,
When we were children, you and I?

Have you forgotten, little wife,
The dawning of that other life,
The strange new light the whole world wore
When life love's perfect blossom bore,

The dreams we had, the songs we made,
The sunshine and the woven shade,
The tears of many a sad goodby,
When we were parted, you and I?

Ah, nay! Your loving heart, I know,
Remembers still the long ago.
It is the light of childhood's days
That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence and faith and truth;
The smiles, the tears and hopes gone by,
When we were children, you and I.

—Frederick E. Weatherly in Cassell's Magazine.

A BORDER HEROINE.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

We of Custer's command were swinging around to reopen the overland trail, every station of which in western Kansas had been captured by the Indians. We had gone into camp one night after a continuous ride of nearly 100 miles, and everybody but the sentinels was fast asleep, when there came riding in from the northwest a girl, 18 years old, named Mary Thompson. She was riding a pony without saddle or bridle, and she was hatless and without shoes. Most of the men had been aroused, and were anxious to hear her story before she reached the general's tent. Her report was terse and to the point. Ten miles to the northwest was a party of pioneers—8 wagons, 20 men and 40 women and children. The camp had been attacked by Indians an hour before, and the girl had mounted her pony, dashed through the lines and galloped in search of aid. She had been followed for the first three or four miles by mounted Indians, but had distanced them.

Custer interrogated her concerning the situation of the camp and the strength of the Indians, and, believing the pioneers could hold their own through the night, the men were ordered back to their blankets. It was about an hour before daylight when we moved, the girl riding at the head of the column with the general and two or three scouts, and we were within half a mile of the camp when the darkness faded away and gave us a view of the situation. Then it was a swift dash at the hostiles, a sharp fight for ten minutes, and we had sent the band scurrying away.

In and about the wagons lay six dead and four wounded men—ten dead or wounded women and children. Every horse and mule was disabled, and had we waited a quarter of an hour longer the Indians would have "rushed" and carried the camp and wiped out every soul. At midnight they had cut off two of the outer wagons for a moment and made captive a boy 10 years old—Mary Thompson's own brother. Her father and mother were among the dead, her brother carried away by the warriors as they fled before us. The soldiers and pioneers crowded about the girl and gave her words of sympathy, and for a few minutes she hid away in one of the wagons to be alone with her grief. When she reappeared, her tears had vanished, and she announced her resolution to make an effort to recover her captive brother. General Custer advised and argued with her, but she refused to go back to a point of safety with the surviving pioneers. She did not ask to go with the command, but intended to depend upon herself alone. I think she would have been forced to go away with the pioneers had she remained with us a few minutes longer. While the people were making ready for a start the rank and file learned of her determination. We outfitted her pony, handed her over a winchester rifle and a revolver and plenty of ammunition, supplied her with food for several days, and nothing was lacking when she rode out of camp in the direction the Indians had taken.

Knowing that her brother Jimmie would be sent to some village among the hills to be held captive, she gave all her attention to dodging war parties and hunting out villages. On the old maps of Kansas there used to be a creek called Thompson creek, and it was named after the girl. One morning after a night spent in riding over the plains she entered a grove of willows and cottonwoods on a little island in the middle of the stream to lie up for the day.

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon an Indian band numbering about 20 old men, women and children came along and made their camp on the east bank of the stream and within pistol shot of the hiding girl. Among the boys she saw her brother for the first time. He had been clothed in Indian dress, but she identified him at once. He was among the score of lads sent across to the grove to cut lodge poles and firewood, and the girl planned a feat which the most daring scout would have hesitated to attempt. It was to carry the boy off in the face of the village, and it was not her fault that she made a failure of it. He was one of the first to reach the island, and she rode boldly out of shelter and called him by name and moved toward him. He was so surprised at sight of her that he ran away. She overtook him and seized and tried to lift him on to the saddle, but he broke away from her and the Indians sounded the alarm. As many as a score of old men and boys mounted ponies and attempted to capture Miss Thompson, but after wounding two and being chased for five miles she made her escape. She did not go far, however. Having located the village in which the boy was held, she determined to hang about until her mission was accomplished.

The mound known as Thompson's Fort was also named after Mary Thompson. Her stock of ammunition had been reduced to nine cartridges when she met a scouting party of cavalry and was supplied with 100 rounds and as much provisions as she would take. She had then been dogging the Indians for over two months and had donned male attire as the handiest to get about in. There were Indians on the trail of the scouting party, and an hour after Mary had gone her way she found 12 mounted warriors in sight behind her. This was at 10 o'clock in the morning and on the open plains. She headed for the faraway hills to the west, and for the first hour permitted the Indians to gain on her. When they had come within half a mile, she set the pace to hold them there, and made one of the greatest rides recorded under like circumstances. Her horse was in prime condition, and the ponies were also at their best. The Indians knew whom they were after and determined to capture her alive and unhurt.

The race and pursuit lasted for 60 miles, every rod of which was covered at a gallop. The girl was riding straight into the enemy's country, and at sundown she determined to go no farther. As she reached the creek flowing around the east base of "Thompson's fort," which is a hill standing by itself, she threw herself off her horse and took a long drink and then led the animal to the crest of the hill. Fortunately for her there was a sink or basin at the top, with many loose rocks lying about, and in a short time she had done all that a soldier could have accomplished under the circumstances. As the Indians came up they spread out to encircle the hill. They had run their victim to earth and were in no hurry to face her rifle.

From dark to dawn the heroine was not disturbed, and she afterward related that she slept fairly well. She had a soldier's canteen full of water, plenty of provisions and ammunition and was not at all dismayed over the situation. When morning came, the Indians demanded her surrender, giving her much praise and promising to escort her to one of their villages unhurt. This they would likely have done, but she did not propose to become a captive while able to give a shot from rifle or revolver. Two hours were consumed by the Indians in trying to negotiate a surrender, and then, finding the girl inflexible, they made their first attack. At a given signal the 12, who were under the command of a subchief named Little Horse, rushed for the crest of the hill. They gained it, but after a fight of two minutes were driven off with the loss of two warriors killed and one wounded. This last was the chief himself. He was shot through the cheek and had the tip of his tongue carried away, and so badly did this interfere with his speech that two years later he drowned himself in despair. So well was the girl intrenched on the crest of the hill that it was deemed unwise to attack her again, and the band sat down to starve her out. For three nights and two days she held the fort, wounding two other Indians and escaping all their bullets, and then the Indians withdrew and left her, and she went her way in peace.

As I saw Mary Thompson when she first set out on her dangerous mission so did I see her when it had been concluded. From May until November she scouted the plains and dodged among the hills alone, her life and liberty in peril, almost every hour in the 24. The village in which her brother was held captive moved many times, but she always located it anew and watched for her opportunity. It came one night with the setting in of winter. There was a blizzard raging when she entered the village, crept from lodge to lodge and finally found her brother asleep between two boys. She woke him up and got him out of the lodge without disturbing the others, and once they had mounted her horse they set off in the direction of a supply camp 60 miles distant. So severe was the storm, however, that after riding ten miles the pair made camp in a ravine until the worst was over. It was 30 hours before the storm ceased, and the Indians soon started out and picked up the trail almost as soon as the pair had taken camp. The snow lay two feet deep on the level, and with the horse carrying double the race would soon have been run. Camped in a similar ravine, ten miles to the west, were three companies of the Seventh cavalry, and we had just broken camp and got into the saddle when Mary Thompson, with her brother on the saddle behind her, came riding down upon us, with the yelling Indians only half a mile away.

Then followed what the eastern philanthropists have been pleased to term "a cold blooded slaughter of unarmed Indians." There were 22 in the band. All were armed, but they came over the ridge and down among us before they knew of our presence. Only three lived to get back to the village.

Librarian Keen.

Speaking of Gregory B. Keen, who has just been elected librarian of the Historical society of Pennsylvania to succeed the late Frederick D. Stone, the Philadelphia Inquirer says: "In pure library work Mr. Keen has had good experience as the librarian of the library of the University of Pennsylvania. For many years he has been the corresponding secretary of the society. His papers on the Swedish influence in Pennsylvania are marked by the society's careful methods of investigation, and both by tastes and training Mr. Keen is fitted to prove a most worthy successor to Dr. Stone."

Andree.

As Andree was about to depart on his polar balloon he was asked how soon tidings from him might be expected. His answer was, "At least not before three months, and one year, perhaps two years, may elapse before you hear from us, and you may one day be surprised by news of our arrival somewhere, and if not—if you never hear from us—others will follow in our wake until the unknown regions of the north have been surveyed."

A Lack.

She—What! Are you going to dine at the club? I should think you would hate to take dinner there.

He—Why?

She—Because, my dear, you will miss all the pleasure of complaining about what you get to eat.—Detroit Free Press.

An Invitation to Women

All the world knows of the wonderful cures which have been made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, yet some women do not realize that all that is claimed for it is absolutely true.

If all suffering women could be made to believe that Mrs. Pinkham can do all she says she can, their suffering would be at an end, for they would at once profit by her advice and be cured.

There is no more puzzling thing than that women will suffer great pain month after month when every woman knows of some woman whom Mrs. Pinkham has helped, as the letters from grateful women are constantly being published at their own request.

The same derangements which make painful or irregular periods with dull backaches and headaches, and dragging-down sensations, presently develop into those serious inflammations of the feminine organs which completely wreck health.

Mrs. Pinkham invites women to write freely and confidentially to her about their health and get the benefit of her great experience with the sufferings of women. No living person can advise you so well. No remedy in the world has the magnificent record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for absolute cures of female ills. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Three Letters from One Woman, Showing how She Sought Mrs. Pinkham's Aid, and was cured of Suppression of the Menses and Inflammation of the Ovaries.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I have been in bed a year. Doctors say I have female weakness. I have a bad discharge and much soreness across my ovaries, bearing-down pains and have not menstruated for a year. Doctors say the menses will never appear again. Hope to hear from you."—Mrs. J. F. Brown, Holton, Kans., April 1, 1898.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I received your letter. I have taken one bottle and a half of your Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of your Wash, and feel stronger and better. I can walk a few steps, but could not before taking your Compound. I still have the discharge and am sore across the ovaries, but not so bad. Every one thinks I look better since taking your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. F. Brown, Holton, Kans., Aug. 13, 1898.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I think it is my duty to let you know the good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has done me. After I took three bottles, menses appeared, and I began to feel stronger and all my pain was gone. Yours is the only medicine that ever helped me. I am able now to work around the house, something I did not expect to do again."—Mrs J. F. Brown, Holton, Kans., Jan. 25, 1899.

Three More Letters from One Woman, Relating how She was Cured of Irregular Menstruation, Leucorrhœa and Backache.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I am suffering and need your aid. I have pains in both sides of the womb and a dragging sensation in the groin. Menstruation irregular and painful; have leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, soreness and swelling of the abdomen, headache, backache; nervousness, and can neither eat nor sleep."—Mrs. Carrie Phillips, Anna, Ill., July 19, 1897.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I want to thank you for what you have done for me. When I wrote to you I was a total wreck. Since taking your Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, my nerves are stronger and more steady than ever before, and my backache and those terrible pains are gone. Before I took your medicine I weighed less than one hundred and thirty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Your medicine is a godsend to poor weak women. I would like to ask you why I cannot have a child. I have been married nearly three years."—Mrs. Carrie Phillips, Anna, Ill., Dec. 1, 1897.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I did just as you advised me, and now I am the happy mother of a fine baby girl. I believe I never would have had her without your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Carrie Phillips, Anna, Ill., Jan. 27, 1899.

Proof that Falling of the Womb is Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham — When I wrote to you some time ago, I had been suffering from falling of the womb for many years without obtaining relief. Was obliged to wear a bandage all the time; also had bad headache and backache, felt tired and worn out. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and four boxes of Liver Pills, I discarded my bandage and have not had to wear it since. I am entirely cured."—Mrs. J. P. Troutman, Box 44, Hamilton, Ohio.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—For nearly two years I was unable to work. I was very weak and could not stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time. The doctors said I had falling and inflammation of the womb. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using five bottles I feel like a new woman."—Mrs. P. N Blake, Confluence, W. Va.

Patrols on Russian Railroads.

The Transsiberian railroad is very closely guarded, the management feeling personally responsible for the people they carry on their trains. The road is divided into sections of one verst, or five-eighths of a mile. In a neat little log house, usually in a garden, live the guard and his people. The average family is a wife and five towheaded children. The houses were built by the company and evidently with a view to meeting the demands of increasing families. The guard or a member of his family must patrol his section night and day. He steps to the side of the track as the train approaches and after it has passed steps back into the middle of the track, holds a small green flag in the air, at night a lantern, and stands like a statue until the train has entered the next section. Several guards do duty in the heavy curves, and frequently they are only a few hundred feet apart.

Much of the track patrolling is done by women, who have proved fully as reliable as the men. The women are nearly always barefooted, and as they stand on the track holding the flag aloft, a Siberian breeze toying with their short skirts, they are fine subjects for a sculptor after a unique model.—Siberian Letter in Chicago Record.

DAD'S OLD BREECHES.

When dad has worn his trousers out,
They pass to brother John.
Then mother trims them round about,
And William puts them on.

When William's legs too long have grown,
The trousers fail to hide 'em.
So Walter claims them for his own
And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest,
And, when they won't stretch tighter,
They're turned and shortened, washed and pressed,
And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps
When I have burst the stitches.
At doomsday we shall see (perhaps)
The last of dad's old breeches.

—New York Weekly.

SUSPICIONS.

The train from Namur lumbered heavily into the station at Melreux and wakened into momentary life its sleepy stagnation. About half a dozen passengers alighted, among whom was a tall, bronzed Englishman. His searching glance warmed into a smile of pleasure as he strode hastily toward a Belgian gentleman who rushed to greet him with outstretched arms. With a string of questions the Belgian led the way into the station yard, where an English dogcart was waiting. They got in and away they dashed in a cloud of white dust toward the little village of Durbuy. After half an hour's brisk run they rattled noisily through the village and drew up before a pair of massive wrought iron gates. The house lay at the farther end of a short avenue of elms, along which they drove smartly. As the Belgian alighted a clock chimed musically.

"A quarter to 12," said he. "You will just have time to get rid of your travel stains before lunch."

"Yes, M. Barvaux, I should like to make myself rather more presentable before meeting the ladies," replied his friend, Jack Hague. In less than ten minutes he was once more spick and span, and as he went down stairs he found M. Barvaux awaiting him. As they entered the morning room in which lunch was to be served they were greeted by a couple of ladies, whom M. Barvaux introduced as his wife and her niece, Mlle. Richert.

The charming manner of his host soon made Jack perfectly at home. M. Barvaux spoke English quite fluently, and was rather proud of his accomplishment, but Jack was rather shy with his French at first, although the kind way in which the girl helped him over his difficulties enabled him to get along smoothly enough. But he found it much more pleasant to listen than to talk, and when Mlle. Richert began to speak of her love for the Ardennes he instantly became all eyes and ears.

It was quite a jolly little luncheon party, but amid the pleasantness there was something which Jack could not understand. Ever and anon the girl appeared abstracted and seemed to be watching M. Barvaux with a look of deep anxiety, and once when his wife placed her arm round the girl's neck affectionately Jack thought he perceived an expression of mingled hate and fear on the face of the Belgian as he gazed under his heavy eyebrows at the girl. At first Jack put it down as merely his fancy, but further observation convinced him that there was something wrong.

The days sped by all too quickly. Fishing in the Ourthe, which ran close by, or long rambles in the woods, gathering bilberries, occupied the hours of daylight, and in the evenings Jack sat as though under a spell while Mlle. Richert sang dainty old French love songs or extemporized dreamy melodies on the piano.

But still the jarring note which had struck Jack disturbed the pleasant harmony, and as day followed day his first suspicions were confirmed and intensified. However, he could discover no intelligible explanation of the numberless trivial incidents which, had not his attention been roused, would have entirely escaped him. All he could be certain about was that his host unmistakably manifested a strange antipathy toward his niece. This, however, did not prevent Jack and the girl from becoming close friends, and it seemed, at least to M. Barvaux, that their friendship was rapidly ripening into a much stronger feeling. Jack felt that his host was displeased at the turn of affairs, and he was therefore not very much surprised when M. Barvaux, seizing a suitable opportunity, asked him point blank what were his feelings toward the young lady. He replied with perfect frankness that he was over head and ears in love with her.

"Ah, my friend," replied M. Barvaux, "I am very sorry for you. I should have warned you earlier." Sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper he continued, "She is a murderess."

Jack stared at him in amazement. Had he suddenly taken leave of his senses? No, he seemed perfectly rational, although very agitated. In an excited voice he went on to describe how the girl was trying to poison him. Jack came to the conclusion that his friend was the victim of a hallucination and resolved to humor him.

"But she is so devoted to your wife," said he

"Yes, and that is why I dare not speak My wife thinks Angeline is an angel, and I am afraid to say anything."

On the next evening, the last one of Jack's stay, he was sitting in an easy chair among the window curtains when suddenly he heard the soft sweep of a woman's dress in the room. He turned and saw a figure in white.

"Angeline," was on his lips, and he was about to spring to his feet when he saw something which turned him to stone. She was standing at the sideboard with a thick green glass vial, the contents of which she was pouring into the decanter of wine specially reserved for M. Barvaux.

His host's suspicions were, then, correct. Oh, the horror of it! The girl he loved a poisoner! He could scarcely believe his senses, but after what M. Barvaux had told him doubt seemed no longer possible. The girl left the room as quietly as she had entered, closing the door as though afraid of being heard. Jack rushed to the sideboard. He unstoppered the decanter. Yes, there was certainly a strange smell, which was not that of wine. What should he do—call Angeline and accuse her on the spot? He could not. Should he tell his host? Should he pour away the poisoned wine? Should he— But before he could make up his mind M. Barvaux, looking rather pale and disturbed, walked in from the garden, and as he did so his wife and Angeline entered the room, and dinner was served. The girl was dressed in white, and a couple of glorious red roses gleamed in her black hair. Never before had she seemed so beautiful to Jack. He asked himself if it were possible that so divine a creature could nurse thoughts of murder in her soul. But he could not forget what he had just witnessed, and he resolved to be on his guard and prevent M. Barvaux drinking the wine.

Supposing, after all, he were to be wrong, how could he face the girl he loved after accusing her of such a foul and unnatural deed? He was too agitated to eat, and he observed that both M. Barvaux and Angeline seemed also preoccupied and ill at ease. At length he managed to make his host understand that he was not to touch the wine. The Belgian smiled with an almost sardonic expression and eyed Angeline curiously. Presently he raised the decanter and leaned over the table, looking at her the while with his deep set black eyes.

"Allow me, Angeline," he said, "to pour you out a glass of wine."

"No—no thank you," stammered the girl in an agitated manner.

"Come—I insist. I will take no refusal," he cried, springing to his feet and filling her glass. The girl turned pale as death and seemed to lose her power of self will. Half mechanically she took the glass of wine and raised it to her lips. She emptied it at one gulp, and then sank back in her chair, where she lay still and white. With a cry of terror Mme. Barvaux rushed to her assistance, but her husband commanded her not to touch the girl. Jack was on his feet in an instant, but was too bewildered to know how to act. With a sickening sense of the confirmation of his worst suspicions he concluded that the girl was poisoned, and off he rushed for the doctor. By good fortune he ran across the very person he was seeking. In a few words he told him his errand and implored him to return with him at all haste.

"It is a matter of life and death," he cried. "Let us run."

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied the doctor, "although I may tell you matters are not so serious as you imagine."

"But"—

"Permit me to explain, monsieur. The young lady is not poisoned at all, as you will see. The wine she drank was intended for M. Barvaux, was it not?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, you must know that he is subject to periodical fits of homicidal madness, and when these attacks are coming on it becomes necessary to administer powerful opiates to him without his knowledge. The paroxysm passed, he is once more the calm and cultured gentleman you know, but at times he is very dangerous, and but for my treatment it would probably become necessary to put him under restraint. I was just about to pay my customary visit tonight when you met me, for I was expecting an outbreak."

Jack was relieved beyond measure on hearing the doctor's story, but the thought that he had left the girl he loved with a man subject to homicidal mania moderated his feelings of satisfaction, and, anxious to get back to assure himself of her safety, he tore away from the doctor, for he felt that, if an attack suddenly manifested itself in M. Barvaux, Angeline, as being the person who had raised his suspicions, would probably be the first victim of his mad rage

Indeed he arrived none too soon, Mme. Barvaux was crouching in an agony of terror at the feet of the unconscious girl, while her husband was standing over them gesticulating wildly. Jack speedily overpowered him, and a few minutes afterward the doctor arrived, whose presence had a wonderfully soothing effect on the unfortunate gentleman. Under the doctor's care Angeline soon recovered, but both she and Mme. Barvaux were very much upset and were glad when Jack decided to stay a few days longer. They were days of infinite happiness for both him and Angeline, and when at length his stay came to its end the Brussels express bore away a reluctant but very happy man, to whose ears the rhythmic rumble of the wheels seemed to say, "Angeline, Angeline, Angeline!"—London Sun.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Minister's Invention.

The Very Rev. Dean H. Martyn Hart of St. John's cathedral, Denver, is said to have perfected an invention which is calculated to revolutionize the rubber trade. Napier Ford discovered a method of oxidizing oils, and when he died in London two years ago he handed his invention to Charles Griest, who made some improvements in it and then turned it over to Dean Hart. The dean, who is an expert chemist, worked on it for months, and finally made it valuable commercially. The business end of the process was turned over to Dr. John Gower, who went to London and organized a company for its manufacture. The new substance is called perchoid. It will cost only about 5 or 6 cents pound. Dean Hart will go to Washington to see about the patents.—Exchange.

A Paradox.

"Her entire fortune was spent educating her."

"Yes?"

"Yes, she cost so much that she was finally worth nothing, you see."—Detroit Journal.

Daniel Webster's Paper Cutter.

Joseph M. Terry of Peconic, N. Y., has presented a valuable relic of Daniel Webster to the Suffolk County Historical society. It is an ivory paper cutter which Mr. Webster used for a number of years in his library at Marshfield, Mass. Webster gave it to Charles Taylor, then a boy, whose father was at the time manager of Mr. Webster's farm. Young Taylor preserved the relic and several years ago while residing near Mr. Terry's house gave it to him.—New York Sun.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 11.

Text of the Lesson, John iii, 1-18. Memory Verses, 14-17—Golden Text, John iii, 16—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. Reading from the revised version and connecting the closing words of the last chapter we read: "He needed not that any one should bear witness concerning man, for He Himself knew what was in man. Now there was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews." After calling His first disciples, as in last week's lesson, He attended the marriage at Cana and wrought His first miracle; then, with His mother and brethren and disciples, He spent a little season at Capernaum, after which He went to Jerusalem to the Passover, cleansed the temple, foretold His death and resurrection, wrought miracles and had this interview with Nicodemus.

2, 3. Here is the second of the 25 double verilies of this gospel: The first (i. 51) speaks of the glory of the kingdom, the second and third (verse 5) tell of the only way to enter it. The great topic of Scripture is the kingdom and its glory, when Jesus shall be acknowledged by all, not only as King of Israel, but as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The most important thing for any one to know is that he shall share the glory of that kingdom.

4, 5. Nicodemus being only a natural man, although a very religious one, could not understand spiritual things. They were foolishness unto him, just as the Spirit says in I Cor. ii, 14. In this third double amen, or verily, the Lord Jesus speaks of the manner of this new birth as being by water and the Spirit, which is fully and clearly explained by a few other passages. The Spirit, through both Peter and James, testifies that we are born again by the word of God (I Pet. ii, 23; Jas. i, 18), and through Paul He says that the water is the word (Eph. v, 26). Then our Lord says that His words are spirit and life (John vi, 63).

6, 7. The flesh or self or natural man, old man, carnal mind, however religious or moral it may become, is still and only flesh and cannot see or enter the kingdom. The carnal mind dislikes God, is not and never can be subject to the law of God (Rom. viii, 7, 8). There is not, as some teach, a spark of the Divine nature in every one which only needs to be fanned into a flame.

8. As water suggests the Spirit and the word, so wind suggests also the working of the Spirit, as in Ezek. xxxvii, 9, 14. Its workings are manifest, but its whence and thence or whither and thither not so easily understood. In the first chapter or section of Genesis (i, 1, to ii, 3) it is written that "The Spirit moved." Then it is written ten times, "And God said," and so the work was done. All the work of God is done by His Spirit through His word.

9, 10. It would seem as if Nicodemus might have known and grasped something of that which our Lord was teaching him if he had been familiar with Ezek. xxxvi, 25-27. And it is difficult to imagine a master in Israel not being familiar with the writings of the prophets, but it is possible, for tradition had very largely taken the place of Scripture.

11. Here is the fourth double amen and emphasizes the truth of that which He was saying, and man's slowness to receive it. One of the most wonderful things is that God hath spoken to us (Heb. i, 1, 2; Isa. i, 2), and another is that those to whom He speaks refuse to hear what He has to say (Ps. lxxxi, 13) This oft repeated "I say unto thee" is the same as the Old Testament "Thus saith the Lord," and when the Lord speaks it is becoming in us to keep silence and let our hearts say, "Amen!" to all He says (Hab. ii, 20). It is for us to believe and thus know and, believing, see by faith that which others cannot see and testify the same whether others receive it or not.

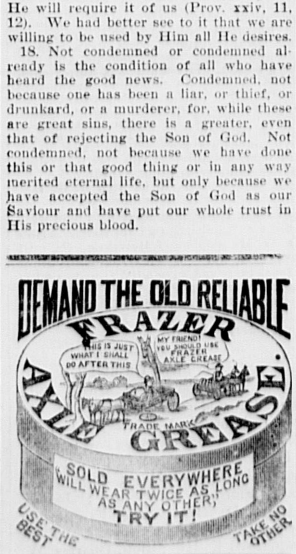
12, 13. "The Son of Man which is in heaven." While He was on earth in His humiliation He was at the same time in heaven, as now in heaven at the Father's right hand He is also on earth wherever two or three meet in His name, and to the obedient believer He says, "Lo, I am with you alway" (Math. xviii, 20; xxviii, 20). Whenever He speaks upon any subject, earthly or heavenly, there is only one thing for us to do and that is to receive meekly all He says. Let us ever make Him glad by receiving His words (John xvii, 8).

14, 15. Since Nicodemus did not seem to be familiar with prophecy the Great Teacher takes him to the more simple lessons of the picture book of the law of Moses. He must have been familiar with this incident, and as the Lord spoke of it he would see it all as a living picture before his eyes. He would see the bitten, dying people, and on the pole the likeness of that which had bitten them, which when they saw they lived. The cure came not from within them nor by applying remedies to their wounds, but by looking upon the representation of that which had bitten them. About them they saw the living destroying serpents. On the pole they saw the representation of a dead serpent. Sin is that which has slain us, but on the cross we see Him who knew no sin made sin for us.

16. I do not know any better way to use this wonderful verse than to write your own name instead of "the world" and "whosoever" and heartily believe that it means just what it then says, and if whole hearted gratitude does not fill you because of the gift of eternal life and the assurance that you shall never perish it must be because you have not whole heartedly appropriated it or appreciated it.

17. Not to condemn, but to save. Do we saved ones care, or how much do we care, whether the world is hearing of this love which gave itself for them that they might not perish? Are we selfish enough to be glad that we are saved without caring for those who might be saved, too, if they could only hear of Him who died for them and rose again? He will require it of us (Prov. xxiv, 11, 12). We had better see to it that we are willing to be used by Him all He desires.

18. Not condemned or condemned already is the condition of all who have heard the good news. Condemned, not because one has been a liar, or thief, or drunkard, or a murderer, for, while these are great sins, there is a greater, even that of rejecting the Son of God. Not condemned, not because we have done this or that good thing or in any way merited eternal life, but only because we have accepted the Son of God as our Saviour and have put our whole trust in His precious blood.



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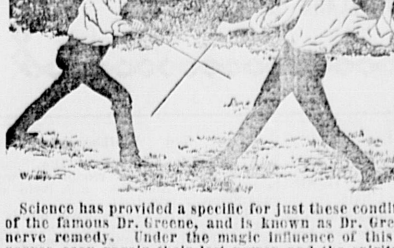
Strong Nerves and Buoyant Blood Move the World.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

Blood and Nerve Remedy

Is New Life, Hope, and Strength for the Weak, Despondent, Sick, and Overworked.

Who ever heard of a nerveless hero?
What despondent warrior ever won a battle?
What great idea was ever evolved from a sleepless brain?
What high ideal or lofty aspiration ever came from low vitality?
It is the blood and nerves that move the world physically, mentally, and morally.



Napoleon had nerves of steel at Austerlitz and dyspepsia at Waterloo.

King Richard suffered the agonies of insomnia the night before he met Richmond on the fatal field of Bosworth.

Low vitality, nervous weakness, debility, and exhaustion cause a majority of the failures, misery, and unhappiness in the world.

A thorough invigoration and revitalization is what you want. IT IS WHAT YOU MUST HAVE.

Science has provided a specific for just these conditions. It is the discovery of the famous Dr. Greene, and is known as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Under the magic influence of this wonderful medicine the nerves soon regain their lost power and the spirits become buoyant as the body grows strong. The reinvigorated blood courses through the veins, substituting health and vivacity for weakness, lassitude, and despair.

Thousands of people—judges, statesmen, merchants, and workingmen—testify from personal experience to the prompt and permanent benefits of Dr. Greene's Nervura. The great good which it has done for them it will surely do for you. It is a sin to suffer when relief is within reach.

Mr. M. J. Snyder, 239 Main St., Owego, N. Y., says:—

"For a number of years I was afflicted with nervousness, pains in my back and side, and that tired feeling; or, in other words, I was all broke up. I had no ambition to do anything, and if I had, I could not have done it. I had taken all kinds of medicines, and the doctors told me it was overwork and kidney trouble. As a last resort I made up my mind to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I did not get a bottle or two and then condemn the medicine for not curing me, as thousands of others do, but I made up my mind I would give it a good test. I got six bottles for five dollars, and I took it, and it cured me. That was several years ago and I am as sound as a bullet, not a pimple or blemish about me, and as solid as a rock."

There are many cases of complex character which patients cannot fully understand. Dr. Greene cordially invites all such sufferers to consult with him fully and freely, personally or by letter, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. There is no charge for such consultation, and every communication is absolutely confidential.

A Dangerous Game.

Italians in Rome have a delightful little game, which is called the "passatella." It is played mostly nowadays in low drink shops, and, as it leads frequently to murder, the police are anxious to stop it.

Round a table some men are smoking. At the head sits a man with a flask of wine and a glass before him. He is the president of the party. All the company, including the president, have paid for that flask of wine, but not one of them can drink a drop of it unless the president gives permission. He, however, may drink as often as he likes. When he passes the glass to another, that other may drink until the president cries "Stop!" and the glass is passed on to the next. Sometimes the "stop" comes before a single drop is drunk. This is the fun for the others who are allowed to drink.

A good natured president rarely repeats this joke, but it sometimes happens that he has a grudge against one of the men, and then the unfortunate victim sits the whole evening, smoking and frowning, while he sees all the others drink. This is making an "Olmo" of him. And woe to a president who would make an "Olmo" of the same man twice, for he would soon have a knife run across his throat. It is the frequency of such a tragic end that causes the police to try to prevent the game when possible.

Modern Meaning of the Word Gun.

"The evolution of the word 'gun' forms an interesting study in up to date etymology," remarked one of a party of newspaper men. "A dozen years or so ago we all understood gun to mean a fowling piece—a shotgun as distinguished from a rifle or musket. Heavy and light ordnance—in fact, all pieces of artillery, without regard to size—were known as cannon. That, of course, was where people made an effort to speak English. Out on the frontier the word gun was applied exclusively to pistols.

"Nowadays the nomenclature has curiously changed. By degrees the good old word gun has become monopolized by the long, slim, murderous machines that constitute our modern artillery. We speak of quick firing guns, eight inch, ten inch, twelve inch guns, and the word seems singularly apropos. They are not cannon. Cannon immediately suggests the big, lumbering, black throated smoothbores of the past. The word conjures up all sorts of curious antique pictures—swabbers naked to the waist, motionless men holding lighted matches, frigates lashed together and firing into each other's ports, sepoys bound to the muzzle, neat geometric pyramids of round shot in neat, geometric forts, the charge of the Light brigade and lots of other things too numerous to mention."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poteen.

This wild west of Ireland is the natural home of "poteen," or illicit whisky. This is because the loneliness and remoteness of the spots chosen for making it, almost inaccessible through the mountains and bogs save to those who know something about the country, are all in favor of the smugglers escaping detection, while its network of mountain lakes and small running streams affords the necessary cold water for condensing the distilled fumes into spirit during the cooling process.

Dear beyond any "parliament whisky"—by which expression he denotes that sort which has paid the tax imposed by the brutal Saxon government—is this fiery fluid to the heart of every true peasant son of Connaught, and daughter, too, for that matter, for the fair sex, especially if at all up in years, takes its fair share. And, in the interest of truth, it must be added that those who inhabit the coast counties from Kerry to Donegal, inclusive, are also fully alive to its seductive merits. Indeed, many doctors—local, of course—will tell you that well made poteen is better in sickness than the adulterated whisky usually met with in the small public houses in this region of poverty, for in the Connemara country at any rate the illicit whisky is made of pure malt, though rumor has it that the less particular palate of Donegal, for instance, is satisfied with a fire water mainly made from molasses, potatoes—aye, sometimes from almost any other rubbish you please.—Chambers' Journal.

A Song About a Man.

"I will sing you a song about a man," said the minstrel. "By the way, did you ever notice that there never was a song written about a man? All songs are about roses and maidens and love and trysting places and sunsets and mothers; never one about the old man. Come to think about it, though, there was one, 'Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now.' In this song the old man is drunk in the first verse."—Atchison Globe.

Mausers and Lee-Enfields.

The chief distinction between the Mauser and the Lee-Enfield is this—that while the Lee-Enfield has a magazine which is inserted underneath the body through the trigger guard and secured by a catch and is provided with what is called a "cut off" to prevent the cartridges from rising, so that it can be used as a simple breechloader for single firing until the magazine, which contains ten cartridges, is ordered to be used, the Mauser has a magazine which, though not absolutely fixed, is only intended to be taken off for cleaning. It does not need a "cut off" to use as a single loader.

The magazine contains five cartridges, but whereas the cartridges for the Lee-Enfield have, when the magazine is charged, to be each put in separately, the magazine of the Mauser is filled at once by placing against the face of the magazine a set of five cartridges held in a clip which falls off when the cartridges have been inserted in the magazine.

Thus if each weapon were at the beginning of a fight empty, the Mauser would permit of more rapid fire because it could be loaded five cartridges at a time, while the Lee-Enfield would take, cartridge by cartridge, as long to load as a single breechloader. On the other hand, the times when a very rapid discharge of fire is desirable are not numerous, and for these the Lee-Enfield has ten cartridges ready against the Mauser's five.—Nineteenth Century.

Key, Kee, Kay.

Professor Skeat wishes to know when the pronunciation of key as kee can first be clearly detected. It occurs in Milton, "Comus," line 13:

To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

And a little later in Marvell's "Flecno:"

Now as two instruments to the same key
Being tuned by art, if the one touched be,
The other opposite as soon replies.

These instances are curious, for both before and after this time the prevailing pronunciation was evidently kay. Herbert rhymes the word with way. In "The Secrets of Angling" (1613) culverkeys is rhymed with rays. In Wither's "Mistress of Phil'arete" (1622), key with day. Dryden, too, and Swift have the same pronunciation, and not till I come to Green's "Spleen" (1737) do I, after an hour's search, find the other. There pleas rhymes with keys. This pronunciation must, however, have become common soon afterward.

In Duncombe's "Imitation of Gray's Elegy" it is rhymed with me, and Garrick rhymes it with flea, which would, I suppose, be pronounced then as it is now. Nares, in his "Elements of Orthoepy" (1764), says of the diphthong ey, "Its proper sound should be that of the long e. This, however, is given to it only in the word key, for ley—a field—is constantly written lea."—Notes and Queries.

"More Sociable."

A lady who has recently returned from abroad had a curious experience at the little town of Dinant, in Belgium. She was traveling in a party of three, including another lady and a young man. They sought accommodation at a hotel and were shown a room in which there were three beds and on a deal table three basins and jugs about as big as slop basins and milk jugs.

The ladies explained that one room was quite insufficient for their needs, but it was a long time before they could get the hostess to understand why. They were then shown another room with three beds, three slop basins and three milk jugs and were told that they could have that, too, if they liked to pay for the six beds. It was therefore arranged that the man should have one room and three beds and the ladies the other room and three beds.

"Do you always sleep in threes?" said one lady to the hostess.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is much more sociable."—Madame.

Funny Men.

The jests of Heliogabulus were very practical. He was fond of inviting people with some physical deformity to dinner and making jokes about them. At times he would invite a dozen hunchbacks or a score of squinting ladies or an equal number of baldheads. Once he put a large number of excessively fat people, all very hungry, into a small chamber where dinner was waiting. There was no room to eat it. Another diversion of which he was fond was that of placing his guests on air sofas, so that when they were about to drink he could let the air out and have both sofa and guest collapse.

It is said that Nero, the Roman emperor, liked to "shy" nuts at the bald heads of the prætors who sat below during the performance at the theater, and they were expected to maintain their baldheaded dignity and refrain from "shying" them back at him.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25. 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
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SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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THEIR WORRIES.

She met him at the door and frowned,
Her heart was full of woe;
She was a child of trouble, and
She freely told him so.
The gown that she had hoped to wear
Would not be done that night;
She fretted, and she fumed, and there
Were tears that blurred her sight.

She wanted him to sympathize;
Alas, the man sat down
As though there were no such thing as
An uncompleted gown!
He merely gazed away at space
And twirled his thumbs, nor saw
The bitter tears that streaked her face
Nor seemed to care a straw.

She left the soulless wretch and threw
Herself upon her bed
And mourned that she was treated so
And wished that she were dead.
"Ah, men are selfish brutes!" she sighed,
"Who neither think nor care!"
And, with a breaking heart, she cried
'Twas more than she could bear.

He sat and twirled his thumbs and looked
At something far away;
Tomorrow there would be a note
They'd call on him to pay—
A note for thousands more than he
Could hope to steal or borrow!
Up stairs, alone, mistreated, she
Kept pouring out her sorrow.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Major's Story

A Young Surgeon In the Kaffir War Showed the White Feather Under Fire. But There Was a Good Reason.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

It happened 50 years ago, when the north and eastern frontiers of the old colony were perpetually harassed by the Kaffirs. We little realize nowadays the constant turmoil and trouble that prevailed in places where there are now railways and a settled population, who employ as their servants descendants of the very men who were forever at war with us. Things were so bad that the natives had at one time shut up the governor of the colony, Sir Harry Smith, in a small fort, from which he only cut himself out after a daring hand to hand fight. This was after he had gone out in force with about 1,500 men to overawe the turbulent tribes and got very much the worst of it.

At this time, about the end of 1850, there were quite 15,000 Kaffirs in the field against us, and 10,000 more were on the point of joining them under Kreli, an influential chief of very doubtful loyalty.

I have often heard my father tell of the terrible state of things that prevailed throughout the north of the colony. The whole district was perpetually devastated by marauding Kaffirs. The savages overran the country as far as Somerset and even farther to Grahamstown, sweeping up all the cattle, sheep and horses they could find and committing the most frightful atrocities. In a few months as many as 200 farmhouses were burned to the ground, and large quantities of bread and corn, with other farm produce, had been wantonly destroyed. So serious was the situation that the settlers formed themselves into a defense association, and the governor appointed a solemn day of humiliation in the English and Dutch churches. At the same time a body of troops was collected at Grahamstown, supported by regiments recently arrived from England, and a serious campaign was undertaken against the Amatola mountains, which the enemy were said to be holding in force.

My father's regiment was the ——th. They had been in the colony for a couple of years and more or less continually engaged in all the recent fighting, and they knew what determined enemies they had to deal with. We are apt to forget nowadays when the Kaffirs are peaceful fellow colonists what fierce fighters they were. My father thought them one of the finest savage races in the world. We have seen and heard so much since then of the Zulus, a kindred race, that we are apt to forget what formidable opponents the Kaffirs were in those early wars—men of magnificent physique and undaunted courage, armed with the terrible assagais, which they wielded with great skill, hurling them with accurate aim and incredible force to great distances, and when at close quarters stabbing with the cruel broad blade that was more than a match for the bayonet. They had firearms, too, and had learned to handle the musket with good aim and precision, while, although their tactics were essentially of a loose order, suitable to their rugged bush country, they had a certain cohesion and discipline imparted to them by brethren who had served in the local Cape corps.

It was about June 24, 1851, that General Somerset moved forward into Kaffirland from Fort Hare with a force of 2,000 men—horse, foot, guns and irregulars—destined to attack the Amatolas. What followed let my father tell in his own words:

"The night before the column marched a new officer joined our regiment and reported himself for duty. He came straight to the colonel's mess, which was no more than a campfire in the open, on which bubbled a steaming kettle of soup and around which, 'tintot' in hand, were squatted the colonel, the senior major and myself, the junior.

"'Some one to see you, sir,' said the orderly, introducing a figure wrapped in a great blanket coat, but still shivering in the keen night air.

"'What can I do for you?' asked the colonel, a little offhand, for he was sharp set and did not want to miss his share of the soup.

"'I have come to join, sir, Assistant Surgeon Julyan; landed last week and ordered to join headquarters as soon as I could.' All this was said in a rather thin treble voice, no doubt made weaker by the nervousness of the situation.

"'Well, you are welcome enough. We expect to be engaged tomorrow or next day, and there's no saying how many of us may not be hit. Here, Granville'—this was the adjutant, who also belonged to the colonel's dinner mess—'take him over to the surgeon. Have you had any grub?'

"The newcomer confessed that he had not tasted food that day, and he was immediately made hospitably welcome to a share in the contents of the camp kettle. After that he took himself off to the regimental hospital tents.

"The regiment marched off next morning or, as it seemed to me, in the middle of the night. We formed up on parade in perfect silence, the words of command, issued in a whisper, passed on from mouth to mouth, and the column, starting noiselessly, at once commenced the ascent of some very steep ground. By daylight we had reached a ridge from which the enemy's position was visible, and already a brisk skirmish had commenced between them and our advance guard. It had been a stiff, steep climb, and none of us was sorry to halt and rest upon the ridge. Casting my eyes around, I soon discovered our newly joined 'sawbones' in the center of a group of laughing, chaffing youngsters, who were treating him after their fashion as a 'Johnny Raw.'

"He looked in truth a raw, half formed, ill grown youth, younger than his age, which must have been two or three and twenty, or he could not have got his diploma. His figure was very slight and fragile, his face perfectly smooth, with a clear, fresh complexion. He had a shy and shrinking manner, and I could plainly see that it was pain and anguish to him to be made the butt of his harebrained comrades.

"'What is the use of sending out a whipper snapper of a chap like you? You'd hardly have the pluck to amputate the leg of a fly,' I heard one subaltern say as I drew near.

"'Wait till you're under fire, Miss Mary,' added another.

"'Stay behind with the hospital stretcher; that's my straight tip, Mary, dear!' cried a third, and the rest, catching up the epithet, a chorus of voices began to sing 'Mistress Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?'

"'Come, come, young gentlemen,' I protested sharply, 'leave Mr. Julyan alone. He may shame some of you yet when there's real work to be done. Anyhow he's a newcomer and should be better treated.'

"The tears gathered in the dark, sad eyes of the hunted young doctor as they were turned gratefully to mine, and I saw that he wanted to press my hand. But at that moment the order came to fall in. We moved across the ridge to its edge, found a steep descent, dropped down and began to breast another rise, which we were soon unpleasantly reminded was strongly occupied by the enemy. Their fire became intensely hot, and, although we opened out at once into skirmishing order, many men were struck down as we still pressed on to the attack, the men taking advantage of the rocks and trees and any cover they could find.

"There was rather a check, and the colonel sent me to bring up a couple of supporting companies to re-enforce the fighting line. My mission took me back over the ground we had crossed, where our casualties lay thick and wounded, and I found our surgeon, an old campaigner, and his first assistant busily tending the wounded.

"'If you see my second, major, hurry him up,' cried the surgeon. 'There's work and enough for all hands now. I sent him to the rear to prepare the field hospital, but he ought to be here now.'

"I looked about for Julyan and found him—where do you suppose? Behind a great bowlder, crouching all of a heap, with his head buried in his hands and sobbing aloud in a wild paroxysm of woe.

"'Julyan,' I said very quietly, laying my hand upon his shoulder, 'this won't do. I see what is wrong with you—others have been through it before you—the first time under fire'—

"'It's not that, sir; not that. I have no tears for myself. I'd face it all and worse to save the rest. But the blood, the slaughter, the sudden, awful death'—

"'There must be an end of such nonsense,' I cried angrily. Changing my tone: 'You must pull yourself together, young fellow. There is work for you in front there. The others want you, your colleagues, the wounded. Up, now, be off with you.'

"He rose to his feet at my words with a start; one last shudder, an uncontrollable spasm, as it were, of the agony he had endured, swept over him, and then he ran forward at full speed.

"I saw no more of him till the end of the day, and then only for a moment, for the casualties had been many, the hospital was full, and the surgeons were excessively busy. I heard only good of young Julyan. His chief spoke of him with enthusiasm as a most skillful operator, with marvelous dexterity and lightness of touch. As for his momentary weakness, akin to the well known 'stage fright,' but infinitely worse, no one knew of it. That painful episode was kept a close secret between us.

"But he had not forgotten it nor what I had done for him, on which he would insist with exaggerated insistence. A few days later he came to me with a pretty hoop ring, which he urgently asked me to accept.

"'It is not much. But it was my mother's, and I should like you to wear it in "memory of your exceeding kindness, sir."'

"I told him I would do nothing of the kind, and I believe I swore at him as a silly, sentimental young ass.

"He kept the ring because I obliged him to do so, but he would harp still upon my kindness and declared that he would live only to show his gratitude some day, somehow. He got his chance, as I tell you.

"The dislodgment of the Kaffirs from the Amatolas was one of our earliest actions. It was followed by a series of operations toward the Kei river, among which the worst was the storming of the Waterkloof, which was tried three times. On the final and successful assault we were hotly engaged, and I fell, fully believing when I was hit that it was all over with me and that I had lost the number of my mess. While I lay there helpless, with a wound in my thigh, the wave of attack rolled onward, and I fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself, Julyan was leaning over me, anxiously watching me with great, dark, wistful eyes.

"'Don't speak,' he said directly I opened mine. 'You are all right. I have taken up the artery and fixed a tourniquet. It is only a question of patience. They'll pick you up by and by.'

"'But you must not stay by me,' I protested. 'Go on after the regiment at once. I order you.'

"'And the colonel ordered me to remain here with you,' he answered briefly. 'It's not because I am afraid.'

"It was not indeed, as he soon showed beyond all doubt. For although the fight had swept away beyond us, fugitives, or broken parties of Kaffirs, began to drop back, and we were suddenly attacked by half a dozen savages who were lurking among the trees.

"'Give me your revolver,' said Julyan. 'I can use it.'

"They were not very common in those early days, and it was fortunate I had one. But for that revolver and the splendid use Julyan made of it I should never have been able to tell this story. When they rescued us a little later, there were four dead Kaffirs within range, and a trail of blood showed where a fifth had limped wounded away. But Julyan had not escaped. He had one assagai in his arm and was pinned to the ground by another in his leg. They were flesh wounds, happily, and soon healed. I, too, recovered after a time.

"That is my father's story, and"—

The major here stopped abruptly, as though he had said his say, but his listeners were by no means satisfied.

"Go on, man, go on; surely that's not all?"

"It's not quite all my father told me, nor, indeed, all that I know. The rest is rather personal, and I'm not sure—Well, you insist—here goes: They had, of course, to take Julyan to hospital, and it was there that a most extraordinary discovery was made. The young assistant surgeon was a female. You may take that curious fact as explaining much that had happened and all that eventually came to pass, for my father married her shortly afterward and left the service."—Navy and Army Illustrated.

Leather Belting.

The average life of first class leather belting, running indoors and under ordinary conditions, is ten years. Belts subjected to acid fumes would last a much shorter time than that, and, on the other hand, in especially favoring circumstances a belt might last much longer. There was taken down in New York not long ago a leather belt that had been running 24 years. This, however, was something unusual.

As is the case with pretty much everything that is made and sold, leather belting may be bought secondhand, the secondhand belts coming into the market naturally enough through the refitting of factories, through the substitution of belts of one width for those of another, and so on. Secondhand belts that have not been much used sell for not very much less than new belts. Their price decreases, of course, according to the wear to which they have been subjected. When a leather belt ceases to be useful as a belt, it is likely to be sold to be cut up into boot heels, what there is left of it after that going to the scrap heap.—New York Sun.

Made Her Account Good.

It was only a dainty little note from a woman depositor, but it caused a gentle ripple of merriment among the accountants and tellers of an up town bank. The institution caters to women, and the president has often remarked that the women depositors were in some respects more careful in their business methods than the men.

A few days ago the discovery was made that the account of one of the women depositors had been overdrawn a few dollars. The usual notification in such cases was sent to the depositor, with the request that the account be made good. A prompt and polite reply was received from the delinquent. She apologized for the overdraft, thanked the bank officers for informing her of the fact so courteously and inclosed her check on the same bank for the amount of the overdraft. It is needless to say that an explanatory note was sent to this depositor reminding her that an overdraft was not a credit to be drawn upon.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Her Pipes.

A Lewiston girl who has never tasted the weed and who dislikes the smell of a much smoked pipe has one of the most remarkable collections of tobacco pipes in the state. She began to collect them when she was a little girl and has kept up the fad till now she has a wonderful variety of them. And what is more she has sent them around the world for great men to smoke. She has one that was smoked by Bismarck, one by the Prince of Wales, and her pipes, which are all new when she buys them, have been smoked by many great men in America. When her girl friends gather at her house, she brings out her pipes to display and will not show them to strangers. She fears notoriety, but really her collection is remarkable.—Kennebec Journal.

Beating the Railroad.

There was a man in town recently who told of a scheme he worked to beat a railroad. "A friend and myself wanted to come from Omaha to Kansas City. He said to me, 'You buy a ticket only to the first station, and I will show you a good trick.' I bought a ticket as requested, while my friend bought a ticket for the full distance at the regular fare. We took a seat together in the train. The conductor came around, took up the tickets and put a punched train check in my friend's hat, indicating that he was ticketed through to Kansas City. When the conductor got out of sight, my friend took his knife and split the card. He put half into my hat and the other into his own. Both splits looked like a regular check, and I came right on through without paying any more fare. We divided the saving, which was more than $2 each."—Kansas City Times.

Sailors' trousers, or "trombone pants," as they have sometimes been called, expand in bell shape at the bottom so as to be the more easily kicked off in case of the wearer's falling into the water.

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GELATINE
DOUBLE REFINED
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GELATINE DEPARTMENT
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if the dessert is made from Keystone Silver White Gelatine. An almost unlimited variety of desserts can be made from it—jellies, charlottes, puddings and sherbets—every one daintily delicious, wholesomely light and delicate. And all are so easily and quickly prepared, and the results are so sure that the making affords as much pleasure as the eating.

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is the purest gelatine that can be made, and the most economical to use. It goes further than any other and requires least time and no trouble to prepare it.

Ask your grocer for it; if he cannot supply you send us his name and we will mail you a sample package (makes one pint of jelly) and recipes by the leading cooks of the country.

Full size box mailed for 15 cents.

Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, Mich.

Worse Than Death Valley.

Dreadful as Death valley is, its northwestern arm, known as Mesquite valley, is worse. All the waters upon its surface are poison, and down through the canyon a hot, suffocating wind blows with terrible velocity. During its course through the desert it frequently gathers clouds of white sand that have blinded many a horse and rider, and at frequent intervals it whirls down the canyon like a cyclone of sharp crystals. Under the glistening beds of salt and borax are concealed streams of salt water which flow sluggishly toward some unknown outlet or may be lapped up by the parched winds.

One of the strangest phenomena of this extraordinary place is what frontiersmen, for want of a better name, have called "raising earth." By the action of the sun a crust composed of minerals and clay has been formed on the surface, and by some curious pressure of nature has been lifted from the earth in irregular curves like pie crust in the oven. The cavity between this crust and the solid earth varies from one to ten feet, and the depth frequently changes after heavy windstorms by the displacement of the air beneath. The man or the animal that steps upon this crust is gone forever. It is absolutely impossible for any one to extricate himself when plunging about in the "raising earth."—Chicago Record.

Took Her Cousin's Place.

One day a young Swede, a student at the University of Berlin, received a letter from his uncle saying that his daughter, the young man's cousin, would stop in Berlin for a few days on her way to Ems and would he kindly meet her and show her the city. The mail coach arrived and with it the young lady, who found a fine looking young fellow with a vivid boutonniere awaiting her arrival. He accompanied her to the hotel. The following morning he called and took her driving in an elegant brougham. These attentions continued during the three days of her visit. The lady appeared overjoyed at the gallantry of this cousin, whom she had never met before.

On the day of her departure, while assisting her into the mail coach, the young man said, "I cannot let you depart without making a confession." The lady blushed and dropped her eyes. "I must tell you that I am not your cousin. Your cousin is a friend of mine. He had no time to accompany you, having to cram for his examinations, so he bade me take his place."

"In heaven's name, who are you, then?" cried the lady.

The young man handed her his card. The postilion blew his trumpet, the mail coach rolled away, as the young lady read this name on the card: "Otto von Bismarck."—Current Literature.

Soldiers of Fortune.

"It is embarrassing to meet former cotillon partners as elevator boys and waiters," said a European lady now visiting New York. "It has been my fate to undergo and inflict this unhappiness several times.

"I went to a fashionable hotel on my arrival. Wearing his hotel livery with the same grace as he had borne his officer's uniform when I last saw him and danced with him at a state ball in a foreign capital, was a man I had known. He colored to the eyes as he saw me, but made no sign, nor did I.

"The same thing has happened since at restaurants, at other hotels, in riding academies and in carriages. Some day M. le Baron de Trois Etoiles and Graf von Truemmer-Schloss will appear in European society with new eclat and full purses. Will I ever say that I know where they made their money? Why, of course not. It is a far cry from America to Europe, and in their own country these gentlemen have an irreproachable social position. I have really already forgotten the names of those I have seen, I assure you."—New York Mail and Express.

Goldsmith.

Not long before the close of Goldsmith's life he produced the brilliant and humorous lines of "Retaliation." Varied accounts are given of the origin of this poem. It will be remembered that in a joke Garrick wrote the following couplet as an epitaph for Goldsmith:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll.

It was on April 4, 1774, that Goldsmith died. The precise spot where he was buried in the Temple churchyard is unknown.

This is Johnson's summing up of the character of Goldsmith: "He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man."—William Black's "Life of Goldsmith."

Fool the Bees and the People.

"People buy comb honey," said a man from the country, "believing that the fact that it is sealed by the honest little bee precludes the possibility of fraud. The fact is that the bees of many professional 'honey' raisers do nothing the livelong summer but pack glucose into their hives from an open barrel that is left standing close by. The bee will not search fragrant flowers the livelong day for a trifling amount of pure honey when he can get glucose. The honey men see that there is plenty of glucose handy, and instead of one pound of pure honey they aid the bees in putting ten pounds of glucose on the market.

"Human ingenuity has not devised a way for making and sealing the honeycomb, or the bee would be dispensed with altogether. In handling the glucose the bees give it a honeyish flavor, and if you complain to the bee man that it is not as sweet and sticky as it should be he will tell you that it is the early crop and that the heavy rains make it thin.

"I know a man who keeps 50 hives of bees on the roof of his store in the city, and by hustling up plenty of glucose he gets enough 'honey' out of the buzzing slaves to do a wholesale business in honey. Why, his bees never saw a flower and would shy at a honeysuckle if they happened to come near one. He will not even let the poor things have a recess to get a drink of water, but keeps a pan of fresh water near the hives for them to drink."—New York Mail and Express.

An Immortal Oration.

The funeral oration of Pericles is pretty nearly what was actually spoken, or else it is the substance of the speech written out in the historian's own words, says James Ford Rhodes in The Atlantic. Its intensity of feeling and the fitting of it so well into the situation indicate it to be a living contemporaneous document, and at the same time it has that universal application which we note in so many speeches of Shakespeare.

A few years after our civil war a lawyer in a city of the middle west who had been selected to deliver the Memorial day oration came to a friend of his in despair because he could write nothing but the commonplaces about those who had died for the Union and for the freedom of a race which had been uttered many times before, and he asked for advice.

"Take the funeral oration of Pericles for a model," was the reply. "Use his words where they will fit and dress up the rest to suit our day."

The orator was surprised to find how much of the oration could be used bodily and how much, with adaptation, was germane to his subject.

Averted the Storm.

A certain congressman went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so, as he ascended the steps of his modest home, he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation.

He carried the umbrella up stairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his head, and then he coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim gaslight her liege lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella.

"What are you doing?" she asked in natural surprise.

"It is 3 o'clock, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm."

The congressman's ready wit saved him from a Caudle lecture. He is worrying now, however, to find an equally effective act for the next time he stays out late.—Washington Post.

Force of Habit.

In 1827, just after Dan Dougherty, the Irish pugilist, fought his famous fight with Jem Belcher, the English fighter, on the curragh of Kildare, near Dublin, he became involved in a controversy with an unknown. The latter was not a pugilist, and, not wishing to take any advantage of his opponent, Dougherty consented to fight him with pistols. The two met by appointment, but their seconds, unknown to them, extracted the balls from the pistols and substituted blank cartridges. By the terms of the agreement between the principals Dougherty's opponent was to have the first shot. The natural instinct prevailed even on the dueling ground, and as the fighter's opponent raised his arm to fire Dougherty elevated his right arm, as if to ward off a blow, evidently intending to stop the bullet from hitting him in the face. After this who can say that fighters are not dead game men?—Kansas City Independent.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1900.

☞ It appears that the highway authorities at City Hall agree with the JOURNAL that Main street in this city should be made wider than it now is, and Superintendent French is decidedly of that opinion. Permanent construction seems to demand this, and whatever roads that may hereafter be rebuilt are, we take it, to include permanency as a cardinal idea. Under the intelligent supervision of Supt. French Main street from the Winchester line to or near Ash street has been rebuilt with its future use in view and its construction cannot be adversely criticised. The macadam rests on a deep and solid foundation of stone which will last as long as roads are needed, although the macadam itself of course will have to be, from time to time, renewed. Had the former plan of widening the street been carried out no road in any town would have been better than the new piece recently completed by Supt. French.

☞ The 28th annual dinner of the East Boston Trade Association was held at Young's Hotel in Boston last Tuesday evening. There were about 200 members present, and the guests were Lieut. Gov. Bates, Mayor Hart, Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. W. R. Chester, Secretary of the State Board of Trade. Mr. Preston spoke about the docks and channels of Boston Harbor, and said that the present war in South Africa was the cause of a dropping off of a tonage of 67,000 at this Port.

☞ Last Saturday evening the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree against Roland B. Molineux for killing Mrs. Adams with poison. It was one of the most noted criminal trials that ever took place in New York, and had been in progress nearly three months. The verdict was a great surprise not only to the populace but to the lawyers who had watched the trial from beginning to end.

☞ There is but little doubt but that the lease of the Boston & Albany Railroad to the New York Central will be ratified by the present Legislature by a large majority. There is no reason why it should not be. Business men say it will be the best thing that ever happened to Boston, and certainly the stockholders will be greatly benefitted by the change.

☞ At a meeting of the Executive Council held last Wednesday Governor Crane appointed Hon. John M. Harlow of this city, with others, a Trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital. It was a well deserved reappointment.

☞ Next Thursday, Feb. 22, is the anniversary of Washington's birthday. It is a legal holiday and will doubtless be observed as such throughout the land.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Huntley & Co.—Drugs.
City—App. for License.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Pettengill & Co.—Dr. Greene.
H. M. Aldrich—Prob. Notice.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— There is quite a strong pro-Boer feeling in this city.

— 50c neckwear for 25c at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Anti-Gypsy Moth Clubs are being organized in some localities.

— The French Canadian Club will give a concert and ball on Feb. 26.

— Dr. Benj. Lewis, dentist, is now connected by telephone, No. 109-7.

— Keep in mind the St. Charles C. T. A. S., dancing party on Feb. 22.

— City Messenger Simonds has been suffering with rheumatism this week.

— At noon last Tuesday the thermometers registered almost 60 degrees.

— Contoocook A shirts and drawers $1.25 each, at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Get tickets at once for Chief Engineer Stearns's lecture at First Church this evening.

— The ladies of the M. E. church will give a supper on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

— Eight candidates will receive the ordinance of baptism at the Baptist church Sunday morning.

— There is bound to be fun alive at "Uncle Nat's Husking" in Music Hall on the evening of Feb. 22.

— Yesterday was one of the best in the calendar. It was more like spring than the middle of February.

— Only routine business was transacted at the special meeting of the City Council last Monday evening.

— Finer weather for Valentine Day never laid outdoors than that of last Wednesday. It was simply neat.

— On account of the heavy rainstorm the "no school" signal rang out clear and strong last Tueday morning.

— Charles M. Munroe makes a fine showing of bicycles. It is said that this is going to be a great year for them.

— Miss Belle Menard has an interesting paper in the February number of *Donahoe's Magazine*. She is a fine writer.

— William Woodberry, who was 90 years old last November, is in the enjoyment of good health and spirits this winter.

— The postoffice was closed during the funeral of letter carrier W. H. Matthews yesterday afternoon from 1.30 to 3.30.

— The young people are lotting on a great time at "Uncle Nat's Husking Bee" in Music Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 22.

— March 4, will be the first Sunday in Lent; Palm Sunday, April 8; Good Friday, April 13; Easter Sunday, April 15.

— Umbrellas 75c, $1.00 and $1.25 with steel rods and paragon frames, are warranted fast black, at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents At Leathe's.

— The St. Charles boys have provided a big layout for their afternoon and evening party on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday.

— Mrs. James Bruce, Jr., of Joliet, Illinois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Richards of this city, is visiting friends in Chicago.

— Mr. Frederick P. Stearns, Chief Engineer of the Metropolitan Water Board, will lecture before the Men's League this evening.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Copeland & Bowser are selling off their stocks at reduced prices to make room for large receipts of spring goods. The people will find this a good time to buy.

— The funeral of William Erskine was held at 89 Pearl street, North Woburn, Tuesday afternoon. Rev. D. A. Newton of Winchester conducted the services.

— Burbank Relief Corps were to have held a Whist Party last Tuesday evening but the death of Comrade William H. Mathews of Burbank Post it was postponed.

— Last Monday, Feb. 12, was the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln Sunday, Feb. 11, was observed in many churches, and eulogies delivered.

— The general impression seems to be that the boulevard scheme will find "Jordan a hard road to travel." Public feeling in Woburn is anything but favorable towards it.

— If Commissioner Blake is not to be reappointed this spring the temperance people of the city would like to see Mr. Griffin Place occupy a chair on the License Board.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Barnes have the sympathy of this community, where they once resided, in the loss of their infant boy who died last Sunday two weeks and one day old.

— Dr. J. H. Conway gave a dinner to the Woburn Board of Health, of which he is a member, at a Boston hotel last Wednesday evening. There is nothing mean about Dr. Conway.

— Joseph W. Huntley & Co. have got well settled in the former Gordon Parker drugstore and are getting the hang of the new schoolhouse in good shape. Read their card in this paper.

— As near as we can learn, the factories in this city are running full-handed and turning out a great deal of leather. This does not mean that as many men are employed as there used to be.

— By good management Mr. Edward Hart was able to get a full supply of "red ears" for "Uncle Nat's Husking" at Music Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 22. There's where the laugh comes in.

— The powerful rainstorm that prevailed at 2 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon prevented many friends and neighbors from attending the funeral of the late Mr. Hiram Whitford who otherwise would have been present.

— Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., and Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., were well represented at the 34th Annual Encampment of the Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic in Boston last Tuesday.

— At the annual Encampment of the Massachusetts Department, Grand Army of the Republic, Comrade Albert P. Barrett of this city was elected an Alternate Delegate to the National Encampment from the 6th District.

— Supt. Wallis of the Electric Light, Heat & Power Co., moves into his new home this week. It is situated near the Mystic, or Wedgemere, Railroad Station, a beautiful location, and one that will be enjoyed by Mr. Wallis and his family.

— An officer of the State Civil Service Commission spent a day here early this week and from what he said and did it is fair to infer that the system is to do business in this city hereafter. He was amazed at its condition here. It was found by him to be a complete wreck. Of course!

— In presenting the "Passion Play" Mr. E. A. Pierce employs about 150 beautiful pictures which are thrown on the canvas to illustrate the text as the story progresses. Nearly all of them are painted, with great skill, and present a brilliant appearance.

— Mrs. Abigail Jane Greenleaf was the welcome guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor last Tuesday and Wednesday. She was en route for Newark, N. J., to visit her father, Mr. Oliver Littlefield, brother of the late Joshua Littlefield of this city, and other relatives in that place.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder and Mrs. Scudder, who have been staying at Washington and Old Point Comfort for a few weeks past, were expected to reach their home in this city yesterday, and that the former would occupy his pulpit in First church next Sunday.

—Towanda Club have chosen the following named gentlemen to play in the Candlepin Tournament of the Interclub League: Herbert E. Lord, Harry Brown, Fred F. Lowell, B. H. Cahoon, Lincoln S. Whitney. The first match was played last Tuesday evening at the Towanda Club Rooms in this place.

— Pinning his faith to the JOURNAL weather predictions Mr. Frank C. Nichols didn't worry any about the ice crop. And what came of it? He filled his numerous large houses full to the collarbeams with a superior quality of ice last week, and his confidence in the JOURNAL's knowledge of weather and things is stronger than ever.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker of 8 Middle street, Woburn, is one of the most expert pipe fitters in this section. His work on steam and hot water heaters is thorough and reasonable in price, and the owners and occupants of many houses in this town hold him and his work in grateful remembrance each succeeding winter.—*Winchester Star.*

— Shirts and overalls at the lowest possible price at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.

Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.

Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

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All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

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When you need medicine you want the best. Everyone wants the highest quality; and that is the only kind we keep. We are particular in selecting and buying our drugs; careful in making our medicines and exact in compounding prescriptions.

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— An all wool hose extra good bargain for $25c at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— City Auditor Albert P. Barrett and Comrade William H. Matthews were, we believe, the only Woburn Veterans who belonged to the G. A. R. Club of Massachusetts. The Club hold regular monthly meetings with a supper at the United States Hotel in Boston and it was seldom that Comrades Barrett and Matthews were absent from them.

— The Board of Civil Service Examiners of Woburn is composed of Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Mr. Francis A. Partridge and Mr. Albert P. Barrett. The latter is the Secretary of the Board, and all citizens who wish to apply for examination for positions in the Civil Service of Woburn can apply to him, at his office in City Hall, for blank applications and proper instructions.

— The ladies of Trinity church will give a supper on Wednesday, Feb. 21, Washington's Birthday eve. No women in this city are better calculated or more competent to satisfy the public with culinary productions than those of Trinity church, and it is as sure as the sun rises and sets that everyone who patronizes this particular supper will get his money's worth and right change back.

— Mr. Alfred Hiram Whitford, for many years a prominent Y. M. C. A. worker, was called to this city suddenly on Sunday by the death of his father, Mr. Hiram Whitford. He began his Y. M. C. A. work down in the Allen Block in this city more than 15 years ago, since when he has filled many honorable offices in the Association, and has met with marked success in every field of labor.

— Of course everybody is anticipating with great pleasure the production of "Uncle Nat's Husking Bee" at Music Hall next Thursday evening, Feb. 22, for everybody knows that it is to be a jolly affair. The smartest young people in the city have parts in it, and the rehearsals have been oft repeated and thorough. To miss "Uncle Nat's Husking" will be to miss the best thing of the season in the line of amusements.

— The old saw says there is never any great loss without some small gain. This applies to Alderman Horace N. Conn and his road scheme. The scheme is said to be dead, but Ald. Conn got a lot of firstrate free advertising out of it while it was on the carpet which, in a measure, is a recompense for his loss. He acquired a reputation for enterprise and public spirit which may come in handy at some future day, and practically insures his re-election next fall.

— Mr. James T. Freeman, senior member of the firm of J. T. Freeman & Co., told a JOURNAL man a few days ago that business is good at the firm's machine shop. It is the oldest and largest establishment of the kind in this city and gives employment to quite a gang of hands when running up to its full capacity. In years past the work has consisted largely in building leather making and brewery machinery, in which the firm excels. Mr. Freeman says their business has been good all winter.

— President Lounsbury of the Men's League assures the public that the lecture by Mr. Stearns this evening at First church meetinghouse will be a rare treat. Mr. Stearns is Chief Engineer of the Metropolitan Water Board, and his production will be profusely and richly illustrated. The admission is by ticket, and the supply of tickets is nearly exhausted, therefore those who would not miss the lecture must hurry up. Mr. Stearns's theme will be "The Metropolitan Water System." Everyone should hear it.

— Mr. D. H. Richards, besides recording the daily temperature all the year round, noting the direction of winds, appearance of clouds, etc., measures and sets down the rainfalls as they occur, and is thus enabled to give a complete meterological history of each year at its close, and to make interesting comparisons with preceding years. During the storm of Feb. 4, one inch of rain was entered on his book in addition to two inches that had lately fallen. This amount was above the normal, or average, fall for the period covered.

— Last Monday morning the Boston *Herald* contained fine portraits of the four champion whist players in the Interclub League, namely, Frank B Richardson, E. F. Johnson, John E. Buck, William G. Buchanan, who are members of the Whist Department of Towanda Club. In the Interclub Whist tourney these gentlemen won nearly all of the contested games and captured the Champion's Belt in great form Whist experts contend that Buck, Johnson, Richardson and Buchanan can't be beaten by any quartet north of Charles River, and we guess they are about right.

— Captain Sam F. Wellock of the Boston Pilot boat Minerva, resident of East Boston, and Miss Minnie Crowell of China, Maine, were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Caroline Rand, No. 42 Hancock st., West Somerville, at high noon, Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1900, or Saint Valentine's Day. The wedding was a private one, only a few relatives being present, and at the close of the ceremonies Mr. and Mrs. Wellock left on a trip to New York and other places of interest Bride and groom are excellent and worthy young people, and the JOURNAL extends to them its best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness.

— By far the heaviest rainstorm of the season set in last Monday evening and continued, with extreme fierceness, during the night and all day Tuesday. At times the rain came down in torrents, accompanied by a high wind, and at no time did it cease to pour. At noon on Tuesday, Mr. D. H. Richards measured and registered a fall of one and three-quarters inches, and in all there must have been considerably over two inches. That, we would have our readers realize, was an uncommonly large precipitation for a winter storm. Wednesday was a clear, bright, windy day, and much colder than at any time previously during the week.

— Last Tuesday evening, Feb. 13, Russell W. Porter delivered in the Burbeen Course his lecture, "Summer in the Arctic," which was highly entertaining and instructive. It was splendidly illustrated, the array of fine pictures adding materially to the interest of the production. Mr. Porter is one of the most effective and popular men on the lecture platform at the present time, and can always rely on a cordial reception from Woburn people. On April 17, Prof. Robarts Harper will produce his "Round the World in a Man-o'-War" with which a very successful course of lectures will close. By a miscarriage of his material Prof. Harper was unable to give his lecture on schedule time.

— On Tuesday, Feb. 13th, the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 161, held their usual meeting. After business was completed a recess was called and the Corps was addressed on the subject of vivisection by Anna Sargent Turner, Secretary of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society. Miss Turner detailed some of the experiments which have been made on living animals and exhorted her hearers to do all in their power to prevent these degrading and brutalizing operations which have always reacted on the human race, in opening the way to kindred experiments on men, women and children, who are in lunatic asylums and pauper hospitals, just as powerless to defend themselves as are the dumb animals.

— Some twenty friends of Joseph Huntley met in the Gleason parlors Sunday evening and presented him with a beautiful diamond ring. Mr. Huntley took the morning train for Woburn at which place he will carry on the drug business in his own name. The party first sat down to a nice spigetti supper prepared by L. E. Clark and Fred Boardman who are indeed artists who have missed their calling. A general smoke talk followed in the midst of which Mr. Fred J. Lucey made a very pretty presentation speech to Mr. Huntley who was so taken back that words nearly failed him. He however gathered himself to the occasion and more than made it up in the evening. All present expressed themselves as sorry to have Mr. Huntley leave the town but in as much as he would better himself he was surrendered cheerfully. Since coming to Natick, "Joe" has made many very dear friends. — *The Natick Citizen*, Jan. 31, 1900.

— Firemen's Relief Association Ball April 25.

— Fast black seamless hose 15c, 2 pair for 25c at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— It is reported that Thomas G. Merriam was notified yesterday that he had just drawn the capital prize, $30,000, in the Honduras State Lottery.

— At the High School musical and literary exhibition yesterday forenoon there were excellent recitations by Isabel Cutler, Edith Smith, Louise Wyman, Harold Johnson, William Bixby.

— Mishawum Lodge, No. 61, A. O. U. W., will give, in March, a dramatic entertainment followed by a dance, in Lyceum Hall. Particulars later. The proceeds are to be devoted to the fund for the relief of the sick, and brothers in distress.

— The following are the new officers of Towanda Club: President, Gordon Parker; First Vice-President, Herbert E. Lord; Second Vice-President, Frank E. Wetherell; Financial Secretary, Charles H. Buss; Recording Secretary, George T. Buckman; Treasurer, Harry Brown; Directors, Frank B. Richardson, Edward F. Johnson, Frank H. Sawyer, Benj. H. Nichols, G. W. Buchanan.

— Quealy Court, M. C. Order of Foresters, has completed arrangements with Elmore A. Pierce to present his grand stereopticon reproduction of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play in the Auditorium on Sunday evening, Feb. 25, and to give his historical and descriptive lecture thereon. Mr. Pierce's views give illustrations of every scene, every tableau and every principal character of this remarkable sacred drama, which is to be repeated in Ober-Ammergau, in Bavaria, during the coming year.

— Many good words have been heard about Rev. H. C. Parker since people have learned of his recent declarations concerning the subject of license in this city. Independently of his position as pastor of a leading church he exerts strong and wide influence on the life and conduct of this community and the friends of temperance and good local government feel that they have secured in him a coworker whose words will go far towards making Woburn a no-license city next fall. Mr. Parker has always been an advocate of sobriety, but has, until recently, entertained doubts as to which, license or no license, were best calculated to promote it. Close observation has enabled him to decide the question in his own mind, and the friends of no license have secured a valuable addition to their ranks.

— The School Board and the Finance Committee of the City Council held a conference last Tuesday evening on the subject of additional rooms for the schools of this city. The Board made it plain to the Committee that more are needed, and put in a strong plea for building the proposed schoolhouse, in support of which they were well armed with facts and figures. They made it appear that the usefulness of our schools must necessarily be greatly curtailed unless sufficient room to accommodate the pupils is soon furnished, and Superintendent Emerson is of the opinion that delay in the matter will be dangerous to the educational welfare of this city. The nature of the report which the Finance Committee will make to the Council cannot of course be foretold, but it is doubtful if any practical steps are taken this year towards erecting a High School building. The conference was entirely satisfactory to the School Board who think they see hopes for the new building.

— About 100 scholars attend the Commercial Department of the High School, of which Miss Mary G. Kenney is the teacher under the direction of Principal Owen, and take a commendable interest in the studies. Their progress is all that could be asked for. Miss Kenney is a wise instructor in this branch of learning. She is not only entirely capable and well fitted by temperament for the responsible position but likes the work and takes a personal interest in her pupils. The Department fits boys and girls for something better in life than mere "hewers of stone and drawers of water," and opens to them careers of greater usefulness to themselves and community. A thorough course of practical bookkeeping, correspondence, bank, insurance, stenography, typewriting and other work is taught, so that when one graduates from this commercial school he or she is completely fitted to engage in any one of these avocations and make a success of it. And but for this course the boys and girls, or many of them, would grow up to be only "hewers of stone and drawers of water." Realizing this, Principal Owen and Miss Kenney are fully alive to its success and spare no pains to make it so.

— The Count Rumford monument was set up on Friday afternoon, Feb. 9, by Capt. J. M. Ellis's men under the direction of Mr. John M. Portal, who furnished the handsome granite pedestal on which the bronze statue stands, and of Mr. Marshall Tidd, the generous donor of the work. In due time appropriate dedicatory ceremonies will be held, among which will probably be an address by Hon. Edward D. Hayden, President of the Board of Public Library Trustees. Two bronze tablets are yet to be inserted in the plinth, one containing the names, etc. of the donor and of the artist at Munich, Germany, who fashioned the original statue for that city and which now stands there, as well as the replica which now adorns the Woburn Public Library grounds; and the other to set forth some facts respecting the Count. When these are completed and in place on the monument the public exercises will be held. During the week since the statue was placed on the pedestal the monument has attracted a great deal of attention, and there has been no limit to the praise bestowed on its beauty. The original work, erected by the city of Munich in honor of Count Rumford, who was for many years a resident there, in 1867, is said to be the handsomest in Germany, and as ours is an exact replica, cast in the same molds by the same artist, in the way of a work of art our city has something to be proud of. The monument is a free gift from Mr. Tidd to the Woburn Public Library.

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William H. Matthews.

Mr. WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS, a Veteran of the Civil War, and one of Woburn's most esteemed citizens, died Monday morning, Feb. 12, at 7 o'clock, from heart disease. Mr. Matthews has had a number of ill turns from the same cause during the past few years, but the seriousness of his condition was not realized, and there were hopes of his living for years to come. His death was therefore a great shock to his family and friends.

Mr. Matthews was born in Springfield, Mass., Sept. 24, 1839, the son of William and Lydia (Smith) Matthews. At about the age of 10 years he went to Boston where he worked at the grocery business when not attending the public schools. After graduating from the Grammar School he came to Woburn to work in the old comb factory just north of Church street.

He afterwards removed to Waltham and while living there went every day to West Cambridge, now Arlington, where he learned the trade of a house painter, and then came to Woburn again.

He enlisted, June 29, 1861, in Co. H, 16th Mass. Volunteer Infantry, on the quota of Woburn, and served for three years, being discharged July 27, 1864, at the expiration of his term of service. His record as a soldier was an honorable one in every respect. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; paroled August 5, and exchanged Sept. 7, when he returned to his Regiment. On Dec. 25, 1863, he was appointed a Corporal.

He was wounded May 6, 1864, in the Battle of the Wilderness, a bullet passing through the left arm, entering the left side where it lodged in the rear of the heart. Mr Matthews has carried the bullet in his body from that day to this, and it was this missile that was no doubt the cause of the heart disease which brought him to his earthly end. During all these years it has caused him great pain, but it was thought dangerous to remove it. At one time he underwent a surgical operation and it was found on opening the flesh that the bullet in its passage had struck the bone, and a splinter of it several inches in length, was removed from the arm.

After the war, in 1868, Mr. Matthews married Eunice L. Spinney of Waltham, and came to Woburn to live. They were joined in wedlock by Rev. J. H. Lansing of this city.

Mr. Matthews secured employment here at his trade with the late John G. Cole, with whom he worked until Mr. Cole's death, afterwards buying out the business which he continued for 10 years and then sold out to Robert H. Magee.

When the telephone office was established in Woburn Mr. Matthews was appointed Manager. On the establishment of the mail delivery system by carriers in this city he was appointed a carrier, being the second to receive appointment, and since then for nearly 12 years, he has faithfully followed that occupation

On April 10, 1876, he joined Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., and has been one of its mainstays ever since. His loss to his comrades is irreparable. For 16 years successively he was Adjutant of the Post, then served as Commander for a year, and then became Adjutant again. For about five years he has been Senior Vice Commander.

He was one of the oldest members of the Grand Army Club of Massachusetts; was a Past Grand of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, and a member of Woburn Encampment, I. O. O. F.; and President of the Woburn Letter Carriers Association. He was a worker in every position called upon to fill, and of late has done good service in forwarding the interests of the Congressional bill for equalization of the salaries of letter carriers.

Mr. Matthews was a kind, loving and devoted husband, a loyal friend, and a man of strict integrity. Although of modest and quiet demeanor, he possessed a strength of character, coupled with a kindly nature, which won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. In the passing of Mr. Matthews from his humble walk in life to join the great army beyond the River Woburn loses a good, true and honorable citizen.

His wife and adopted daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Ramsdell of Somerville, survive him and are deeply afflicted by their great bereavement.

Funeral services over the remains were held at his late home, 83 Winn street, Thursday at 2 P. M., and the house was crowded with relatives and friends. Rev. Henry C. Parker officiated and Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R. and Woman's Relief Corps, No. 84, 16th Mass. Veteran Association, Grand Army Club of Massachusetts, Crystal Fount Lodge, Woburn Encampment and Hope Rebekah Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Branch 75 of the National Letter Carriers' Association were all represented, Post 33 and the Letter Carriers attending in uniform and in bodies. The Postoffice was closed from 1.30 to 3 30 P. M. out of respect to the memory of the deceased and to allow the clerks and carriers to attend the funeral.

The bearers were Commander Bernard Fletcher and Adjutant Albert P. Barrett, from Post 33; Postmaster Edwin F. Wyer; Edward E Foss from the Letter Carriers' Association; Noble Grand Simeon E. Kendrick, from Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Past Chief Patriach George H. Woodside, from Woburn Encampment, I. O. O. F.

The floral tributes were in great profusion and of unusual elegance.

Burial was made in the family lot at Woodbrook Cemetery.—COM.

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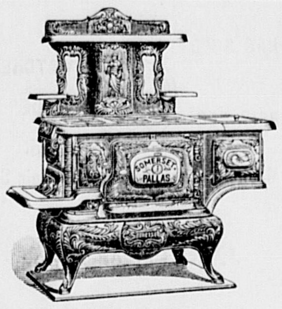

If You Want the Best
BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS
One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.
C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Vaudeville.

Last evening, Feb. 15, the event which has been looked ahead to and longed for by the fun-loving people of this city for several weeks past came off with wonderful effect at the Auditorium. The public mind had been prepared by judicious advertising for something unusually fine in the way of amusement and the large crowd present were not disappointed. Every part came fully up to the manifesto and was perfect in itself. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. E. M. Wright, Mrs. D. W. Bond, Mr. Percy W. Linscott, and Mr. Charles M. Wright—a quartet of as earnest and intelligent workers as could have been found anywhere. And they did not shirk their duties.

The curtain raiser, entitled "A Shure Cure," was admirably presented by Mrs. D. W. Bond, Dr. M. H. Allen and Mr. C. G. Buchanan. Whether so intended or not, to witness that performance was a "shure cure" for the blues.

On account of his rare natural gifts and thorough culture as a high tenor singer Mr. Walter E. Paine, the incomparable, is styled in musical circles "The Male Patti," and splendidly did he sustain the character last evening. Holland and Watt, called "the kings of buck and wing," brought down the house with strong emphasis, and well they might, for those two gentlemen are artists in their line.

No number of the elaborate and admirably selected and arranged programme afforded more genuine fun and satisfaction than Miss A. Frances Watt's "Rag Time in Chiffon" which was brimful of the jolliest kind of jolly things.

Among other fetching specialties were "Graceful Gyrations" by the Klondike Coons; the parts of La Pettite Helene (Miss Sylvester); Col. Bumbernekle on "Marriage, Is it a Failure?" and other good things.

"Second Floor Spoopendyke," a rollicking piece, was splendidly produced by: Annie B. Seeley, Edith Platts, Grace E. Bond, Percy W. Linscott, Heber B. Clewley, Fred H. Leathe, George R Ferguson, and C. J. Buchanan. Nothing better was ever witnessed on any stage.

These and other productions contributed to make the Friday Night Club's the best vaudeville entertainment ever given in Woburn, as plainly appeared to this chronicler, and all others who were there to see, hear, and enjoy it.

First Church Notes.

At the Sunday School Sailors Service in the First Congregational Church Sunday evening, Feb. 17, Chaplain Hoes, who was attached to the Iowa at the great Naval Battle at Santiago, will speak on that subject. Mr. P. P. Osborne, Field Secretary of the Boston Seaman Friends Society, will also deliver an address.

Rev. Dr. Scudder, pastor, and wife returned yesterday forenoon.

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBUR

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Hiram Whitford.

DEACON HIRAM WHITFORD died on Saturday, Feb. 10, 1900. Had he lived until next June he would have reached the ripe old age of 82 years. He was born in Bedford, N. H., 1818, and in 1845 came to Woburn, which has ever since been his home, and where he has always maintained an honorable and influential position in society.

He married Bethiah Simonds on March 31, 1842.

After coming here he learned the trade of a currier and worked at it several years, but afterwards opened and carried on a meat and provision store on Main street. Subsequently he gave up the store and engaged in the sale of meat from a cart. In these several employments Mr. Whitford accumulated a competency and retired from business nearly a dozen years ago.

Mr. Whitford was a zealous friend and advocate of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and as long as his health would allow of it, was a leader of the Prohibition Party in this city. He was an exemplary member of First Church 55 years and one of its deacons for a long time He was quiet and unpretending; conscientiously upright in the discharge of his daily duties; and respected by his fellow citizens.

The family left to mourn his death consisted of a wife and two children, a son and daughter, Alfred H. Whitford and Mrs. James E. Fowle.

The funeral took place at the late residence of the deceased, No. 12 Auburn street, on Tuesday afternoon.

The bearers were: Messrs. John R. Carter, F. A. Hartwell, Fred J. Brown, E. P. Fox. There were solos by Miss Marian Rice of Winchester.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. William I. Lawrence of Winchester. Sunday School at 12 M.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christ Jesus." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday Evening Service at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "The Narrow Door," followed by Baptism. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Women at the Mill." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 6.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Sunday School Sailor's Service. Addresses by Chaplain R. R. Hoes of the Navy, and Field Sec'y P. P. Osborne of the Seaman Friends Society, Boston. Weekly Prayer Service Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Sexagesima Sunday. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Commission of the Twelve."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Charge to Timothy."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Christ's Limited Commission to His Apostles."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching: "Duties of a Faithful Ministry."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M, Sewing Circle.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Married.

In this city, Feb. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Edward J. Murphy and Mary (Carey) Walsh.

In this city, Feb. 8, by Rev. Daniel March, Daniel W. Machoon of Hartford, Conn., and Jennie Harris of P. E. I.

In this city, Feb. 10, by Rev. Joseph Jackson, Edson Moses Abbott of Woburn, and Annie Betty Brown of Lakeport, N. H.

In this city, Feb. 10, by Rev. Edward Burlingham, Hugh Scott and Eliza Harron, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Danvers, Feb. 10, Hiram Whitford, aged 81 years, 7 mon hs, 22 days.

In this city, Feb. 12, William H. Matthews, aged 60 years, 4 months, 19 days.

In Somerville, Feb. 11, the infant son of Mr. Frank E. and Julia Fowle Barnes, aged two weeks and one day.

Cotton Underwear.

Again we call your attention to our lines of Ladies' Underwear. We know positively that it will be impossible for us to replace these goods at the price we ask for them. In some lines the prices are less than the present market value. It should not be necessary to tell our customers that these goods are bargains at the prices asked. Inspection will satisfy those who appreciate quality and price.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Home for Aged Women.

The Home was established October 5, 1886. This is the thirteenth annual report of its Board of Managers. It was incorporated February 25, 1887.

No death has occurred at the Home in the year just closed. The present number cared for is ten. Mrs. Sarah H. Wilcutt was admitted November 14, 1899.

At the last annual meeting all the officers of the previous year were reelected: President, Mrs. C. Frances Eames; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. A. M. Winn; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. M. L. Thompson; Treasurer, Mrs. L. E. B. Converse; Secretary, Miss R. B. Tidd; Auditors, Mr. O. F. Bryant and Mrs. F. W. Crosby.

At the first meeting the resignation of Mrs. Katharine G. Richards from the Board of Managers was accepted with regret.

We note, with sorrow, two vacancies upon the Advisory Board made by the death of Hon. Leonard Thompson, and that of Judge Parker L. Converse, a valued friend and helper of the Home from its establishment.

We also greatly miss from our meetings, Mrs. Deborah G. Trull who died July 5, 1899. Mrs. Trull was a charter member, and in the past years, a constant visitor, an efficient officer, and a cheerful giver.

The death of Mrs. Lucretia T. True, which came suddenly on the 9th of January, since our last monthly meeting, is too recent for us to fully realize the extent of our loss. She has been untiring in her attention to the interests of the Home, as one of the Executive Committee, visiting very often, assisting by her excellent advice in its various departments, and at the same time sympathizing with the old ladies in all their trouble and illness. She also gave liberally for the support of the Home.

At the September meeting Mrs. Lucy E. B. Converse, who had been the trustworthy Treasurer for about eight years, sent her resignation. Her place was filled for the remainder of the year by the choice of Mrs. Lavinia G. Hartwell. Also at the same meeting a letter from Miss Susan E. Bancroft, the Matron, was read containing her resignation. Miss Bancroft was an efficient housekeeper, and it appeared at first difficult to fill her place. Mrs. Hannah Hopkins, who was nurse at the time, kindly assumed charge until some one could be obtained. This arrangement has proved so satisfactory that she still holds the position. After Mrs. Hopkins's promotion different nurses, each for a short time, were employed, until the coming of Mrs. Laura Cotton, who is well fitted for the work. The place of Mary Lennon, who for a long time had been the assistant in the kitchen department, is now filled by Mary Armstrong; and the hired man employed last year is retained.

Early in the year the Managers were agreeably surprised by the Treasurer reporting the receipt of two checks, each of one hundred dollars, from Mrs. Maria B. Bickford, and Mrs. Lucy A. Clewley, as a memorial of their mother, the late Mrs. Abigail A. Gray. The payment of this sum made these ladies eligible to Honorary Membership of the Corporation.

In April, by the generosity of Mrs. Cutter, Chairman of the Executive Committee, the dining-room was made more attractive by newly papered walls, the inmates having the privilege of selecting the paper. A new carpet was also put upon the floor. At the same time the kitchen was painted and varnished.

Four religious services have been held, the Endeavor Societies of the North and Centre Congregational churches assisting in the singing. The physicians of the previous two years will please accept thanks for their continued attendance upon the sick. The Managers wish to thank Mr. F. C. Nichols for his kindness in furnishing the Home with ice for the season; also Mr. Gillette for repairing a clock without charge.

On February 22, the Woburn Workers, under the leadership of Miss Sarah Chamberlain, gave a pleasing entertainment, and the address by Dr. March was enjoyed by all present. A day or two before Christmas the ever welcome little visitors from the Rumford school gave an entertainment of songs and recitations, bringing gifts of flowers and perfumes to the ladies, who were also kindly remembered by other friends.

Turkeys and vegetables from the First Congregational church furnished the Thanksgiving dinner, and the same were given at Christmas by the Unitarian Society. A collection of eight dollars and fifty cents was taken at the Union Thanksgiving service in Trinity Episcopal church and given to the Home; and according to its annual custom the Baptist church gave five dollars. Donations from many friends whose names we have not space to mention have been highly appreciated, each month, as the lists have been read at the meetings of the Managers. Sincere thanks are given the Editors of the WOBURN JOURNAL and *News* for papers and other favors; also to Mrs. C. H. Taylor of Boston for the continuance of the *Daily Globe*.

Owing to necessary expenditures on the property held by the Home, although various means had been employed by the President and Executive Committee to avoid it, we were at the close of last year unable to cover expenses with the income. Therefore at the annual meeting it was voted that an appeal for money to meet this deficit be made to the citizens generally. A committee, consisting of Mr. C. A. Jones, Mr. Oliver Bryant, Mrs. Lucy E. B. Converse, and the President, Mrs. B. Frances Eames, prepared the circulars and discharged their duties faithfully. While many responded quite cheerfully the amount raised was only sufficient to cover half the debt.

The Home is continually receiving applications from worthy aged women, residents of our city, who cannot be received until larger provision is made for their support. In view of these facts, let us give due consideration to the needs of the Home, and try to do more, if possible, for its maintenance in the future than we have in the past.

Respectfully submitted,
ROSANNA B. TIDD, Secretary.

FROM THE REPORT OF MR. CHARLIE A. JONES, TREASURER OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE HOME, THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS ARE TAKEN:

The total assets of the corporation are	$47,849 41
The amount is invested as follows:	
Real estate and personal property, at North Woburn, used for purpose of Home	9,000 00
Real Estate Johnson st., Woburn	5,500 00
Deposited in Savings Banks	18,360 58
Railroad Bonds	8,000 00
Municipal Bonds	1,463 30
National Bank Stock	1,375 00
Mortgages on real estate	2,800 00
Cash uninvested	1,350 55
These funds were derived from the following sources:	
Real estate, North Woburn, used for purpose of Home, the gift of Mr. William Tidd, Stoneham, Mass.	8,000 00
Furniture and furnishings in Home, gifts of sundry persons,	1,000 00
Legacies received by Will of following named persons, namely:	
Allen, Rebecca	2,000 00
Waldmyer, P.	1,000 00
Bodge, Maria B.	1,000 00
Dow, Celeda T.	2,000 00
Winn, Abigail	2,000 00
Simonds, David	7,000 00
Keyes, Franklin	2,000 00
Leathe, Ruth	20,498 86
Parker, Clarissa	300 00
Flagg, Benjamin	200 00
Income from invested funds	850 55
The income received the past year from this fund, less taxes and repairs on Johnson street, real estate, was	1,430 28
The cost of maintenance of the Home for same period	2,019 64
Showing a deficit of	589 36

These figures represent substantially the average annual deficit or the amount which the managers must annually ask from the citizens of Woburn, if the good work of the institution is to be fully maintained.

Sportsman's Show.

The Sportsman's show, which opens in Mechanics Building, Boston, Feb. 22 and continues through March 10, offers so many attractions that each day's programme is a continuous performance of ever changing variety.

There will be parks of wild game animals; an aquarium replete with all the best known game fish of our lakes and streams; a realistic Indian village, with representatives of the Ojibway, Algonquin, Iroquois, Nipissing and Millicete tribes; a fish pond stocked with the various specimens to be found in Maine; an exceptionally interesting display of yacht models; a fish hatchery in full operation; trees full of squirrels, and a tree of twenty raccoons.

There will also be a host of competitive events and exhibitions in the miniature lake and in the well equipped modern gymnasium, which occupy most of the floor area of Grand Hall. In the lake there will be decided American amateur championships in water polo, short distance swimming, diving, and relay team racing. There will also be an intercollegiate team race tournament. Entries for these various events have been received from the Chicago A. A., the St. Louis Turn-verein, University of Pennsylvania, New York A. C., Knickerbocker A. C., the B. A. A., and the Brookline Swimming Club.

Canoeing contests of various kinds will also be a feature of the Show. There will be war canoe tugs-of-war, contests in club fours, hand paddling contests, tilting tournaments, canoe upsetting exhibitions, and various other events, amusing and otherwise, which are popular with canoeists. The contests in the tugs-of-war assume an international importance, because Canadians will be opposed to Americans in the final heats.

During the day time there will be exhibitions by swimming classes, and instructors of swimming schools, showing the methods by which children are taught to swim, to rescue a person from drowning, and to resuscitate that person when rescued. Paul Tustin will give exhibitions daily of high diving.

The splendidly equipped modern gymnasium occupies a floor area of 70x40 ft., and on this floor will be contested the games of a basket-ball tournament, with an unusually large number of entries. The tournament is divided into five sections: Collegiate, Y. M. C. A., Athletic Clubs, Interscholastic and Girls' Teams. The girls will not be opposed to men's teams, but the winners in the other tournaments will play off for the championship of New England. There are no less than thirty-five entries in the various tournaments. Yale and Dartmouth will play at the invitation opening, Wednesday evening, Feb. 21. There will also be in the gymnasium contests in gymnastics and indoor athletics, open to registered amateurs, in tumbling, flying rings, rope climbing, pole climbing, running high jumping, and flag racing.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

Boston Sunday Herald.

No more interesting innovation in a newspaper has been made in recent years than the pictorial section, which is now a fixed feature of The Boston *Sunday Herald*. Unlike many attempts made in the same direction. The *Herald* varies the character of the contents each issue in a way to create a fresh interest in it. The comic element is bright and original, and furnishes enough food for merriment to last a week. The *Herald* is certainly advancing in all the departments which have made it New England's greatest newspaper, and in the new departure, upon which we have laid special stress, The *Herald* should not only win the approval of The *Herald's* old chentele, but attract a host of new readers, who seek a few rays of intellectual sunshine in the gray landscape of The *Herald's* splendid exhibition of news gathering and editorial management. The *Herald* is never dull, but so dignified a paper has not always been as welcome to the masses as it should now become. Those of our readers who are not acquainted with The Boston *Sunday Herald* as it is now made should secure next Sunday's issue.

Smoking Stunts the Growth of Boys.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be upon the advisability of smoking for men, there is none as to its pernicious effect upon boys. It affects the action of the heart and reduces the capacity of the lungs. Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted to smoke by their trainers because, as they say, "It is bad for the wind." The argument that will appeal most forcibly to your boy is that smoking will stunt his growth. It has been proved that youthful smokers are shorter and weigh less than their comrades who do not smoke. Cigarettes are particularly injurious. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is said by chemists to be, next to prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal poison known. The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb even a very small quantity of it without most injurious results.—*February Ladies' Home Journal.*

There is no better medicine for the babies than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant taste and prompt and effectual cures make it a favorite with mothers and small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds, preventing pneumonia or other serious consequences. It also cures croup and has been used in tens of thousands of cases without a single failure so far as we have been able to learn. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. In cases of whooping cough it liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, and lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing, thus depriving that disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

There are some timely subjects discussed in the February number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Milestones on Pope Leo's Ninety Years, combines biography with most interesting descriptions of anniversary celebrations and religious ceremonies in St. Peter's. Catholic-Educated People reviews the work of Catholic missionaries, and quotes much valuable information relative to Catholicity in the Philippines and in Japan. A Century of Wrong depicts the efforts of the Boers to found a permanent colony. Dr. O'Hagan contributes an article treating of Salt Lake City and Its People. This account of the founding of the city, its progress, the origin and character of the Mormons' peculiar belief, and the hold Mormonism has gained on the land through the tithing system and polygamy, will answer many questions suggested by the recent contest over Brigham H. Roberts' claim to a seat in the House. The Guild of St. Elizabeth, by Belle Menard, sets forth the aims of the association, and gives an entertaining account of what the members are doing to brighten the lives of poor children. St Elizabeth of Hungary recalls the legend of the Hungarian Queen and the roses. The home of Rev. Father Sheehan, author of My New Curate, and reminiscences associated with it form the subject of a very pleasing paper by Andrew McAleavy. Other articles are, St. Valentine's Day and Its Customs by John DeMorgan, American Cartoons and Cartoonists by E. Lyell Earle. Some excellent fiction appears in this issue and the various departments are well filled.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo, lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1 00 Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Almira T. Whittemore is guest of Mrs. Seviah Thompson.

Mr. Erskine, father of Mrs. Hooper of Pearl st., died this week.

Mr. Daniel O'Neal, an employee at the Chemical Works, was the victim of a painful accident on Wednesday.

Dr Albion N. Marston of Belle Vernon, Pa., has been visiting his brother, Mr. E. J. Marston, of Minot street.

Mr. Loammi Baldwin of Winchester, his wife, son and two daughters, are to take up their abode at the Bladwin place in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Linscott gave their second "at home" on Tuesday evening Guests from the village, the Centre, and other places responded.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Best Pile cure on earth Drives out Pains and Aches Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

WINCHESTER.

Charles E. Sanderson is quite ill.

The McKay plant will remain in this town.

Mr. William M. Belcher is a candidate for Selectman.

I am told that there is to be considerable building of residences here this season.

A Caucus for the nomination of town officers will be held in the Town House on the evening of Feb 20.

The Registrars of Voters will be in session in the Swanton street hosehouse Saturday evening, Feb. 17, from 7 30 to 9 o'clock, and on Saturday, Feb. 24, from 12 m. to 10 p. m.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who have done so much through their acts of kindness and sympathy to sustain us in our hour of great bereavement, and for the beautiful floral tributes sent as testimonials of affection for him whom we so dearly loved.

MRS. W. H. MATTHEWS,
MR. & MRS. CHAS. H. RAMSDELL.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Gordon Parker's drug store.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasaut anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

After Searching Tests

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Was Proved Itself to be the Only

POSITIVE CURE FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

Thousands of requests for free bottles of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy are received nearly every day by the manufacturers, and upon strict investigation it has been found that no less than 91 out of every hundred of those receiving trial bottles have been so helped by the Remedy sent, that they have bought large sized bottles at their druggists.

It has been proven beyond question that Favorite Remedy is the very best medicine known for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia Chronic Constipation, and the sicknesses peculiar to women. The manufacturers are prepared to send free trial bottles postpaid to all those who will write, giving their full name and post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper.

Put some of your urine in a glass tumbler; if in 24 hours it has a sediment, or a milky, cloudy condition; if it is pale or discolored, ropy or stringy, you need a good medicine, and Favorite Remedy is the best one you can take. It speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, scalding burning pain in passing water, staining of your linen by the urine and inability to hold it. Also the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey or beer.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold at all drug stores at $1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.

BUCKED HIS SUPERIOR.

Insubordination For Which the Perpetrator Was Not Punished.

"In connection with an official order of some sort or other, I forget just what, I happened to see the name the other day of an officer of the United States army who 10 or 12 years ago gave a remarkable exhibition of what's called 'insubordination,' and yet he got away with it," said a Washington man who remembers things. "Never mind his name. He was attached to an artillery regiment in the capacity of a first lieutenant at the time and was serving at Governors island, in New York harbor. The regiment to which he belonged was commanded by a colonel of singularly haughty temperament, who didn't take much stock in the enlisted man and who in turn didn't stand deuce high in the estimation of the bucks.

"Well, one extremely hot morning the colonel gave the order that all of the batteries of artillery stationed at Governors island should be put through a couple of hours of the infantry drill right after the guard mount. It was during one of New York's famous hot spells, when men were keeling over, sunstruck, by the score in the big town. The temperature on Governors island was about 100 in the shade on this morning, and on the open parade ground, under the fierce rays of the sun, the heat was something devilish. Lieutenant—well, I came near giving you his name then—this lieutenant I'm speaking of was ordered to put the men through the drill. It looked like pretty small work to order men out to drill in heavy marching order—that was the colonel's command—on such a morning, but the lieutenant had to obey orders. He took the men, who were pretty sore over the business, out on the parade ground and began to drill them. After about 15 minutes the weaker men in the battalion began to keel over, and no wonder. The heat was insufferable, and for men in heavy marching order it was simply unendurable. The post surgeon, seeing the men drilling on the parade ground and noticing that the men were dropping from exhaustion, went up to the colonel, who was looking on from the shade of a tree, and told him flatly that the drill must cease. Perhaps you don't happen to know that in a matter of this sort the say so of an army surgeon is final. The post surgeon can override the commanding officer when it comes to a matter of the men's health. Well, the colonel told the surgeon that the drill wouldn't cease, anything of the sort, and there were some warm words between the two officers, which wound up by the surgeon saying that if the men weren't immediately sent to their quarters he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. The lieutenant heard all of this parley while the battalion was standing at parade rest, and the inhumanity and stubbornness of the colonel made him pretty hot under the collar, speaking figuratively. He was already pretty hot all over literally. He knew that he had a sort of bulge, seeing that the surgeon had ordered that the men be taken off the parade ground, but he would probably have acted just as he did anyhow. He walked straight up to the colonel, saluted him gravely and said:

"'Colonel, the men are suffering. It is inhuman to force them to drill in this temperature. I beg to request that you permit me to dismiss them.'

"'Sir, you will return to the head of the battalion and drill it,' said the colonel domineeringly.

"The lieutenant calmly drew his sword from its scabbard, placed it on his upraised knee, deliberately broke it in two, cast the two pieces as far as he could, looked the colonel square in the eye and said:

"'Sir, with you as one of its officers the United States army is no fit place for a gentleman.'

"'Go to your quarters under arrest!' thundered the colonel, and the lieutenant calmly moved off to his quarters.

"I don't believe that ever in the whole history of armies was such a bold thing as that done by an inferior in the face of a superior officer. But, as I say, he got away with it. The colonel on cooling down knew that he was distinctly and dangerously in the wrong. He released the young officer from arrest within two hours, and the matter was hushed up. If it had ever come to a court martial case, the lieutenant would probably have lost his commission on general principles, but there's everything in knowing just when to take a chance."—Washington Post.

Elephant Intelligence.

The intelligence of the elephant is well known and is illustrated in an interesting incident as follows: A young baby elephant had received a severe wound in its head, the pain of which rendered it so frantic and ungovernable that it was found impossible to persuade the animal to have the part dressed. Whenever any one approached it ran off with fury and would suffer no person to come within several yards of it. The man who had charge of it at length hit upon a contrivance for securing it. By a few signs and words he made the mother know what was wanted. The sensible creature seized her young one with her trunk and held it firmly down, though groaning with agony, while the surgeon completely dressed the wound, and she continued to perform this service every day until the animal was perfectly recovered.—Chicago Times-Herald

Reason Enough.

"So your engagement is broken?" said the girl in gray.

"Yes," replied the girl in brown, frowning at the recollection.

"What was the matter?"

"He basely deceived me," answered the girl in brown. "You see, it was this way: I asked him one day to promise me that he never again would smoke cigarettes, and he promised. Then I asked him to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form, and he promised to do that. Later I told him I had a horror of any one who touched liquor, and he agreed never to touch it. After that I suggested that I thought clubs had a bad influence on young men, and I should expect him to give them up, and he said he would. I also took up the subject of gambling and made him promise that he would stop playing poker and buying pools on the races."

"Well, you didn't demand anything of him, did you?" said the girl in gray. "I suppose he deceived you in the matter."

"He did."

"Broke his promises, did he?"

"Oh, no. I could have forgiven that. But just when I was congratulating myself that I at least had reformed one young man I found that he didn't need any reforming. He wasn't addicted to a single one of the habits I made him promise to break. It was a terrible shock, and I broke the engagement right away. There was no longer anything in it to make it interesting."—Chicago Post.

More Respectful.

Among the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British consul at Triest.

He had accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment and had neglected to go through the formality of asking for a leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton, who was delighted to see him.

When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house, his host said: "I'm so glad you have come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon"—the minister of foreign affairs.

The novelist, much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must tear himself away, but before he could make his escape Lord Clarendon was announced and almost at once espied him.

"Ah, Mr. Lever," he said blandly. "I didn't know you were in England—in fact, I was not even aware that you had asked for leave of absence from Triest."

"No-o, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that; "no, my lord, I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person!"—Youth's Companion.

Studies In Small Change.

"It takes all sorts of people to make a carful," said the conductor of a Market street trolley car. "If it wasn't so exasperating, it might be amusing to study the methods different people have of paying their fares.

"For instance, there's the man who never carries his small change loose in his pocket for fear of losing some of it. He has a little purse, and it takes him longer to fish out a nickel, especially if he has gloves on, than it takes a woman to collect five pennies from the various compartments of her pocketbook. Then there's the fellow who hates to break a quarter or a half dollar and goes through his pockets looking for an elusive nickel. On the other hand, some men will invariably offer a $2 bill and sometimes a $5 bill, and if you refuse to accept it they will fork over a 5 cent piece with the reluctance of a much abused individual.

"There is one old chap who rides down with me every morning and who has never yet given me a tarnished coin. He always has a pocketful of brand new nickels. I think he must get them from the subtreasury."—Philadelphia Record.

Twelfth Day Customs.

The festival of Twelfth day has an unfamiliar sound to most of us, but for many years the night of Jan. 6, 12 days after Christmas, has been commemorated with special services. This day is in memory of the visit of the magi to the child Jesus, their journey being supposed to have occupied that length of time from the appearance of the star until their arrival at the manger.

It is known as "old Christmas," dating from the old style calendar still used by the Russian church. In every European country this day is remembered with gayety. In the Isle of Man "barn dances" are given, every parish hiring a fiddler.

In Germany Twelfth day is called "Three Kings' day" and in France "Bean King's day."

The feature of Twelfth day is the baking of a cake which contains one bean. When the cake is cut and the pieces divided, he who finds the bean in his slice is declared king, and he must arrange all amusements until the following Twelfth day, when the new king is chosen.

Patience and Sympathy.

There is nothing harder for a young mother than to find herself suddenly so placed that she is unable to come and go freely, as was her wont in the early married days before the baby came, while the father comes and goes as ever and is not tied down at all. The father must be very patient and sympathetic while the mother adjusts herself to this new life of hers, as a sweet woman soon will learn to do, for if he is thoughtless here he is planting seeds of failure which will grow to gigantic proportions. He must keep in touch with the mother in these days, that they may walk together later and all through even to the end.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Seeing and Knowing.

An eminent lord chief justice who was trying a right of way case had before him a witness, an old farmer, who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "knowed the path for 60 year, and my feyther towld I as he heard my grandfeyther say"—

"Stop!" cried the judge. "We can't have any hearsay evidence here."

"Noi!" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was, 'cept by hearsay?"

After the laughter had subsided the judge said, "In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your eyes and nothing more nor less."

"Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear he's there, dang 'un!"

This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath, which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.

Horse Racing on the Stage.

In racing scenes the horses do run at full speed. They run, however, not on the fixed stage, but on what may be called treadmills, which keep the horses in front of the house for longer or shorter periods, according as they are moved quickly or slowly. A picket fence, placed between the audience and the course, not only makes the scene more realistic; it also hides the mechanism of the treadmills. This fence has contributed in another way to add to the effect by being moved in opposition to the direction of the horses and so lending to their apparent speed.

As to the sounds made by the footfalls of horses to be heard as though passing outside an interior scene, they are reproduced by the dried hoofs of dead horses or wooden imitations mounted on handles and hammered against surfaces of stone, gravel, sod or whatever the occasion may demand. They are also more elaborately manufactured by revolving a cylinder with pins protruding from the surface. These pins are arranged, like the spurs on a hand organ roller, to imitate trotting, galloping or walking when struck against other substances. If the sound of a carriage is to be added to the trampling of horses, wheels are run on sand.—Cassell's Magazine.

Needed In His Business.

"I've decided," said the dignified old man, "to let you have that young Briteley after all if you are positive that you can't be happy without him."

"Oh, father," the beautiful girl cried, "you don't know how happy you have made me! Now I can see the gates of paradise opening. Dear, dear, good, old papa! Let me kiss you for those sweet words! Oh, I can hardly wait to fly to him and tell him the glorious news. He will be so glad! We shall all be so happy now. It seems almost like a lovely dream! I can hardly believe that I am awake! But, tell me, what has made you change your mind? Yesterday when I tried to plead for him you said you would never permit us to see each other again. Ah, if you had known how those words bruised my heart! What has happened, father, to make you relent?"

He kissed her fondly and then, with tears in his eyes, replied:

"I sat in a little game of poker where he happened to have a hand last night, and if we don't get that money back in the family some way my business is going to suffer."—Chicago Times Herald.

Afraid to Bid.

At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods at a country store the auctioneer put up a buggy robe of fairly good quality. An old farmer inspected it closely, seemed to think there was a bargain in it, and yet he hesitated to bid.

"Think it cheap?" asked the auctioneer, crying a 10 cent bid.

"Yes, kinder," was the reply.

"Then why don't you bid and get it?"

"Waal, I've bought heaps o' things in dry goods and so on," slowly rejoined the old man, "and I never yet took home anything that the old woman thought was worth the price. If I get that 'ere robe for even 15 cents, she'd grab it up, pull at one end, chaw on a corner and call out: 'Cheated again! More'n half cotton!' That's the reason I dasn't bid."—Ohio State Journal.

An Insinuation.

"I simply had to do it," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly in an apologetic tone. "I had to draw my razzer so's to hol' up my character."

"Did he slander you behind your back?"

"No, suh; 'twas to my face. He axed me what business I was in, an I says, 'Raisin chickens.' Den he looked at me solemn an says, 'You doesn' mean "raisin," you means "liftin."' "—Washington Star.

Tell or Write Your Troubles.

Dr. Greene, the world's most successful specialist, the discoverer of the renowned Dr. Greene's Nervura, offers free consultation and advice to all. Such consultation can be secured by personal call upon the doctor at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by letter through the mail. No physician in the world has made such a record of curing disease as Dr. Greene, and the advice of this eminent specialist is at the free disposal of every ailing man or woman. Exhaustion, debility, nervous prostration and all chronic complaints yield to Dr. Greene's experience and skill. His advice has proved to many thousands the beginning of hope, and his many wonderful curative remedies the means of a certain cure. Dr. Greene will help you, and you should tell or write your troubles confidentially to him without delay. To know what to do to be cured is the most essential thing to the sick. Dr. Greene is rendering a great service to mankind in making it easy for every one who needs advice to secure free of charge the benefit of his experience and skill.

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statues that Joseph W. Huntley & Co., have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a druggist of the sixth class, in building numbered and with an entrance at No. 417 Main street; said building known as "Mechanics Building," in said Woburn, with a side entrance leading to Walnut street; in two rooms on first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

NOTICE.

Chap. 317, Sec. 18, Acts of the Legislature for year 1894, relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings, reads as follows, *i. e.*:—

"The Trustees shall cause to be published semi-annually in some newspaper published in the County in which said Corporation is located, the names of the members of the Board of Investment, or other officers of such Corporation charged with the duty of investing its funds."

In accordance with the above requirements notice is hereby given that the following named persons compose the Board of Investment of The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, Woburn, Mass., for the year ending July, 1900.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.

CHARLIE A. JONES,	JOHN WINN,
JOHN R. CARTER,	L. WALDO THOMPSON,
S. B. GODDARD,	WILLIAM BEGGS,
LUKE W. FOWLE,	HERBERT B. DOW.

Attest:
EDWARD E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered of Margaret Farmer, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY M. ALDRICH, Adm.

Woburn, Mass.
Feburary 14th, 1900.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday March 1, Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Samuel Melendy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Octavia Melendy, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court for allowance the final account of her administration on said estate and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in her hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of February, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why distribution should not be made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Daniel Lynch, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Elizabeth Lynch, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of March, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Lucretia T. True, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CHARLIE A. JONES, Executor.
Savings Bank Block, Woburn, Mass.
February 8, 1900.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

TRY

Reed's Ham And Bacon

— AT —

Linnell's Market

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

"I have been thinking of writing to you for some time," writes Mrs. W. D. Benson, of Maxton, Robeson Co., N. C., "to let you know what a wonderful thing Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for my little boy. He was taken with indigestion when he was a year and a half old, and he was under the doctor's treatment for five long years. We spent all we made for doctor's bills, and it did no good. He could not eat anything only a little milk and cracker, and sometimes even this would make him sick, and he got very weak; could not sit up all day, and I gave up all hope of his ever getting any better. Looking over one of your books I noticed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery recommended for indigestion. We bought some and gave to our boy. Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured him. He is well as can be, and can eat anything that he wants and it does not hurt him. He has not been sick a day since, and it has been three years since he took your medicine. I pray that God will always bless you and your medicine."

FOR DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, BLOOD, NERVES AND LUNGS.

O BROTHER ESAUS!

Men come and go in the thronging street,
They wander the worldwide sea,
They tread the forest with eager feet,
They roam like the sea bird free,
But we, in the mirk of the clanging marts,
Drudge the dull hours away.
For our need—for their need who are near our hearts
(God help us!)—we have sold the day.

The wind sings glad up the frosty sky,
The mad clouds flurry over,
The blown gull swoops high veering by
And calls to his comrade rover.
The striving trees toss free their gold
In the riot of wild November,
And we who roamed with the winds of old
In our servile cells remember.

O Brother Esaus under the sun,
Who have sold for earthly lure
Free heaven's hue and the sea's broad blue,
God's primogeniture,
Was never a way but this—to sit
Thus, here—and to feel without
How the blown pines groan and the shrill gulls flit
And the pluming billows shout?

O Brother Esaus who yearn for the sky
And dream of the splendors lost,
Who eat the bread ye have bought thereby,
Do ye count the bitter cost?
Through the citied world our hosts bend low
Over their sordid task,
While the free winds blow and the rivers flow
And sun glad cattle bask.

But we, oh, pity us, Jacob, brother—
We who have sold to you
The blessing of wood and ridging flood
And consecrating dew—
We, in the mirk of our clanging marts,
Drudge life's brief best away.
For our needs—for their needs who are near our hearts
(God help us!)—we have sold the day.
—Herbert Bates in Chap Book.

LOVED HER FRIEND.

She had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you," in response to his question. His kisses were still warm on her lips. Their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before, and now that the first rapture and thrill were over they were asking questions and making their little confessions after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied earnestly. "You say you love me, so it doesn't really make any difference about the others. They're done for now, but I think I ought to know. Still, if there are so many of them"—

"Please stop, Jack. I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face," she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you," she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking?"

"Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my question?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me after I tell, will you?"

"Well"—

"'That depends,' you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long. I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours; then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it you have no predecessors."

"Are you sure, Dora?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks awfully, Dora. I'm glad to hear it, and now that question is settled we will"—

"Oh, no, my boy! You don't get off quite so easily as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this exactly.

"Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" she continued banteringly.

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few minutes before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then, so long?"

"No. It is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before."

"And she—she refused you?"

"No; I never asked her."

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now."

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress, I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; I am not ashamed to say it. She was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and"—

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack. I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that, but she was the first, and love was a new sensation to me then, and if I had been her equal in wealth and station I might—but, pshaw! What's the use of telling you all this? It is all over now. Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know."

"Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that—that this happened?" she faltered.

"Three years."

"And her name?" she asked, in low tones.

"Need I tell that?"

"Yes, please," said Dora faintly.

"Edith Burton."

Dora's face grew suddenly pale.

"I thought perhaps she was the one," she said in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now. "She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack. "My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"'True love can never die,'" quoted Dora gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no. Nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now. I think I'd better send it to you in writing."

"My, my! How formal we are getting all at once. But, after all, I think I prefer it that way; then I can carry your note next to my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shan't I run over here for it tomorrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible."

"No. I'll mail it to your office in New York."

"All right, Dora, and now just one before I go." He bent down and planted a kiss on her unresisting lips. "Thanks, dear. Now, please forget that there ever was any other girl and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening if nothing happens. Good night, Dora."

"Good night, Jack."

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple court the next morning, he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open, he read:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 9:30 p. m., March 15.

DEAR JACK—The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending to you the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession and knowing what I do I could never be happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still intwined around that early love, and—and she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my schoolmate years ago. I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and, though we have never met since we graduated, we have always kept up a correspondence. I inclose my latest letter from her, received two months ago. I did not know until tonight who the man was that she loves. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy, and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time, but goodby! Ever your friend,
DORA.

The inclosure ran as follows:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.

MY DEAR DORA—No, I am not engaged yet and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune, especially the latter, upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for except one, and I believe he cared for me at a time. Perhaps he does yet; but, alas, he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money) held him back. He loved me—my heart told me that—but fortune hunters were fluttering around me like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest, just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross.

Ah, well, he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past! I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which has attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!

There, Dora, you have my secret and know why I shall evermore a maiden be, but please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I), and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely,
EDITH BURTON.

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

MY DEAR DORA—Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. You are one of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully,
JACK.

P. S.—I start for Rochester at once and will mail this on my way to the train.

And as Dora read these words she smiled one little, wee ghost of a smile and whispered:

"Better my heart than hers!"—William Seldon Gidley in Chicago Record.

Dr. Junker's Escape.

Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, who did not see a white person for years while he was studying the natives and natural history of the upper Mobangi-Makua river, made use of an ingenious expedient to get to the coast on his way home in 1886. He could not descend the Nile, for the Mahdists blocked the way. He could not follow the beaten road by way of Victoria Nyanza, for the Waganda and other tribes had been killing whites and if they did not murder Junker they would at least detain him as a prisoner. Arab traders would not take him in their caravans for fear they would lose the friendship of the native chiefs along the road. At last the doctor went to one of the traders with this proposal:

"You cannot take me with you as a friend," he said, "but you can take me as a slave. Look at this." And Dr. Junker showed the trader an order written in Arabic and signed by a well known firm in Zanzibar, authorizing the doctor to make any arrangements he desired with the Arabs of central Africa, and the firm would honor his drafts.

"Now," continued Dr. Junker, "I have written out a contract, and if you will sign it with me I shall reach the coast. It provides that when you deliver me alive at Zanzibar the sum of $1,500 (Austrian thalers) will be paid to you by this firm. You cannot take me with you as a traveler or a friend, and you must therefore take me as a slave."

The bargain was made on this basis. In passing through the hostile tribes the white man was represented to be a slave who had been purchased from a negro tribe farther north. As a slave he passed muster even at the court of cruel King Mwanga and was allowed to pass on in peace with his supposed master.—Harper's Round Table.

Average Time of a Wink.

"In a twinkling of an eye" is a phrase for brevity, but M. Garten in "The Archives de Pfluger" has found the average time of a wing to be about .40 of a second. The eyelid descends in about .80 of a second, stays down about .13 of a second to .17 of a second and rises again in about .17 of a second. Winking varies much in different persons and rarely occurs when the attention is concentrated, but this omission is followed by a series of winks to make up, either by resting the eye or cleaning it.

Painful Periods

are overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fifty thousand happy women testify to this in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful something is wrong which

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

will promptly set right; if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so unvaryingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cure.

Henry George's First Friend.

In the late seventies Henry George, the single tax reformer, came east from California. He was desperately poor and had but few acquaintances.

Shortly after his arrival he lectured before the Saturday Ethical club of New York, where his brilliant oratory and shabby attire made so striking a contrast as to excite the sympathy of those present.

After he left the club appointed a committee to aid him in getting up a public lecture. Among others, the committee included Seth Low, who was then engaged in business. He was in consultation at the time, and the committee were in a hurry, so he told them to send him a lot of tickets. They forwarded 20 to him the same day and felt happy at having secured $20 for the lecture fund. The next morning came a letter of thanks from Mr. Low praising the lecturer's intellectuality and inclosing a check for $250. The affair was a success, netting about $300, so that President Low may be said to have been the first man to start Mr. George on his eastern career.

Twenty years later, in 1897, Mr. Low was the citizens' candidate and Mr. George the labor candidate for mayor of New York. The latter made a vigorous campaign and in all his speeches advised the citizens, if they could not vote for him, to vote for his friend Seth Low, and on one occasion he said that if it had not been for the latter he would not be there as a candidate. Few understood his full meaning.—Saturday Evening Post.

He Had Enough.

There is a New York physician who takes an active interest in politics and is popular with the "boys." In spite of his jolly disposition he is an extremely thin man, so thin that many a joke is aimed at him. Here is the latest story they are telling about him:

A grocer's boy entered the doctor's office the other day with a basket of fine fruit which some grateful patient had sent to him. The doctor told the boy to place the basket in a cabinet which stood against the wall. At the same instant he stepped out of the room, and, going into an adjoining one, manipulated a contrivance which caused an articulated skeleton within the cabinet to waggle its head and limbs in an appalling manner just as the messenger boy opened the door.

With a yell of terror the boy fled. When the doctor had enjoyed a hearty laugh, he picked up a fine apple and followed the boy into the street to give it to him. "Come here, my boy!" he shouted. "Here's a fine apple for you."

"Not on your life!" replied the affrighted youngster, taking to his heels again. "You can't fool me with your clothes on."—New York Tribune.

An Absentminded Professor.

I have a story of a gentleman now engaged in educational work which is, I think, somewhat remarkable and is also quite true. This gentleman was once professor of mathematics in a fine New England college. He was greatly interested in the work and devoted himself so wholly to it that a natural tendency which he had to absentmindedness became much accentuated.

One day when he had guests at dinner and was helping them to fish from a platter he took a plate bottom side up, put a fish on the bottom of the plate and handed it thus to one of the guests. There was a laugh at once, and his wife said, "My dear, if your absentmindedness has gone so far that you are serving people food on the bottoms of plates, I shall insist on your resigning your professorship."

She did insist on it, and he resigned and went into another and more general field of teaching. He is still a little inclined to be forgetful—like some of the rest of us—but he has never since served food on the bottom of a plate.—Boston Transcript.

His Answer Was Reassuring.

Mgr. Calino, the simple hearted and ingenuous Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in constant fear of a smashup.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every sound of the bell or whistle, she cried out:

"Oh! Oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?"

Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapped in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him:

"And you, sir, aren't you afraid of railroad accidents?"

"Not I, madame," answered Calino reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the guillotine!"

The nervous woman went into hysterics and had to be removed from the train at the next station.—Youth's Companion.

At the Theater.

Fuddy—What do you laugh at that old joke for? When I told it to you three months ago, you didn't even smile, and now you laugh at it as though you would die.

Duddy—Yes, I know; I paid to get in here, and I'm bound to make the most of my money's worth.—Boston Transcript.

A Forgotten Countersign.

"War with raw recruits in the beginning is apt to lead to many amusing experiences," said the old army officer who saw service in Cuba. "Now, you couldn't ask for better soldiers than we had in Cuba, but a large number of them were new to the business and had much to learn, and, much to their credit, it can be said that they soon learned it.

"I had occasion to leave our lines one night soon after we arrived in Cuba, and upon my return it suddenly struck me that I had forgotten the countersign. I puzzled over it for some time, but for the life of me I couldn't recall the word that had been given out. While I was thinking it over I heard the command:

"'Halt! Who comes there?'

"'Friend,' I answered, thinking that the countersign would come to me in a moment.

"'Advance, friend, and give the countersign,' said the sentry.

"As the countersign had slipped from me completely I walked up to him and said sharply:

"'Call the corporal of the guard!'

"'Gosh,' answered the sentry, 'I knew it was something like that, but I'm derned if I hadn't forgotten it! Mosey on!'

"I 'mosied,' but I took the trouble to look up the corporal of the guard and have him give the sentry further instructions regarding the duties of a sentry."—Detroit Free Press.

Chinese Leather.

The process by which the Chinese leather acquires its peculiar characteristics is described as follows:

The skins are put into tubs containing water, saltpeter and salt and after 30 days are taken out, the hair is shaved off and the skins well washed in spring water. Each hide is then cut up into three pieces and well steamed, which is done by passing them several times backward and forward over a steaming oven. Further, each piece is stretched out separately over a flat board and secured with nails, so as to dry gradually and thoroughly in the sun. The smoke of the oven makes the leather black, and if it is desired to have it of a yellow appearance it is rubbed over with water in which the fruit of the so called wongchee tree has been soaked.

Of the offal glue is made by heating it in pans for 12 hours over a slow fire, and the glue so obtained is poured into rough earthen vessels, where it remains three days in order to coagulate. The solid mass is cut into pieces with sharp knives and carefully laid upon gratinglike trays to dry, the time taken in drying varying from 5 days, with a northwest wind, to 30 or 40 days with a southwest.—Boston Transcript.

The Land of the Guitar.

In Portugal men play upon the guitar as naturally as Yankees whistle. The peasants are universally given to the instrument, chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. In towns and villages the artisans are often expert guitar players and walk in groups to and from their work, enlivening the journey with music and song. The carpenter who comes to your house to execute a small job brings his guitar with his tools, and the blacksmith is a far better performer on the guitar than the anvil.

When the Portuguese day laborer or workman has finished his long day's toil, he does not hie him to a wineshop to squander the few cents he has earned; he does not even lean against a post and smoke or whittle a stick while swapping yarns with his fellows. If he did not bring his guitar with him, he goes straight home and gets it, rests and comforts himself with the music while supper is being prepared. Afterward he spends the evening singing doggerel songs to a strumping accompaniment, tilted back in a chair against his own house or on the doorstep of a neighbor.—Philadelphia Record.

His Paraphrase.

"You often see the phrase 'Memphis, the Queen of the Valley, God bless her,'" remarked a newspaper man the other day. "The birth of that expression was the wherefore of one of the wittiest things Ned Carmack ever said.

"It was in the lifetime of The Appeal-Avalanche and while Mr. Carmack was editor of The Commercial. There was a municipal election of minor importance on hand, and the editor of The Avalanche was just 'happy' enough to do a two column editorial of gush concerning the life and death issues of the election under the sentimental headline 'Memphis, the Queen of the Valley, God Bless Her!'

"Mr. Carmack came out in the morning paper with no other comment on the all important subject under consideration than this epigram, which completely covered the case and made the phrase immortal. 'Blank, the fool of the Valley, God help him!'"—Memphis Scimitar.

At a Disadvantage.

A North Columbus woman has a charming little daughter who is very indiscreet. The other day in the midst of a reception the little girl cried on account of the toothache. Her mother tried to console her.

"There, my darling, don't cry. Your toothache will pass away."

"How will it go away?" replied little Edith, her voice broken with sobs. "I can't take my teeth out like you can, mamma."—Ohio State Journal.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR TORPID LIVER.
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A HOMING INSTINCT.

IT DEVELOPS IN YOUNG ANIMALS ALMOST AT BIRTH.

The Wonderful Ability Displayed by Various Species In Finding Their Way Home—A Tale of Little Pigs and the Story of a Mare.

The homing instinct develops in young animals almost as early as the desire for food. In the wild state it is a necessity, since without it the young could never keep in touch with herd or pack. Even after centuries of domestication it is still acute.

Witness this tale of little pigs: They were under a month old when their owner decided to move. He wanted to fatten and kill their mother, so offered the lot of 40 at a bargain price. A neighbor five miles away bought the pigs, put them in a box, hoisted the box on a wagon and hauled it home. There the pigs were put in a close pen, fed on milk and mush for two weeks, then allowed to run in a small lot adjacent to the pen. Three mornings later every one was missing. A small hole carefully rooted under the gate was the sole explanation of their disappearance. Their buyer searched high and low for them, sending even to adjacent farms, but could not find them.

That afternoon the original owner sent word he had found 39 of the 40 standing squealing at his gate when he awoke. The buyer going to reclaim the strays found the missing fortieth pig lying exhausted by the roadside, but still struggling to follow the trail of its mates.

Upon the same middle Tennessee plantation a 4-year-old mare was bought from an Ohio drove. The drove had been brought down on stock cars to the country town, seven miles away. The mare seemed perfectly content in her new surroundings, so after a week or two she was allowed to pasture with other stock. For a day she was happy, grazing and frolicking with the rest. Toward noon of the second day a watcher saw her suddenly fling up her head, cock one ear forward, one back, as though listening intently to a faroff call, then start in a swinging gallop for the pasture fence, clear it with one flying leap, cross a field of young corn, take the boundary fence, a much stiffer one, and go away due north.

Nothing more was seen or heard of her for three months. Then by a singular chance she was discovered, impounded as an estray, more than half way across the state of Kentucky. She had swum a considerable river to get so far and had been taken up through breaking into a pasture to graze. She was going home straight as the crow flies, making no account whatever of the bends and turns in the route by which she had been fetched.

Among fowls, domestic turkeys are the most persistent homers. This same plantation's mistress found that out in a way at once odd and provoking. She raised a brood of 14, which turned out to contain 13 gobblers. They were fine, lusty, bronze brown fellows, although this was in the year when bronze turkeys, so called, were unknown. She gave away seven out of the 13 to as many neighbors to put at the head of their breeding flocks. As a consequence almost every day for six weeks she had to go out and help to separate her own turkeys from some other flock. Each of the gift gobblers came back home, not once, but many times, with his harem at his heels.

Cats are proverbial homers. Southern negroes have many entertaining superstitions connected with their transfer. In moving they say it is the worst luck in the world to take along the cat. It is also very bad luck to give away a cat unless its feet are greased and allowed to make marks on the threshold it goes over. They say, further, the homing propensity can be destroyed by putting butter on pussy's feet before they touch anything in her new home.

Black walnuts, which it is nearly as bad luck to move as a cat, may be made to serve as ill luck antidotes by cracking them carefully and either tying a necklace of shells on the cat or putting them upon her feet for boots. It is lucky to have the gift of a cat and luckier still to have one come to you of its own motion. A gift cat ought to be taken home in a bag securely tied so none of the luck will escape.

Notwithstanding this was done in the case of a tortoise shell tabby, she came home over a distance of 15 miles. She took all summer to do it in. The road home led through pleasant woods and was never very far from a clear creek. At various times between June, when she vanished from her new home, and November, when she reappeared at her old one, tabby was seen scurrying through the woods with a bird in her mouth or sunning herself luxuriously high in some safe tree crotch. The first nipping frost brought her to the familiar door mewing and looking up at her old master as if she had never left it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The New Teacher.

"It was in the English class," says the Louisville Courier-Journal, "and a new teacher had just been employed. She was from the north and called all the pupils 'Miss,' at which they marveled greatly. On the first day the teacher told her class that she would not give a regular lesson, but each girl should write down all the slang she knew and bring that to the next day's recitation. That was a 'cinch.' Several girls who possessed brothers and the rest who possessed other girls' brothers set them to work. The result was marvelous.

"When the class was called next day, there was not a girl who could not show two closely written pages of slang expressions. The teacher looked. 'Very good,' she said. 'Now translate them into readable English.' They haven't fooled with her since."

Only Two Loads.

"At the close of the war," said a southern representative today, "a great many negroes in the south refused to leave their old homes. My father gathered his former slaves about him and told them they were free and must leave him. Some went and others remained. Among the latter was an old darky named Eph, who swore he would not leave, but would stay and take his chances. 'All right, Eph,' said my father. 'Just take four or five acres and go in on the three and four plan.'

"'An wha' am dat, massa, fo' de Lawd's sake?'

"'Why, if you raise three loads of corn you must give me one and you keep two.' So Uncle Eph went to work and raised a crop. At harvest time my father rode over the farm and noticed that Eph had cut his corn. Seeing the old fellow, he rode up and asked him why he didn't do as he had agreed about dividing the corn.

"'Well, massa, yoh said if I raised free loads of corn I wuz to gib yoh one an take two loads myself, an I done only raised two loads.'"—Washington Times.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 18.

Text of the Lesson, John iv, 5-26. Memory Verses, 11-14—Golden Text, John iv, 24—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by D. M. Stearns.]

5-9. "Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink." This is the first recorded utterance of our Lord on this occasion. John seems to give the consecutive story of this part of our Lord's life from chapter i, 19, to iv, 54. He is now on His way from Judaea to Galilee, and, passing through Samaria, He stops to rest at Jacob's well. What the need was for Him to go this way we do not know, unless it was to accomplish just that which He did accomplish, or it may simply mean that in going north on the west of Jordan there was no other way than through Samaria, as any one can see by the map. The sixth hour must have been 6 a. m. or 6 p. m., as we saw two lessons back by comparing chapter xix, 14, and not noon as some suppose. That Jesus was weary and thirsty speaks to us of His true humanity. As our High Priest He can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, for in His mortal body He was compassed with infirmity (Heb. iv, 15; v, 2). He was without sin, but He was often weak and weary, hungry and thirsty. He who created all things made Himself dependent upon the ministry of others, and just at this time His disciples had gone to the city to buy meat.

10-12. Here we have Jesus' second saying and the woman's reply. He speaks of the gift of God and living water and desires her to know Him that she may ask and receive. She thinks only of the water in Jacob's well and of Jacob who gave the well, for she is only a natural woman, as Nicodemus was only a natural man, and she understands not spiritual things. His "If thou knewest" makes us think of His words as He wept over Jerusalem, "If thou hadst known" (Luke xix, 42), and His lament through the prophets, "Israel doth not know," "My people know not" (Isa. i, 3; Jer. viii, 7). His "Gift of God" makes us remember II Cor. ix, 15; Rom. vi, 23. The living water takes us back to Jer. ii, 13; xvii, 13; Ezek. xlvii, 1; ix, 12.

13-15. This is the third word from our Lord and from the woman. He will interest her in the living water and tells her more about it, contrasting it with the water from Jacob's well—water that will cause one never to thirst again and be a well within one ever springing up. She had never heard of water or a well like this. It is no wonder that she said: Sir, give me this water. What do you know of this artesian well of water of life? Are you ever seeking something to satisfy, looking here or there for some new thing, a new friend, a new book, a letter from some one, a visit, anything under the sun to engage your attention and occupy your mind and fill up your time? Then you have yet to learn of the living water and the well within. It is Himself, the Fountain, the source of all life and joy and peace, the sum and substance of all true happiness.

16, 17. The fourth word from each. He has interested her in the living water and led her to desire it, but now she must see herself a sinner. He will show her herself that she may desire Him and the life which He gives. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance, and sinners must know that they are such before they will accept the Saviour.

18-20. The fifth word from each—deepening her conviction of self and sin and opening her eyes to see that she was talking to no ordinary man, but to one who knew her well and saw all the inwardness of her life. Acknowledging that He is a prophet or seer, she tries to evade his searching words by some words about the difference between Samaritan and Jewish worship, or as is sometimes said today when unwelcome truth begins to take hold: "Well, I do not belong to your church. You believe different from us."

21, 22. This is part of the Saviour's sixth and longest word to her. It is not the place of worship that we are to consider, but the person whom we worship, as we shall see more clearly presently. Samaria is nothing, Jerusalem and the temple are nothing, but God, the God of Israel, the only living and true God, He is all.

23, 24. This is still our Lord's sixth word. He has made her interested in the living water, He has shown her her sinfulness and her need, and now He reveals more fully the Father and how to worship Him. He has said that it is not the place, but the person, that is everything, and now He says that it is not the form of worship, but the heart that is in it, that counts. He had said through Isaiah long before, This people draw near me with their mouth, but have removed their heart far from me (Isa. xxix, 13); and through Ezekiel He said, With their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness (Ezek. xxxiii, 31).

25. The woman's sixth word is: "I know that Messiah cometh, who is called Christ. When He is come, He will tell us all things." Thus her thoughts have been turned, like all the rest of whom we have thus far read in John's gospel, to Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. Perhaps she expected to hear something of Him. A change is evidently being wrought in her as the conversation proceeds. The Spirit is moving as the word is spoken, and the work is being done in her heart.

26. "Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He." The word "He" is in italics, so it is not in the Greek. The Lord said, "I am." It is the great name of Ex. iii, 14. She has seen Him, she has heard Him, she receives Him as the Messiah, the Christ; she has become a child of God (John i, 12); her sins are forgiven (I John ii, 12). She leaves her waterpot, returns to the city and proclaims that she has found the Christ. Many believed her testimony. They came to Him and heard Him themselves. They besought Him to stay with them, and He abode two days, and many more believed because of His own word. There was great joy in that city, as there was also afterward when Philip preached Christ to them (Acts viii, 5-8). The woman seemed to forget all about Jacob's well and all else and to be wholly occupied with Him. Thus she became a well of living water. When the disciples asked Him to eat, after the woman had left, His testimony was that He had meat to eat that they knew not of, and He added, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work" (verse 34). May we be so occupied with Him that, like the woman, we shall bear good testimony!

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Blood and Nerve Remedy is Life for the Blood and Strength for the Nerves.

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Thousands of people are nervous, thousands upon thousands suffer from mental exhaustion, weak, shaky and irritable nerves, sleeplessness, gloomy depression of mind and exhaustion of nerve power.

They do not realize the dangerous gravity of their condition, nor the fearful results of neglect of these symptoms.

It is nerve and brain exhaustion, loss of nerve power and physical vigor which makes the brain tired, the arm nerveless, the limbs trembling, the muscles weak, and the whole body without strength, energy or ambition. It is the loss of nerve and vital power which is slowly but surely sapping the very life itself, and unless help is sought from the right source the end will be shattered nerves, insanity, paralysis or death.

Neglect alone is dangerous. Nature has provided, fresh from the bosom of the earth, the nerve strengthening, blood invigorating and health restoring Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which certainly and unfailingly cures these terrible nervous diseases, if taken in time.

Use this great and wonderful remedy, and the nervous, irritable, weak and trembling feelings will disappear; your sleep will be natural, calm, restful and you will wake mornings feeling strong and vigorous, instead of tired and exhausted; all gloomy depression and sense of anxiety and dread will fade from your mind; your nerves will become strong and steady as steel, your strength, energy and ambition will be restored, and perfect health take the place of weakness and debility.

Mrs. Janet Johnson, Roxbury Terrace, Boston, Mass., says:—

"For the benefit of the afflicted I deem it my duty to say that I was suffering from nervous prostration two years ago; was so weak and prostrate that I could not attend to my household duties; closed my house and gave up my home, as I was so restless I could not remain in one place. I could not sleep for weeks at a time, and insanity seemed sure to result. My case baffled the skill of several eminent physicians. At last, in despair, I resorted to Dr. Greene's Nervura, with wonderful effect. It produced good sleep in a few weeks, restored my appetite and strength, until I feel like a new person. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura to many of my friends, who have also derived great benefit."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of diseases, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.

No Two Thumbs Alike.

It is not alone on questions of handwriting that handwriting experts are called upon to testify. Thumb impressions, around which Mark Twain in "Puddin'head Wilson" built his ingenious story, have sometimes formed the basis of very convincing testimony. Conan Doyle said that Carvalho's deductions in the case of the robbery of $25,000 from a package of the American Express company, for nicety of reasoning and extraordinary coincidence, eclipsed anything any one ever dared put into fiction.

In 1894 Asa Guy Gurney was tried on the charge of stealing a large sum of money from the express company. It was proved that Gurney had opened the safe where the package had been placed, taken it out and deposited it in another safe. It was found that a large sum was missing.

The evidence was purely circumstantial. The envelope containing the money bore upon it, however, a thumb impression. Mr. Carvalho testified that the impression on the envelope and several impressions of Gurney's thumb corresponded exactly and contended that there were no two thumbs in the world alike. But such evidence was too subtle for the rural jury which tried the case, and the prisoner was acquitted.

It is to be recorded as a tribute to the accuracy of Carvalho's testimony that Gurney soon after confessed.—Chambers' Journal.

Severe Punishment.

Sterling is derived from the name by which the dwellers in eastern Germany were known in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They were called Easterlings. The purity not only of their money was very famous, but that of their silver specially so, and coiners and silversmiths were fetched from those parts to improve the quality of our own manufactures.

So far back as 1597 two counterfeiters, who sold spurious silver articles bearing a simulated royal lion and the goldsmiths' marks, were sentenced to stand in a pillory at Westminster, with their ears nailed thereto and with papers above their heads setting forth the nature of the offense for which they were so disgraced. After this degradation they were publicly marched to Cheapside, put in the pillory there, and had each one ear cut off, finally being conducted back to the Fleet prison and having to pay a fine of 10 marks each.

It seems that in recent times the record price for Elizabethan silver was £70 10s. per ounce. For old articles in this metal the sum usually obtainable ranges from £5 to £17 per ounce, according to the artistic workmanship displayed on them.—London Telegraph.

The Truthful Prince.

In his book about Persia, "The Land of the Lion and the Sun," Dr. Wills says that he was once conversing with the king's son, and a large circle of courtiers and priests filled the room. The prince narrated his exploits in hunting the antelope the previous day and gravely stated that while pursuing a pair of ahu when riding a very restive horse his headstall broke.

"What should you have done, doctor?" asked the prince.

"I should have tried to stick on as long as the ground was good and, expecting an accident, have awaited it."

"Ah, that was because you were not a prince," he said. "I leaned forward, and, unclasping my belt, placed it in the horse's mouth as a bridle, and, thus directing him, pursued my game and killed both antelope."

All the circle applauded, as of course they were bound to do. Dr. Wills was silent.

"You don't mean to say you don't believe that?" said the prince. "Speak out if you don't. I shan't be offended in the least."

"Well, your highness, I don't believe it."

"Quite right, darogh bood" (it was a lie), unblushingly replied his royal highness and burst into a fit of laughter quite unabashed. The circle of courtiers, of course, were convulsed.

The Pride of Manhood.

The happiest time in a boy's life is the day that he dons his first short trousers. Mrs. Poyser's bantam cock, which imagined that the sun rose every morning to hear him crow, could not strut with more conscious pride than did this little fellow, and he felt the importance incident to his first pair.

Finally, he stopped in front of his little sister and delivered himself of these indisputable facts:

"Sister, you can't never wear pants! Sister, you can't never have a mustache!" and finally, as a complete clincher, "Sister, you can't never be a man, nohow!"

Overcome with the gloom of her future, "sister" burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.—Memphis Scimitar.

Thought He Was a Page.

When the Marquis of Ripon in an amiable way wandered about the Massachusetts statehouse one afternoon in the spring of 1871, he sat down beside a young man who was occupying a corner of one of the leather sofas. The young man had a bright face, with a quizzical look to his mouth, and now and then a twinkle came to his eye as he talked. The marquis talked a little condescendingly to the young man at first and in a moment betrayed the fact that he thought his companion was a page.

"But I am a senator," said the young man, smiling.

"What!" said the nobleman in astonishment, looking at the smooth face of the young man.

"I am a senator, elected from a district in the city of Boston," was the reply again.

"Were you born in the city, too?" said the marquis.

"No."

"Where, then?"

"In the island next to yours," with a sharp look and a laugh in his eye. The marquis laughed heartily, too, and he made mental note of the name and face of young Patrick A. Collins. When the two met in England in the summer of 1887, Mr. Collins had a warm welcome from the man who had taken him for a page in the state senate 16 years before. When General Collins was United States consul general at London, the acquaintance was renewed and the incident of years before laughed over.—Saturday Evening Post.

Queer Scene at a French Fire.

"I happened to see the start of a fire in Paris," said F. D. Higbee. "It was a rather ugly blaze in a three story building. I thought the department would never get there and stood jumping up and down and cussing the French fire fighters for their slowness. Presently, however, my anxious gaze was rewarded by the sight of a small platoon of gendarmes clearing the street as if they were preparing for a big procession. Then along came the fire company and drew up in front of the building. The engine and a hose cart came lumbering along behind, and then there was a pause, the entire company standing at attention. In a few minutes the 'real thing,' in the shape of the captain of the company, appeared. He had on white gloves and a fierce uniform. The whole company saluted solemnly and then 'advanced' upon the fire! Not a hand had been raised to make a hose coupling or to do anything else until that august captain, with those lovely white gloves, had arrived and been properly saluted."

"But what," said I, "was happening to the building during the time of this pleasing ceremony?"

"Oh, it burned down. But the fire department made a noble showing," concluded Mr. Higbee. "It was a most successful operation, as the doctors say, but the patient died."—Buffalo News.

Enough to Madden Him.

Lunatic (in dreary monotone)—I cannot put it on over my head; I cannot put it in my pocket; I cannot wear it on my feet. It will not stand on the shelf, and there is no loop to hang it up by. It cannot be a lampshade, a horsecloth or a chest protector. It does not look like a bag; it is not a smoking cap. It cannot be a cover for a man; it is not Ar-r-r-r-r!

Visitor (in asylum)—This is indeed a sad case.

Keeper—Yes, sir; one of the saddest that ever came under my observation. This young man was but a little while ago possessed of an unusually brilliant intellect, and a mind of truly remarkable depth and grasp. He delved deep in science and solved abstruse problems in astronomy with ease. Psychology was to him little more than recreation and metaphysics a mere pastime. But a young lady gave him a birthday present of her own making, and in trying to determine the name and use of it he was reduced to his present pitiable condition.—Collier's Weekly.

Moral Influence Recognized.

"I suppose there are several lines to the east?" he queried at a railroad ticket office in Chicago the other day.

"Well, yes," reluctantly replied the agent, "but if you want the shortest and quickest line"—

"That makes no difference to me," interrupted the caller. "I want a line controlled by moral influences. Is the president of your road a religious man?"

"I can't say as to that, but I know that two of our switchmen and three firemen lately joined the Salvation Army and that our board of directors discourages poker and beer."

"That's moral influence," said the traveler as he brightened up, "and you may give me a ticket to New York."—Washington Post.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 12.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

r Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8 15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10 38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6 30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6 45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8 30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11 30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8 30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7 00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2 45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7 20, 7.45 a m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

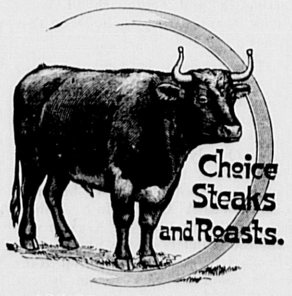
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold;
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife—
And yet a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams and age an aching void,
Whose dead sea fruit, long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild, tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two edged knife—
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it, then, true this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo, midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf—
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way,
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

—F. S. in Temple Bar.

The Ghost of Dr. Harris

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A new fragment by the great American novelist.

When Hawthorne was American consul at Liverpool, he was often a guest at the house of the late Mr. John Pemberton Heywood of that city. Upon one occasion when he was dining with the family he related a ghost story which Mrs. Heywood thought so remarkable that she asked him to write it out for her. This he did, apparently keeping no copy of the manuscript, for it has never appeared in any volume bearing his name. The manuscript has been for all these years in the possession of Mrs. Heywood's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Denman, who has allowed it to be communicated to The Nineteenth Century for publication:

I am afraid this ghost story will bear a very faded aspect when transferred to paper. Whatever effect it had on you or whatever charm it retains in your memory is perhaps to be attributed to the favorable circumstances under which it was originally told.

We were sitting, I remember, late in the evening in your drawing room, where the lights of the chandelier were so muffled as to produce a delicious obscurity, through which the fire diffused a dim red glow. In this rich twilight the feelings of the party had been properly attuned by some tales of English superstition, and the lady of Smithills Hall had just been describing that bloody footstep which marks the threshold of her old mansion when your Yankee guest (zealous for the honor of his country and desirous of proving that his dead compatriots have the same ghostly privileges as other dead people if they think it worth while to use them) began a story of something wonderful that long ago happened to himself.

Possibly in the verbal narrative he may have assumed a little more license than would be allowable in a written record. For the sake of the artistic effect he may then have thrown in here and there a few slight circumstances which he will not think it proper to retain in what he now puts forth as the sober statement of a veritable fact.

A good many years ago—it must be as many as 15, perhaps more, and while I was still a bachelor—I resided in Boston. In that city there is a large and long established library styled the Athenæum, connected with which is a reading room well supplied with foreign and American periodicals and newspapers. A splendid edifice has since been erected by the proprietors of the institution, but at the period I speak of it was contained within a large, old mansion, formerly the town residence of an eminent citizen of Boston. The reading room, a capacious hall, with the group of the Laocoon at one end and the Belvedere Apollo at the other, was frequented by not a few elderly merchants retired from business, by clergymen and lawyers and by such literary men as we had among us. These good people were mostly old, leisurely and somnolent and used to nod and doze for hours together with the newspapers before them, ever and anon recovering themselves so far as to read a word or two of the politics of the day, sitting, as it were, on the boundary of the land of dreams and having little to do with this world except through the newspapers which they so tenaciously grasped.

One of these worthies whom I occasionally saw there was the Rev. Dr. Harris, a Unitarian clergyman of considerable repute and eminence. He was very far advanced in life, not less than 80 years old and probably more, and he resided, I think, at Dorchester, a suburban village in the immediate vicinity of Boston. I had never been personally acquainted with this good old clergyman, but had heard of him all of my life as a noteworthy man, so that when he was first pointed out to me I looked at him with a certain specialty of attention and always subsequently eyed him with a degree of interest whenever I happened to see him at the Athenæum or elsewhere. He was a small, withered, infirm, but brisk old gentleman, with snow white hair, a somewhat stooping figure, but yet a remarkable alacrity of movement. I remember it was in the street that I first noticed him. The doctor was plodding along with a staff, but turned smartly about on being addressed by the gentleman who was with me and responded with a good deal of vivacity.

"Who is he?" I inquired as soon as he had passed. "The Rev. Dr. Harris of Dorchester," replied my companion. And from that time I often saw him and never forgot his aspect. His especial haunt was the Athenæum. There I used to see him daily and almost always with a newspaper—the Boston Post, which was the leading journal of the Democratic party in the northern states. As old Dr. Harris had been a noted Democrat during his more active life it was a very natural thing that he should still like to read the Boston Post. There his reverend figure was accustomed to sit day after day in the selfsame chair by the fireside, and by degrees, seeing him there so constantly, I began to look toward him as I entered the reading room and felt that a kind of acquaintance, at least on my part, was established. Not that I had any reason (as long as this venerable person remained in the body) to suppose that he ever noticed me, but by some subtle connection this small, white haired, infirm, yet vivacious figure of an old clergyman became associated with my idea and recollection of the place. One day especially (about noon, as was generally his hour) I am perfectly certain that I had seen this figure of old Dr. Harris and taken my customary note of him, although I remember nothing in his appearance at all different from what I had seen on many previous occasions.

But that very evening a friend said to me, "Did you hear that old Dr. Harris is dead?" "No," said I very quietly, "and it cannot be true, for I saw him at the Athenæum today." "You must be mistaken," rejoined my friend. "He is certainly dead," and confirmed the fact with such special circumstances that I could no longer doubt it. My friend has often since assured me that I seemed much startled at the intelligence, but as well as I can recollect I believe that I was very little disturbed if at all, but set down the apparition as a mistake of my own or perhaps the interposition of a familiar idea into the place and amid the circumstances with which I had been accustomed to associate it.

The next day as I ascended the steps of the Athenæum I remember thinking within myself, "Well, I never shall see old Dr. Harris again!" With this thought in my mind as I opened the door of the reading room I glanced toward the spot and chair where Dr. Harris usually sat, and there, to my astonishment, sat the gray, infirm figure of the deceased doctor reading the newspaper, as was his wont. His own death must have been recorded that very morning in that very newspaper. I have no recollection of being greatly discomposed at the moment nor indeed that I felt any extraordinary emotion whatever. Probably if ghosts were in the habit of coming among us they would coincide with the ordinary train of affairs and melt into them so familiarly that we should not be shocked at their presence. At all events, so it was in this instance. I looked through the newspapers as usual and turned over the periodicals, taking about as much interest in their contents as at other times. Once or twice no doubt I may have lifted my eyes from the page to look again at the venerable doctor, who ought then to have been lying in his coffin dressed out for the grave, but who felt such interest in the Boston Post as to come back from the other world to read it the morning after his death. One might have supposed that he would have cared more about the novelties of the sphere to which he had just been introduced than about the politics he had left behind him.

The apparition took no notice of me nor behaved otherwise in any respect than on any previous day. Nobody but myself seemed to notice him, and yet the old men round about the fire beside his chair were his lifelong acquaintances, who were perhaps thinking of his death and who in a day or two would deem it a proper courtesy to attend his funeral.

I have forgotten how the ghost of Dr. Harris took its departure from the Athenæum on this occasion or, in fact, whether the ghost or I went first. This equanimity and almost indifference on my part—the careless way in which I glanced at so singular a mystery and left it aside—is what now surprises me as much as anything else in the affair.

From that time for a long while thereafter—for weeks at least, and I know not but for months—I used to see the figure of Dr. Harris quite as frequently as before his death. It grew to be so common that at length I regarded the venerable defunct no more than any other of the old fogies who basked before the fire and dozed over the newspapers.

It was but a ghost, nothing but thin air, not tangible nor appreciable nor demanding any attention from a man of flesh and blood! I cannot recollect any cold shudderings, any awe, any repugnance, any emotion whatever, such as would be suitable and decorous on beholding a visitant from the spiritual world. It is very strange, but such is the truth. It appears excessively odd to me now that I did not adopt such means as I readily might to ascertain whether the appearance had solid substance or was merely gaseous and vapory. I might have brushed against him, have jostled his chair or have trodden accidentally on his poor old toes. I might have snatched the Boston Post—unless that were an apparition, too—out of his shadowy hands. I might have tested him in a hundred ways, but I did nothing of the kind.

Perhaps I was loath to destroy the illusion and to rob myself of so good a ghost story, which might probably have been explained in some very commonplace way. Perhaps, after all, I had a secret dread of the old phenomenon and therefore kept within my limits with an instinctive caution which I mistook for indifference. Be this as it may, here is the fact: I saw the figure day after day for a considerable space of time and took no pains to ascertain whether it was a ghost or no. I never to my knowledge saw him come into the reading room or depart from it. There sat Dr. Harris in his customary chair, and I can say little else about him.

After a certain period—I really know not how long—I began to notice or to fancy a peculiar regard in the old man's aspect toward myself. I sometimes found him gazing at me, and, unless I deceived myself, there was a sort of expectancy in his face. His spectacles, I think, were shoved up so that his bleared eyes might meet my own. Had he been a living man I should have flattered myself that good Dr. Harris was for some reason or other interested in me and desirous of a personal acquaintance. Being a ghost and amenable to ghostly laws, it was natural to conclude that he was waiting to be spoken to before delivering whatever message he wished to impart. But if so the ghost had shown the bad judgment common among the spiritual brotherhood both as regarded the place of interview and the person whom he had selected as the recipient of his communications. In the reading room of the Athenæum conversation is strictly forbidden, and I could not have addressed the apparition without drawing the instant notice and indignant frowns of the slumbrous old men around me. I myself, too, at that time was as shy as any ghost and followed the ghosts' rule never to speak first. And what an absurd figure should I have made solemnly and awfully addressing what must have appeared in the eyes of all the rest of the company an empty chair. Besides, I had never been introduced to Dr. Harris, dead or alive, and I am not aware that social regulations are to be abrogated by the accidental fact of one of the parties having crossed the imperceptible line which separates the other party from the spiritual world. If ghosts throw off all conventionalism among themselves, it does not therefore follow that it can be safely dispensed with by those who are still hampered with flesh and blood.

For such reasons as these and reflecting, moreover, that the deceased doctor might burden me with some disagreeable task with which I had no business nor wish to be concerned I stubbornly resolved to have nothing to say to him. To this determination I adhered, and not a syllable ever passed between the ghost of Dr. Harris and myself.

To the best of my recollection I never observed the old man either enter the reading room or depart from it or move from his chair or lay down the newspaper or exchange a look with any person in the company unless it were myself. He was not by any means invariably in his place. In the evening, for instance, though often at the reading room myself, I never saw him. It was at the brightest noontide that I used to behold him, sitting within the most comfortable focus of the glowing fire, as real and lifelike an object (except that he was so very old and of an ashen complexion) as any other in the room. After a long while of this strange intercourse, if such it can be called, I remember—once, at least, and I know not but oftener—a sad, wistful, disappointed gaze which the ghost fixed upon me from beneath his spectacles—a melancholy look of helplessness, which, if my heart had not been hard as a paving stone, I could hardly have withstood. But I did withstand it, and I think I saw him no more after this last appealing look, which still dwells in my memory as perfectly as while my own eyes were encountering the dim and bleared eyes of the ghost. And whenever I recall this strange passage of my life I see the small, old, withered figure of Dr. Harris sitting in his accustomed chair, the Boston Post in his hand, his spectacles shoved upward, and gazing at me as I close the door of the reading room with that wistful, appealing, hopeless, helpless look. It is too late now. His grave has been grass grown this many and many a year, and I hope he has found rest in it without any aid from me.

I have only to add that it was not until long after I had ceased to encounter the ghost that I became aware how very odd and strange the whole affair had been, and even now I am made sensible of its strangeness chiefly by the wonder and incredulity of those to whom I tell the story.

A Story of Fusell.

Fuseli, an eminent historical painter, who grew in fame after 1770, when he first formed the resolution to devote his talents to painting, was rather fond of sarcastic remarks at the expense of his friends.

Northcote, a contemporary, exhibited his "Judgment of Solomon." Fuseli looked at it with a smirk on his face.

"How do you like my picture?" inquired Northcote.

"Much," was the answer. "The action suits the word. Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at a child and says, 'Cut it, I like it much.'"

Northcote remembered this when Fuseli exhibited a picture representing Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto.

"How do you like my picture?" inquired Fuseli.

"Much," said Northcote. "It is clever, very clever, but he'll never hit him." "He shall hit him," exclaimed the other, "and that speedily." Away ran Fuseli with his brush and, as he labored to give the arrow the true direction, was heard to mutter: "Hit him! By Jupiter, but he shall hit him!"—New England Home Magazine.

Accumulating Information.

"What is the price of this lovely antique chair?" asked the shopper.

"Thirty-seven dollars, madam," answered the dealer.

"Thirty-seven dollars!" exclaimed the lady in astonishment. "Why, I didn't suppose it worth half that much."

"You didn't ask what it was worth, madam," replied the conscientious dealer. "You asked the price."—Chicago News.

Grandfather's Hymns.

The Contributors' Club in The Atlantic gives some information concerning "grandfather's" hymns: "Imagine them and their good wives gathered in the New England meeting house, trolling forth such 'spiritual songs' as the book preserves for us:

> "Then, blooming friends, a long farewell;
> We're bound to heaven, but you to hell.
> Still God may hear us while we pray
> And change you ere the burning day.

"And, be it observed, this 'burning day' to them was something as definite as washing day. This was none of your vague purgatorial way stations, but as fiery a pit of torment as the imagination can well conceive. Here is a glimpse of it:

> "Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
> Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
> Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
> Gnawing within them."

Abusing His Privileges.

"Dauber says he is wedded to his art."

"He evidently thinks he is, or he wouldn't mistreat her so shamefully."—Chicago Record.

ORANGE ICE
One of the many delicious desserts any housewife can prepare easily and quickly with
Keystone
Silver White Gelatine.
Recipes with every box.
If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

HOW TO BECOME RICH

FOR A START ALL YOU NEED DO IS FIND A DEAD MOUSE.

Then, According to the Wise Hindoo Merchant Who Told This Fairy Story, the Road to Competence Is Smooth and Easy of Travel.

Once upon a time several rich Hindoo merchants were whiling away the time talking over their affairs. All except one were of the opinion that in business no one could gather wealth who had not a solid capital to begin with. Then he who held differently and who was the richest of them all spoke up and said:

"Of a truth it is very easy to acquire a great fortune when one has but to add treasure upon treasure. As for me, I earned my riches without so much as a groat to begin upon. Listen, and I will tell you my story.

"My father died before I was born. He had been very rich, but my mother was only a poor widow, without support or protection. All the wealth that her husband had left her was taken from her by greedy relatives, and as she even feared for her life she sought refuge at the home of a friend of my dead father.

"There it was that I was brought into this world. My dear mother, of whom later I became the sole support, was then obliged to gain her livelihood as best she could. She had to work very hard for very small wages. Notwithstanding she managed to save enough from her scanty earnings to pay for a master who taught me to write and to figure.

"On the day when I completed these humble studies my mother called me to her and said: 'As your father was a merchant before you, so also should you be a merchant. There is in our town a rich banker who is called Wisakhila. This generous man makes a practice of lending capital to the sons of merchants who have lost their own means. Go and pray him to open his purse unto you as he has done unto others.'

"No sooner said than done. But when I entered the private office of the banker he was in very bad humor. I found him scolding roundly a young man, the son of a merchant, who stood before him with bowed head:

"'Do you see that dead mouse on the floor there?' he exclaimed angrily to him. 'There is a piece of merchandise out of which a smart man might make a fortune. As for you, good for nothing, I have already lent you an ample sum. Not only have you failed to add to your capital, but by your folly you have squandered it all.' At these words I advanced toward the banker and spoke:

"'Allow me,' said I, 'to borrow from you the piece of merchandise of which you spoke.' So saying I picked up the mouse and went my way. Notwithstanding his anger the good man was so struck with my simplicity that he could not restrain a smile.

"In the street I came across a grocer standing in the doorway of his shop stroking a beautiful cat. I offered him my mouse. He accepted it and in exchange gave me a few handfuls of peas. I carried them home, roasted them and made my way to the outskirts of the town, taking care to bring with me a water jar filled to the brim with fresh, cold water. Arriving at a crossroad, I seated myself in the shade of a great tree. I was scarcely settled when along came a party of woodcutters, their shoulders bent beneath their loads and their faces tanned by the sun. I arose and, bowing humbly before them, set forth my peas and refreshing drink. As a reward each made me a present of two bundles of fagots, which I carried to the market. I sold them, and with the money made in this way I bought some more peas, a larger quantity this time, and I repeated my course of the previous day. Soon I was able to set aside the greater part of my fagots, and, notwithstanding my selling the remainder, I quickly earned so much money that at last I could buy up all the stock of the woodcutters. I continued selling some and saving some until I had collected a considerable quantity.

"The rainy season was approaching, and in due course the rain fell in torrents, and dark clouds obscured the sky. As for several weeks it did not cease raining, the roads leading to the woods were soon quite impassable. The weather, too, was very cold, and soon there was a great scarcity of firewood, which in consequence rose in price. This was the time to sell my stock. I made a neat profit. I rented a stall at the market and stored it with different kinds of merchandise. By prudence and forethought I succeeded in my enterprise. My trade extended from day to day, so that after awhile I was able to retire with a competence, respected by all my fellow citizens.

"Then I ordered from a skilled goldsmith a golden mouse, which I sent to Wisakhila, the banker from whom I had borrowed my first capital. The good man, perceiving that notwithstanding my youth I was well versed in business affairs and that I had turned to good account something which even he had reckoned at little value, gave me his daughter in marriage.

"This, then, is the history of my fortune, which proves that money is not always essential to amass wealth in business."—Washington Post.

Exempt.

Amy—Did you—er—ever experience that—er—creepy sensation?

Mamie—You know Jack has no mustache.—New York Journal.

A SOUND SLEEPER.

The Traveling Man's Story to Prove That He Was It.

A small knot of traveling men were congregated in the lobby discussing the vagaries and weaknesses of that noble animal, man, when Mr. Brandon Travers, a St. Louis textile man, joined the discussion.

"Take, for instance," said Mr. Travers, "the marked difference in the way different persons sleep. Now, with me, my sleep is always sound, and an earthquake wouldn't disturb me ordinarily, but if any one comes in my room and allows the door to creak the least bit I am awake in an instant, and, strange to say, if any one pronounces my given name ever so softly it serves to rouse me at once.

"I had a remarkable illustration of this about ten years ago, and it is one of the strangest things I ever had happen to me.

"Of course, all of us have had our ups and downs, and at the time I speak of I was rather down on my luck and on the careen generally. I had been working in Kansas City, and after losing out there I decided to go to New Mexico. You see, I was disgusted with Missouri and wanted a change of base.

"Though I wasn't exactly 'on the hog,' having a few stray dollars in my pockets, I wasn't what you'd call wealthy, and to save every sou possible I 'beat' my way as far as possible. While skirmishing around in the Santa Fe yards I ran across a carload of dressed flooring, a car with the end doors open.

"This was an easy mark and a real good thing, for dressed lumber is great stuff to sleep on when you are tired out. If I had known then what I know now, money would not have tempted me to sleep in that car, but I was new to the hobo business then and did not know the treacherous qualities of a carload of lumber. How far the car was billed I did not know, it being too dark to see the card on it, but in I climbed and was sleeping with my usual profundity when the engine coupled up and pulled out of Kansas City.

"I can't say how long I slept, but when I woke the sun was high and I was lying on my back in the open air on a scattered pile of flooring. Just in front of me was the end of a side track, and up against the big butting post was the car I rode out of Kansas City in, the whole end of it knocked out as clean as a whistle. How under the shining sun I ever got there was a puzzle. I wasn't hurt at all and didn't remember anything about a wreck or jolt during my sleep.

"While I was speculating and pounding my brains for an answer to the puzzle a railroad man came up. For a minute he did nothing but cuss, swearing low and soft to himself, and then, catch sight of me, he broke into a laugh. From this eloquent gentleman of the rail I learned that I was stranded in Olathe, Kan., but that did not explain how I got out on the ground, together with a carload of flooring. When I asked the railroad man for an explanation, he looked down on me with a pitiful expression.

"'Why,' says he, 'that's an easy one. You must be several different kinds of an infernal fool to kip in a car of that tricky stuff. Why, man, that floorin will fairly walk out of a car for the least little thing in the way of a jolt. When those chumps on No. 2 kicked this car in here last night, they didn't set up no brakes, and she hit the buttin posts a rattlin jolt. The car stopped, but the floorin—well, it is kept right on, just like you see it.'

"That I didn't wake up I can only attribute to my peculiar soundness of sleep, but how I ever got out of that mess without a bruise or a scratch is a mystery. Since then I have learned that hobos will never sleep or travel in a car of dressed lumber on account of its dirigible and automobile tendencies."—Memphis Scimitar.

Flies and Rods.

Although there are more than 1,000 styles of flies manufactured for anglers, the old standard flies, first patterned in England over a hundred years ago, are still regarded with favor by sportsmen. Makers are turning out new flies every day and adding to the list kept by sporting goods houses, but expert fishermen find that some of the old patterns cannot be improved upon. The coachman, grizzly king, professor, brown hackle and black gnat flies are over 100 years old and still hold the fisherman's affections.

Another thing noticeable is the difference in the fishing rods. Years ago a man would whip a stream with a rod weighing from 9 to 12 ounces. The rods of the present day run from two to five ounces in weight. The rods are now built on different lines and are shorter. A good, serviceable five ounce rod is about nine feet long. Almost everything used by fishermen nowadays is constructed on more scientific principles.—New York Mail and Express.

Not Impressed.

Nothing shocks the devotee of wonder more than the complacence with which the native of a town in which is situate some so called wonder of the world views the phenomenon. It is well nigh impossible to remember, no matter how surprising a thing may be on first sight, that it will pall upon the vision after seeing it for 20 years or so. It was under circumstances like this that a resident of Seattle, who had made the long journey from his home with the express object of gazing at Niagara falls, met a callous omnibus driver. Seated in the vehicle, the tourist exclaimed, "Isn't that wonderful!"

The omnibus driver threw cold water on his enthusiasm by answering: "Humph! Nothing very wonderful about it. It goes over, I suppose, because it can't help it."—Kansas City Independent.

Easily Accounted For.

A Kansas writer, after contemplating the statistics which show there are fewer marriages in January than any other month in the year, hunts far for a psychological reason to bring to bear. It is not a problem for psychology, but for plain common sense. The fact is that after spending all their ready cash for Christmas presents the youth of the land have no money to spend for weddings.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1900.

ANOTHER MONUMENT.

In response to the prayers of Posts 33 and 161 of the Grand Army of the Republic of this city the Board of Cemetery Commissioners have designated and set apart a plot of ground in Woodbrook Cemetery, 100 by 230 feet in extent, comprising 22 lots, for the burial of War Veterans, as well as for the reinterment of the patriotic men who died on the field of battle, in hospitals, etc., whose bodies now lie in the "Soldiers' Lot." They have agreed to transfer those bodies to the new grounds; to grade and improve the latter and put them in a condition satisfactory to the Posts; the consideration for which is to be a surrender of the old lot to the Commissioners.

The new Soldiers' Lot is located near the proposed little park at the junction of Salem, Beach and Bow streets, directly facing that ornamental triangle, which is to be properly fenced and beautified this season, and is satisfactory to the Veterans and all friends of the soldiers.

A movement has been inaugurated to secure a suitable Soldiers' Monument for the new burial grounds, which movement is likely to succeed. The G. A. R. Posts are especially interested in it, are alive to its importance, and active in prosecuting the measure. There are reasonable grounds for the belief that the City Government will take a favorable view of the enterprise and appropriate a generous sum of money for the monument. In no way could the present City Administration so surely increase its popularity as by such an act.

Then again, our citizens are patriotic and it is believed that they will, very generally, embrace the opportunity to show their gratitude towards the men who fought, and some of them fell, to save the Union, by liberal subscriptions to this worthy cause. When understood there can be no doubt but that the undertaking will become popular and receive a hearty support from all classes of individuals.

The new Soldiers' Lot is ample in area, finely located, and, furnished with a handsome monument, would be an ornament to Woodbrook and the neighborhood.

A PLATFORM.

It is reported that prominent Republican Congressmen and leaders of the Party elsewhere have prepared a platform on which to carry on the next Presidential election. "Coolidge," the Boston *Journal's* able Washington correspondent, says:

"The party leaders have deliberately come to the conclusion that the battle must be fought out on the question whether or not the United States has the right to govern outlying possessions as dependencies without bringing them into the Union."

The Republican Party take the affirmative, and "Coolidge" further remarks:

"Congress will enact legislation for Puerto Rico and for the Philippines which will bring the issue immediately to a head, and without regard whether it will be politically expedient or not, the Administration and Republicans in Congress are ready to abide by the issue which this legislation will make."

The proposed legislation will compel Senator Hoar and Representative McCall to "fish or cut bait," and the country will not have to wait long to find out which it will be.

☞ The Gypsy Moth got a black eye at a recent session of the Woburn City Council. Ald. Dolan introduced a resolution in favor of the Legislature making another appropriation this year for exterminating the critter and requesting Senators and Representatives to vote for the same, but it was promptly voted down, although Ald. Dolan passionately declared in his speech that "the Gypsy Moth is a necessity." Ald. James R. Wood thought the G. M. was an infernal humbug, anyway, and no appropriation for the benefit of the Commission ought to be made by the Legislature. A majority of the members took the same view and promptly squelched Ald. Dolan's resolution. Which was just right.

☞ If he can be induced to run it is probable that Alderman James R. Wood will be the Republican candidate for Mayor next fall. The talk among leading Republicans is pretty much all in that direction. He would make a strong candidate and able Mayor. The old Army men would like nothing better than to see his name at the head of the municipal ticket, and all classes of voters have confidence in his honesty and ability. Should Ald. Wood receive the Republican nomination, as now seems likely, his election, by a large majority, would be sure to follow, the Municipal League to the contrary, notwithstanding.

☞ It is surmised that the present stir in the State Civil Service Commission Board is due to the fact that the Commission and law are to receive a thorough shaking up in the Legislature shortly. There is to be an investigation and the Board are fearful of the results. If the experience in this city is a criterion to go by the State Civil Service law is a farce, and the Commission are not entitled to the confidence and respect of the public. The whole business has been a failure in this part of the country. The Legislature has taken it in hand none too soon.

☞ The committee appointed by President Blodgett to confer with the School Board on the subject of building a High School consists of His Honor, the Mayor, and the Finance Committee of the City Council. The School Board will now choose a committee to meet this one, when the preliminaries will begin in good earnest. Much depends on the report from the conference.

☞ At last accounts the English were driving and scattering the Boer army in all directions. As soon as the veteran Field Marshal "Bobs," the idol of the English army, took the field the Boers began to get back to their farms in great haste.

☞ At a meeting of the City Council held on the evening of Feb. 12, Ald. J. R. Wood offered the following Order which was referred to the Committee on Police and Licenses. When one comes to think it over it will be found to contain more than a modicum of good sense: That all job and express teams which by virtue of license or otherwise have been permitted to stand in the Square near the Soldier's Monument be removed therefrom; and further, that His Honor the Mayor be requested to instruct the Chief of Police to select a suitable place for said teams to stand.

☞ At a meeting of the Municipal League the other night a bumptious member in a rafter rattling speech nominated Mayor Davis for State Senator next fall. Last fall the League were satisfied with nominating a candidate for the House; but according to the bumptious member above alluded to they now propose to extend their jurisdiction to include this Senatorial District. The Republicans and Democrats will be allowed to "stand near the counter but musn't touch the cheese."

☞ In their work for a new schoolhouse the School Board have reason to feel encouraged. The Finance Committee of the City Council, to whom their request for a hearing was referred, reported in favor of a committee of the Council to confer with the Board in reference to the matter, which has been appointed, and on the report of that committee the Council will take action. This looks like business.

☞ In the matter of printing his Inaugural Address in a pamphlet the city dealt kindly by Mayor Davis, more so than with former incumbents of the office. It included a fine portrait of His Honor, and to that extent was a departure from the practice that has heretofore obtained. The money which the portrait cost the city was judiciously expended.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

O. F. Bryant—To Let.
C. D. Adams—Prob. Notice.
Co-Operative Bank—Meeting.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— There has been some fairly good sleighing this week.

— The Phalanx were to have a rifle shoot at Brookside Range yesterday.

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson is passing the winter at her old home in Uxbridge.

— In 1899 there were in this city 376 births, 259 deaths, 119 marriages.

— Thomas H. Mathews is Chairman of the Board of Registrars of Voters.

— Auditor Barrett's report shows that the total indebtedness of this city is $382,700.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents At Leathe's.

— The St. Charles annual Minstrel Show will come off in the Auditorium on March 26.

— The Sons of Veterans will give a whist party on Wednesday evening next, Feb. 28.

— Read, please, what Huntley & Co. have to say about Hot Chocolate, etc., in this paper.

— No sweeter oranges ever tickled the palate of man than those sold by Cuneo & Crovo.

— A golf club is to be organized by Towanda Club which contains excellent material for one.

— Is the Y. M. C. A. ever to be revived, reorganized, rejuvinated, and set on its feet again?

— Auditor Barrett's annual report, lately returned to the Council, is an exhaustive document.

— Aberjona Colony, United Order of Pilgrim Fathers, initiated several members last evening.

— The young ladies of North Church are preparing for a drill. Keep watch for futher announcement.

— With a lot of money it seems that the Old Ladies Home is still in straightened circumstances.

— The *Globe* reporter thinks the Gas Company will reduce the price of gas very soon on their own motion.

— The French Canadian Club wil give their fourth annual ball in the Auditorium next Monday evening, Feb. 26.

— Mr. E. G. Preston was prominent at the annual banquet of the American Merchants Association in Boston last Monday.

— Miss Belle Cutler will be the Salutatorian, and Miss Clara Jaquith, the Valadictorian, at the next Woburn H. S. graduation.

— The National Band Association gave their annual concert and ball last Wednesday evening. It was a social and financial success.

— Rev. Joseph Jackson is meeting with good success in canvassing for subscribers for the "Life of Dwight L. Moody" in this city.

— A delegation from Charles Bowers Winn Camp S. of V. attended the Campfire in Fanieul Hall, Boston, last Wednesday evening.

— Charles H. Eaton has been appointed by Postmaster Wyer a carrier to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Carrier Matthews.

— The old fashioned supper given by the ladies of Trinity church in Odd Fellows Hall last Wednesday was a fine affair and very successful.

— Mr. Ernest T. Estabrook, son of Mr. W. F. Estabrook, the Main street baker, and wife are about to take up their residence in New York.

— In honor of the day Captain Wyer had the postoffice closed yesterday from 9 a. m. to 6.30 p. m., as was mete for a loyal officeholder to do.

— Last Wednesday was a day for crocuses and bluebirds to put in an appearance. The like of it was hardly ever before experienced in this latitude.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively. What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

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Huntley's Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream.
Try a Cup. Only 5 cents.

JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY & CO., Apothecaries,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

— Mr. John G. Flagg, the JOURNAL'S weather prophet, predicted yesterday's storm to a dot. He said it would come on the 22d, and it did.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V., will give a grand campfire on March 14. Arlington and Medford camps will be the guests of the evening.

— Mr. Frank Johnson, son of Mr. Charles Johnson, has returned to New York City to renew his divinity studies preparatory to entering the Episcopalian priesthood.

— About the middle of last Monday afternoon two men had a firstclass fight on the sidewalk not far from the JOURNAL block. Neither was very severely "punished."

— The next ball by the Phalanx Rifle Team will be given at Armory Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 28. The series have been a great success from every point of view.

— The Woburn City Reports for 1899 will be printed by the J. A. Cummings Company of Boston, at $1.55 per page, and the Department Reports at 22 3-8 cents.

— According to the regulations the schools of this city are to have a vacation from Feb. 27, next Tuesday, to March 5, both dates inclusive. It is commonly known as the winter vacation.

— Losses by fire in this city during the year 1899 amounted to about $50,000. This however will not effect the assessments, as the losses have been made good by the erection of new buildings.

— The local Socialist Labor Party have a working City Committee. The other night John F. Bradley was elected Chairman of it; Joseph L. McDermott, Secretary; and John J. Gateley, Treasurer.

— Former associates of Paul Fourdeau, who lost his life in the Beggs & Cobb fire last fall, are still trying to locate his relatives, if he had any. He was a Frenchman, but had lived here many years.

— The Candlepin contingent of Towanda Club went to Melrose last Monday evening and were guests of the Athletic Club of that new city. The Towandas came away just a little the worse for wear.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond is gaining health in fine style at Pinehurst, N. C. He has taken on 6 additional pounds of good solid meat since going there, where he will remain until away in to April, probably.

— It is said that applications to take Civil Service examinations for municipal positions in this city are quite numerous. The official incumbents, however, are not borrowing much trouble over the matter.

— Prof. N. T. Worthley, the scientific optician, will visit this city professionally on Thursday, March 15. Promptly on the morning of that date he will be at his office, Hanson & Co.'s jewelry store, Main street.

— The W. C. T. U. is one of the most worthy organizations for uplifting and making people better that there is in this city and yet it receives the least support and encouragement from the public. That is not right.

— It is probable that the trial of the Thompson-Coburn case will be resumed next Monday in the District Court. Lawyer Feeney has made it rather uncomfortable for some of the witnesses on cross-examination so far.

— Philip McCarron is a faithful public servant. He had his men and teams out at 5 o'clock Sunday morning and kept them breaking out sidewalks until 5 in the evening, and did the business right up to the handle.

— George Mead Wyman, a notice of whose death is given under an appropriate head in this paper, belonged to the Woburn Phalanx many years ago, in consideration of which, and because they were playmates in their boyhood days, Col. W. T. Grammer attended the funeral in the parlor of the First Church last Wednesday morning. Mr. Wyman was a resident of Haverhill, and visited old acquaintances here last November.

— The poor birds have had rather a hard time since the Sunday snowstorm. They should be fed and made more comfortable. A few crumbs from the tables of the people of the town, each day, would be highly appreciated by the birds.

— Last Saturday Albert Hoskins met with an accident in the Place leather factory on Main street which cost him three fingers on his right hand. Last year Mr. Place, the proprietor, lost two fingers at the same factory.

— Another great rainstorm visited this section of country Wednesday night and Thursday. It was one of the heaviest downpours of the season and when it ceased there was hardly a vestage of Saturday's snow left on the ground.

— Mr. Waterman Brown secured a piece of the box in which "Count Rumford" was lately brought from Germany to this city and has made a fine cane out of it. He thinks it will help him along when he goes "over the hills to the poorhouse."

— The estimates submitted by the Mayor to the Council for current expenses during the year 1900 have an appearance of lower taxes this year than last by nearly $1.25 per $1,000. Economy is to be the Mayor's watchword for A. D. 1900.

— A chorus of 60 Woburn children sang at the annual rally of the Middlesex Central Christian Union held in West Medford Baptist Church yesterday afternoon and evening. It is highly probable that a goodly number of our people went down and enjoyed the occasion.

— Mr. O. F. Bryant, agent, advertises a fine suit of rooms located right in the centre of business, furnished with all modern conveniences, and in every respect desirable. His advertisement in this paper tells the whole story about the suit, we therefore recommend its careful perusal.

— Mr. Orrin S. Hosmer, an uncle of Miss Marian T. Hosmer, Mistress of the Count Rumford house at North Woburn, died at the Chelsea Soldiers Home a few days ago. He was born in Woburn, Oct. 16, 1829, but had lived at Malden some years, where his funeral and burial took place.

— The new officers of Commandery 68, U. O. G. C. are: N. C., Geo. W. West; V. N. C., James A. West; F. K., of R., Fernando L. Waterman; T., Chester R. Fowle; K. of R., Austin A. Fish; P. Cynthia Dixon; H., Annie Sweeney; G. I. G., N. Z. Tabor; G. O. I., George Turner.

— Dr. William H. Drummond, the well known Canadian writer, author of "The Habitant," was the guest of Miss J. Gertrude Menard at the annual reception of the Woman's Press Association, at Hotel Vendome, Feb. 21. Dr. Drummond gave several selections from his dialect verse which were much enjoyed.

— The L. C. S. and Alliance of the Unitarian Church will meet Thursday afternoon, March 1st. Paper at 4 30 by Miss Maria Baldwin of Cambridge on "The Working Value of Educational Ideals." Supper at 6.30 followed by entertainment for 25c. There will be a home-made candy sale by the Lend a Hand Club.

— Vesper services at Unitarian Church, 5 P. M., Sunday, Feb. 25, 1900. Music by chorus as usual. Master Howard Snelling of Winchester will sing solos. The organ music will be from MSS of F. H. Lewis, as also a trio, "Softly now the light of day," to be sung by Miss Bond, Miss Ramsdell, and Mrs. Lewis.

— Mrs. B. H. Nichols of No. 37 Warren ave. has for a guest her aunt, Mrs. Caroline E. Wood, mother of the gallant General Leonard Wood, Colonel of the Rough Riders who fought so desperately and captured San Juan Hill in Porto Rico, now a high official in Cuba. Mrs. Wood has recently returned to this State from a delightful nine months tour through California, during which she saw nearly all the places of interest on that Coast, and also tarried some time in Chicago. Her niece, Mrs. Nichols, is enjoying the visit from Mrs. Wood very much, and the pleasure seems to be reciprocal.

— The following Woburn artists participated prominently in a grand concert given in the Wilmington Congregational church last Friday evening: Mrs. Annie E. Strout and Mrs. Carrie A. Lord, pianists; Miss Stella M. Haynes, reader; Messrs. Marcus H. Cotton, G. N. Parker, C. B. Strout, and W. P. Cutler, vocalists.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, has made his annual report to the City Council and it is all straight. All the transactions of the Department for 1899 are right there in black and white, and even he who runs may read. Chief Littlefield will be re-elected this year, for he is the right man in the right place.

— In the show window of Miss Callahan, milliner, No. 335 Main st., is shown a tankard beautifully painted by Mrs. John J. Mahern (Celia Reade), and a glass jar filled with beans. The person who guesses nearest to the number of beans in the jar captures the handsome tankard. Mrs. Mahern is a professional china decorator and is doing some very fine work in that line, as any of our people who patronize her will discover.

— The Maternal Association of First church will hold their next meeting in the Ladies' parlor Wednesday, Feb. 28, at three o'clock. An address will be given by Miss Hubbard of Boston upon the subject, "Systematic Domestic Training for our Daughters." All mothers who have daughters between the ages of ten and sixteen years are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that a class in Domestic Training may be formed.

— Why Principal Owen, or Janitor Simonds, or both, refused, or neglected, to obey Mayor Davis's Flag order yesterday is what some people would like to find out. Much surprise and considerable indignation was felt by loyal citizens at the absence of the American Flag, The Star Spangled Banner, "Old Glory," from the High School building, while that revered emblem was seen flying above every other schoolhouse ridgepole in the city. Evidently, it is somebody's duty to "rise and explain."

— A reproduction of Passion Play by Elmore A. Pierce at the Auditorium next Sunday evening under the auspices of the Quealy Court of Foresters will be something worth going to see and hear. The stereopticon views employed to illustrate the scenes of the great play are of the finest imaginable quality and were secured at large expense. There are 150 of them, nearly all of them beautifully painted to represent as nearly as possible the costumes of the people in "The Days of the Son of Man."

— It looks now as though the Auditorium would be crowded with people next Sunday evening to witness the reproduction of the Passion Play, in picture and story, by Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, for tickets to which are selling rapidly. The story will be splendidly illustrated by 150 pictorial representations of scenes of the play managed by one of the most capable stereopticon operators in the country. The pictures were made in Germany, and are of the the finest quality. This will be a splendid entertainment.

— People interested in money matters will do well to read a notice in this paper of the next meeting of the Co-operative Bank. And we would state in passing that the rumor of Clerk and Treasurer Parker's contemplated resignation was without foundation. He has had no such intention, and the Board are glad of it. It should also be stated that Treasurer Parker has his office at Huntley's drugstore, formerly Parker's, where he can be found and consulted every evening from 7 to 8.30 and every morning from 7.30 to 8 30.

— It is hard to catch up with an error when it once gets fairly started. For example, there's the story that Rev. Mr. Porter, lately deceased, organized Hancock church of Lexington, and even *The Congregationalist*, supposed never to err in records of the kind, had it that way last week, when the simple truth is, Rev. Mr. Porter did no such thing. Our correspondent, who was "on the spot," gives a true outline account of the genesis of Hancock church, and the same may be read in another column of this issue of the JOURNAL.

— Mayor Davis ordered all the schoolhouse Flags in this city to be unfurled to the breeze yesterday in honor of the memory of the Father of his Country and we commend his action and praise him for it. It was patriotic and thoughtful on the part of the Mayor and loyal people thank him. Going along through the city or over the country hills nothing cheers the true American heart more than the sight of "Old Glory" proudly waving in the breeze from over a schoolhouse, and the unnatural being whose soul does not thrill with patriotic emotion as he looks up at the glorious emblem of Liberty is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." We honor Mayor Davis for his order to unfurl the Flags.

— The Boston *Globe* last Saturday evening contained a history of the working of the Civil Service law, or failure to work, in this city for three or four years past. It included the Barrett case, in the prosecution of which the State Civil Service Board were unhorsed at every step and which resulted in a gross miscarriage of justice. The piece made interesting reading to many people in this city. It showed up the farcical character of the system as applied to our local offices, and a simple statement of the facts by the writer was a severe arraignment of the Massachusetts Board. The Boston office now propose to revive and infuse new life into the law as applied to Woburn, and the future of it will be simply a repitition of the past. Woburn officers know how to get around it, and will.

— Mr. Waterman Brown, the venerable and faithful railroad employee, was 82 years old last Wednesday. With the exception of the three years that he served in the U. S. Navy in the late 40s he has been a continuous worker on the Boston & Lowell (now Southern Division of the B. & M.) since 1835, a period of 65 years, and from all appearances is good for several years to come. In the last 25 years he has been employed chiefly at Nashua, N. H., and Woburn, and in both places always met the requirements of his employers. Mr. Brown still superintends the Church avenue crossing in which he is assisted by two able bodied men. We hope he will live many years and enjoy every moment of them. The Boston *Herald* and *Globe* have given him great notices this week about his birthday.

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Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

— Mr. Heber B. Clewley of this city is prominent in the management of the Sportmen's Show now in successful operation at Mechanics Building in Boston. The Boston *Journal* of Tuesday morning said: "The sportsmen's camps, which will be a novel exhibit on the second floor of Exhibition Hall, are nearly completed. Among those who have camps in this improvised woodland are Judge C. M. Bruce, Mr. T. C. Phelps, Dr. A. R. Brown, Mr. H. B. Clewley and Dr. Parks. These gentlemen are to be commended not only for their enthusiasm, but for the success which they have attained in making a very attractive and practical feature of the show." All Woburn must go in and see Mr. Clewley's forest camp. An immense crowd were present at the opening of the Show last Wednesday evenining.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor took a fine picture of the Baldwin Apple monument in Butters Lane, north of North Woburn Village, the other day, for Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, who has sent it for the Paris World's Fair next June, accompanied by a history of the celebrated apple. In Europe, as in America, the Baldwin takes the lead and is preferred to all others. Its superior merits were first recognized by Col. Loammi Baldwin of Woburn, after the tree had been discovered in an obscure neighborhood a couple of miles, or so, from his home, and since then the popularity of the fruit has increased with the passing years. It was a good idea of Mr. Thompson's to send a picture of the monument, provided by his father, the late Leonard Thompson, that stands on the identical spot where the Baldwin Appletree was first found.

— Last Saturday Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court was greatly surprised by a visit from Mr. Fred Kendall, youngest son of Joseph R. Kendall, once of the fine "Kendall Place" corner of Cambridge and Russell streets, who with his wife is here on a visit. He went to California in 1877, when 18 years old, and has never been east of the Rocky Mountains since that year until now. In the 22 years of his absence he has lived in California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, and other Western regions. He and Judge Johnson were in the High School together, and were intimate friends in those days. On meeting in the Judge's office last Saturday they did not recognize each other, but soon came to an understanding, and then the two old schoolmates and neighborhood companions spent a happy hour or two together.

— The prospect is good for a full house at Elmore A. Pierce's stereopticon reproduction of The Passion Play in the Auditorium next Sunday evening. It is to be given under the auspices of Quealy Court, M. C. O. F., to raise money towards a scholarship which is being established in honor of the late Owen A. Galvin, in St. John's Seminary, Brighton. Mr. Galvin was one of the founders of the Foresters in Massachusetts and as High Chief Ranger did yeoman's work to put it on a substantial footing, and succeeded. Mr. Pierce will give a grand presentation of the Passion Play and this will be the only opportunity that Woburn people will have to witness it and listen to the intensely interesting lecture and inspiring music. Tickets can be obtained of the members of the Order of Foresters at only 25 cents and can be exchanged at Gillette's jewelry store, 379 Main street, for reserved seat tickets, without extra charge. Reserved seat tickets are also on sale at Gillette's. The price has been placed at 25 cents so that no one may be deprived of attending on account of the price.—X.

— On Saturday afternoon last snow began to fall moderately but before it ceased Sunday morning more than 10 inches covered the ground. It was the first storm of the kind this winter, although the weather bureau had been promising it, almost daily, for nearly a month. The snow was light and the wind strong, the result being great drifts everywhere. The city employees and horses were early at work and by meeting time had the sidewalks in fair traveling condition. The railroads were blocked in spots necessitating the use of snowplows all along the line, by which means the trains were generally on time, and passengers were put to no inconvenience. Some of the electric roads the cars, by use of snowplows and shovellers, were kept very well open, and especially on the North Woburn road was good time and regular trips made. The weather was cold, the snow was blown in all directions, and Sunday was anything but a comfortable day. Milkmen doubled up their teams and got around in fairly good season. For a starter the storm was all that could have been desired. The churches were generally nearly empty.

— It is presumed that "Uncle Nat's Husking" came off at Music Hall on schedule time last evening. It is likewise presumed that it was a gay and festive affair. The huskers, while not literally of the "horny handed yeomanry," were well calculated naturally to carry out their parts in good shape, and as they had, for some weeks, been indefatigable in rehearsal—what a strange word to be used in connection with a corn shucking bee!—no doubt exists in the mind of this writer that the Ancient and Honorable Charitable Society of First Church reaped a rich harvest of dimes and dollars from the sale of tickets thereto. Buxom country maidens of nutbrown hue were conspicuous by their absence, but beautiful city belles filled their places so perfectly, and were, withal, so gay and happy with gallant swains by their sides, and were so expert in handling the golden maize, and made things so lively generally, that the absence of pastoral damsels from the hillside farms was scarcely felt, or even noticed, by the large and fashionable audience. The swains also performed their parts with skill and judgment, we suppose, and handled the corn, especially the "red ears" and the consequences of finding them, like veterans "to the manner born." It was a great time, but as the writer of these few lines was not there a full and particular account of it from his pen will be looked for in vain.

— The following are the officers of Liberty Council, 38, O. U. A. M.: C., O. W. Stevens; V. C., W. H. Cadwell; Rec. Sec., D. H. Eaton; Treas, C. E. Richardson; Ind., E. E. Stowers; Ex., J. E. Russell; I. P., F. E. Stowers; O. P., J. E. Cutler; Trustees, O. W. Stevens, D. A. Eaton.

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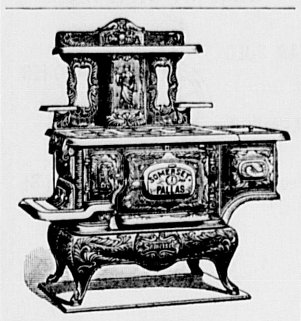

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Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease of life" Only 50 cents, at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

Woodmen's Camps.

Describing the great Sportsmen's Show in Boston the *Herald* of that city has the following which is of interest to Woburn people: An interesting feature of the Show is the row of "camps" on the balcony, devised and to be conducted by Judge C M. Bruce, T. C. Phelps, Dr. A. R. Brown, H. B. Clewley and Dr. Parks. They are gentlemen who are devotees of the breezy freedom of the woodsman's housekeeping, and they expect to show here some of the comforts and the methods of a vacation in the forest, where domesticity is reduced to its simplest terms, usually without the gracious but somewhat annoying formality insisted upon by the gentler sex, but full of health and strength and the joyousness of untrammelled good living.

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used hree bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

It is not surprising that some of the newer points mentioned in the South African dispatches are not to be found in the newspaper war maps.

The House conferrees are reported to be standing out stoutly against the refunding and bimetallism amendments to the gold-standard bill.

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Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

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VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
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you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Thursday evening, Feb. 15. President Blodgett occupied the Chair.

Monthly reports were received from Chief of Police, Overseers of the Poor, and annual reports from the City Physician, School Committee, and Sinking Fund Commissioners.

The Jury List was accepted.—The Annual Budget was presented and read once.—Committee on marking graves of Revolutionary Soldiers reported that the duty assigned them had been performed.

The Committee on Finance to whom was referred the communication of the School Board in reference to school accommodations and a new High School Building, reported in favor of a conference.

An order was offered by Ald. Loring making the Finance Committee with His Honor the Mayor the Conference Committee on the part of the City Government on new High Schoolhouse.

Some other business passed into the hands of the proper committees.

It cannot be said that the Irish of County Mayo have lost their sense of humor when they nominate for Parliament a gentleman who is engaged in leading a battalion in the service of the Boers.

The fact that Queen Victoria has subscribed $5,000 to the Indian famine relief fund is an indication that England has not wholly forgotten her responsibilities to the hapless population of India.

If ex-Consul Macrum has documentary evidence showing that his official correspondence was opened and read by the British censor at Durban the Government cannot ignore the matter, if it has regard to its dignity.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building. Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man." All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "A Narrow Door," followed by Baptism. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Story of a Jailor." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "Wait, Keep; be exalted."

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Natural Temptations." Sunday School at 12 M. Vespers with Sermon at 5 P. M. Subject: "What Should be Taught in the Public Schools?"

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sermon to Children.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday Evening Service at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Quinquagesima Sunday. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Service, the One Mark of Greatness."

Sunday School at 12 M.

At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Washing the Disciples' Feet." First in the Series of Lenten Sermons.

Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Subject: "Lord, is it I?"

Thursday, Meeting of Y. P. S. Debate on the subject: Which is the More Powerful: Love or Riches?

Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Feb. 18, by Rev. George H. Tilton, George L. Haff and Ina Maud Blaisdell, both of Woburn.

In Malden, Feb. 21, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, James T. Graham of Woburn and Flora C. MacDonald of Malden.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other needed 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 10, William Erskine, aged 73 years, 9 months, 25 days.

In this city, Feb. 17, Susan M. Lerned, aged 79 years, 10 months, 25 days.

In this city, Feb. 19, Ellen, daughter of Michael and Margaret Ferguson, aged 2 months.

At Moore, near Philadelphia, Penn., Feb. 19 1900, of a paralytic shock, Mr. George M. Wyman, son of George and Susan Wyman late of Woburn, and a nephew of Mrs. Mary Fager of Pleasant st., in this city. He was born in Woburn on Sept. 26, 1822.

The funeral was held at 10 o'clock, Wednesday forenoon, in the parlor of First Church, Rev Dr. March officiating.

Cotton Underwear.

Again we call your attention to our lines of Ladies' Underwear. We know positively that it will be impossible for us to replace these goods at the price we ask for them. In some lines the prices are less than the present market value. It should not be necessary to tell our customers that these goods are bargains at the prices asked. Inspection will satisfy those who appreciate quality and price.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

North Woburn.

New halliards have been rigged on the schoolhouse flag pole.

Mrs. Henry Thompson of Elm st., is quite ill. She is 90 years old and can see to read and knit without the use of glasses.

Miss Maud Blaisdell and Mr. George Haff were united in matrimony on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Haff are away on their wedding trip.

The Young Ladies of the North Church are preparing for a Drill under the leadership of Prof. Owens of Boston, to be given the first of March. Look out for further announcement.

Oren Stanley Hosmer, who died in Chelsea on Feb. 19, was born at North Woburn, October 16, 1829. He was one of three brothers who established themselves in the manufacture of shoes on Elm street. He was one of the first to respond to his country's call in '61, was with Joseph Ellsworth in Alexandria, and was in the scramble at Bull Run. Enlisting for the second time he belonged to Co B of the 5th Mass. Vols. When the War was over he began the manufacture of machine needles on Broomfield st., afterwards on Green st., Boston; later still at Wakefield and at Lynn. In 1896 he became connected with works of the same kind in Redditch, England, from which he returned in 1898, broken in health and spirit. He is remembered pleasantly by his old associates as a man of even temper and as having a high regard for truth. Before the War he was connected with the newspapers and was known as a writer of strength and ability.—Marian T. Hosmer.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Gordon Parker, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Montvale.

The Good Templers did not have their regular meeting on Thursday evening owing to Washington's Birthday.

Dr. Abbott is in great demand and is thought a great deal of. Many sick homes have been already made happy by his presence.

The Church and Endeavor Society of Montvale ave., are in a very prosperous condition at the present time. Electric lights have just been put in, the C. E. Society paying the bills.

The Good Templars are to hold a public temperance meeting in the church on Sunday evening, next. A speaker of note is expected and a good musical and literary program will be arranged. Services will begin at six o'clock.

The Christian Endeavor Society held a temperance meeting on Friday evening. The address was given by Miss Margrete Tyler, President of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Boston. The address was full of thought and powerfully illustrated with truths both startling and encouraging. This young woman is a very attractive speaker and has before her a grand future of usefulness. She was accompanied by Miss Gowdry of Lynn who is associated with her in the great temperance work and is very active in her own city, Lynn.

On Saturday, Feb. 17, Mrs. Susan M. Lerned, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Timson, passed to her reward in heaven. She was a loving Christian mother and lived to see two great-grandchildren grow up in the home, who have quite recently, with other members of the family, united with the Congregationalist church in this place. This no doubt is the first time in the history of Woburn when four generations united the same day with the church. She, being converted in early life while living in Cambridge, Mass., united with the Central Square Baptist church sixty years ago. The letter she recently received from the church in Cambridge is very highly prized by the family and was read by Rev. Mr. Jackson, who assisted Rev. Dr. Calkins, the pastor, at the funeral service on Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock. A large number of relatives and friends assembled to pay their last respects to the aged saint who had lived for almost eighty-five years, and for over twenty in East Woburn with her daughter, where she had all the comforts and care which loving hands and willing hearts could bestow. Dr. Abbott was summoned to her side during her last moments so that no unnecessary pain should be suffered. She rejoiced in the reading of the 91st Psalm a few minutes before the end came, and passed away, as she had lived, fully trusting in Jesus her Saviour. So peaceful was the end that those who were present must have said "let me live the life of the righteous and let my last end be like hers." Some of the floral offerings were spray of pinks, cluster of callas, and sheaf of wheat.

Hancock Church, Lexington.

It is suggested that as the Hancock church was organized and its meetinghouse occupied before the Rev. E. G. Porter was known of it, he could not have founded it. This was done by the Woburn Conference, after others had tried for 20 years, under the lead of Rev. Dr. Bodwell of First church Woburn, whose idea was to have a house of worship for the church before it was formed. This cost $6,000, one half coming from the Conference. The share suggested for said First church was $1,000 and $1,100 was paid in as the first response thus making Hancock church a possibility.

After the Conference Committee, of which Dea. John R. Kimball of Woburn was the most active member, completed their work, the Conference organized the church, dedicated the building and Dea. Kimball was the man who, as delegate, in a terrible thunder storm, went to Dorchester and secured Rev. Mr. Porter for the nascent church. This statement, in no way, disparges him nor his work. While not a great sermonizer, the Rev. E. S. Porter was a man of great executive ability, exquisite tact in the management specially for those who differed in faith and of matters of public affairs. He it was who saved the 1875 Lexington Battle Anniversary from being almost a complete fiasco when there was such an unexpected paralyzing crowd that all the Justices of the Massachusetts Supreme Court were formed by the Hon. John Cummings in a horse shed quietly waiting for their proper reception! Had Mr. Porter's advice been heeded things would have gone better. Well might the present beautiful meetinghouse be called the Porter Memorial of the Hancock church!

But as its founding was unique, Woburn Conference never having formed any other church thus, it should have the credit which belongs to it and which Mr. Porter himself always gave so freely to it.—E. C.

There is no better medicine for the babies than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant taste and prompt and effectual cures make it a favorite with mothers and small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds, preventing pneumonia or other serious consequences. It also cures croup and has been used in tens of thousands of cases without a single failure so far as we have been able to learn. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. In cases of whooping cough it liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, and lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing, thus depriving that disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, Feb. 16, at three o'clock, with the First Vice-President in the Chair. "Currant Events" were concisely given by Mrs. Newcomb. The literary exercises in charge of the Committee on Education, Mrs. Vanie B. Dow, Chairman, consisted of a Debate, "Should the State be Responsible for the University Education of its Youth?" Affirmative, Mrs. Emma L. Eaton; Negative, Mrs. Emily B. Preston. The arguments on both sides were logical, and well sustained. The University of Michigan was offered as the best example of a State University while Harvard was offered by the negative as the foremost example of a University unhampered by State control.

A lively discussion followed the papers, in which the general opinion seemed to be that there were advantages and merit in both forms of Universities, each filling a definite place in the system of education. A "Social Tea" followed.

Next meeting will be March 2, when Miss Marion H. Brazier will speak. Subject: "Are we growing old gracefully?"

L. B. B., Clerk.

Working Night and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Officers of M. R. E. A.

At the recent annual meeting of the Massachusetts Republican Editorial Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, and it is suggested that the list be printed in your paper:

President, W. H. Cook, *Milford Journal*; Vice-President, A. E. Winship, *Journal of Education*; Corresponding Secretary, A. M. Bridgman, *Stoughton Record*; Recording Secretary, C. J. McPherson, *South Framingham Evening News*; Treasurer, J. O. Hayden, *Somerville Journal*; Executive Committee, R. S. Barrows, *Jamaica Plain News*; C. L. McCleery, *Lowell Mail*; E. H. Pierce, *Revere Journal*; J. S. Smith, *Rockland Standard*; C. S. Parker, *Arlington Advocate*; C. C. Doten, *Old Colony Memorial*, Plymouth.

C. J. McPherson,
Recording Secretary.

Red Hot From The Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

The eighty citizens of Milwaukee who have gone to Washington to convince the Democratic National Committee that their town is the best place in which to hold the convention this year, are assisted by a baggage car filled with beer and champagne.

With Hawaii and Puerto Rico under discussion in the two houses of Congress, the work of the session is well under way. This is fortunate, for the best record with which the Republican Party can go into the Presidential campaign is a record of creative and constructive legislation.

It seems hardly worth while to continue the investigation of the Clark case. If it were judged on the facts admitted by Mr. Clark, the Senate could not seat him without forfeiting its own respect and the respect of the country.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Col. Nat Richardson is in poor health.

E. D. Fletcher, Supt. of Sewers, has a broken leg.

Aspirants for the Town offices are thicker than blackberries.

The Knights of Columbus will give a whist party on Tuesday evening, Feb. 27.

The Woburn Conference will hold their spring meeting here some time the last of April.

The following are the new officers of the Ladies Friendly Society: President, Mrs. Lena R. Wellington; Vice-President, Mrs. Ellen E. Metcalf; Secretary, Mrs. Margaret C. Cummings; Treas., Miss Anna Symmes; Directors for one year, Mrs. Carrie I. Fortis, Mrs. Sarah Stacey, Mrs. Ellen R. Davis, Mrs. Amy Ayer; for two years, Mrs. Lewis C. Pattee, Mrs. Walter Chamberlin, Mrs. John I. French.

Chairman Brackett of the Fish and Game Commission testified before the Legislative Gypsy Moth Committee the other day that he shoots, on an average, 800 English sparrows a year, and believes the birds should be exterminated. Chairman Brackett ought to be ashamed of himself. A man who will wage a war of extermination on the English sparrows and then brag of it is not the kind of a man to tie to.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

Sham Antiquities.

A few years ago, in Soho, London, there was a factory for antique coppers which is probably still in operation. The legitimate business of the place was the manufacture of stewpans and kettles, but when trade was dull in that way any sort of antiques for which there happened to be a demand was produced instead.

An old incense burner, for example, would be reproduced by the dozen by hammering over a chuck. If ornamented with pierced work, the copies would be coated with asphaltum, through which the design would be traced, when it would then be eaten out in an acid bath, saving the time which would be required to cut out the pattern with a piercing saw. The bath leaves thin edges, by which such work may be detected.

The work would then be annealed and would be permitted to oxidize and scale. Pickling with muriatic acid and salt, to produce a good coating of verdigris, would complete the job. Sometimes these "antiques" would be purposely broken and would be clumsily mended with solder or with pure tin if the piece was to pass for a very ancient one. Chiseled metal was reproduced by casting and "dubbing" over with the hammer, then pickling, annealing and bending. In such ways helmets, copper and brass castings for antique furniture and the like were made.—Art Amateur.

The Model's Hard Trial.

Miss Siddal had a trying experience. In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath. One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was nearly benumbed. She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father, an auctioneer at Oxford, wrote to Millais, threatening him with an action of £50 damages for his carelessness. Millais paid the doctor's bill, and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.—Life of Sir John Millais.

Full of Honors.

"Still," said the old friend who had called to converse with the venerable sage, "in your advancing age it must be a great comfort to know your fame is secure."

"Yes," replied the aged scientist. "I am told there are a new disease and a 5 cent cigar named for me."—Chicago Tribune.

Most Miserable Women in the World.

Weak and nervous women, whose strength is exhausted and nerves wrecked with work, worry and female weakness, make their own lives miserable and all with whom they associate. Such women deserve more sympathy than they get. It is medical treatment they need at once, and treatment of the right sort. Dr. Greene, the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervura, will put all such women on the road to health and happiness. He has discovered many other wonderful remedies for different diseases, and his experience with this overwrought nervous condition is wider than any other physician's, and he can be consulted confidentially, absolutely without charge, either by personal call or by letter through the mail, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Thousands of women have told or written the story of their troubles to Dr. Greene and he has always helped them. He knows just what to advise, and his advice is free. If you are a nervous woman you can appreciate Dr. Greene's promise of help. Investigate this promise for your own sake and your family's.

Do It Yourself

And Save a Doctor's Fee—If Test Denotes Kidney Trouble Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the Only Medicine That Will Positively Cure You.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

It is easy to tell whether your Kidneys or bladder are diseased. Take a bottle or glass tumbler and fill it with urine. If there is a sediment—a powder-like substance—after standing a day and night, if it is pale or discolored, ropy or stringy, there is something wrong with the Kidneys. Other sure signs of disease are a desire to urinate often, pain in the back, or if your urine stains linen.

There is no question that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the best and surest medicine in the world for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation, and the sickness peculiar to women. It quickly relieves and cures inability to hold urine and the necessity of getting up a number of times during the night. It puts an end to that scalding pain when passing urine and corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer. It is sold for one dollar a bottle at all drug stores.

Send your full post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper. They will then mail you a trial bottle of Favorite Remedy and a valuable medical pamphlet free, giving full directions for its use. Every reader of this paper can depend upon the genuineness of this liberal offer, and all sufferers from the diseases mentioned above should take advantage of it at once.

Value of Dramatic Criticism.

Franklin Fyles, writing of "The First Night of a Play" in New York in The Ladies' Home Journal, says that most of the men who write of plays and acting are able and honest. This, that or the other critic may have his whims and caprices, his likes and dislikes, and these feelings break out in his writings. But the average of judicial fairness is high. The writers are adequately paid by their employers and, as a rule, they are left untrammeled in their honest judgments. Their work is done under hard conditions, and trained men only can do it with facility. The performance is never over before 11 o'clock. Usually it lasts half an hour longer and not infrequently drags along until 12. As the "copy" must be in the office, three or four miles away, not later than 1 o'clock, there is a necessity for quick thought and composition. The critics are influential with the public, but their judgment is not conclusive. If they were to combine to make a poor play succeed or a good play fail, they could not do it. The most they could do would be to send people to the theater or keep them away during the first week or so. After that the play would depend upon itself.

Easy to Please.

We've all heard of the woman who bought her books with reference to their bindings and refused to allow the works of Shakespeare a place in her library because their covers did not match the wall paper. Well, almost as critical a person was in one of Baltimore's shops one day.

"I want a set of books this wide and this high," she said calmly, indicating with her hands about three-quarters and one-half a yard.

"What author?" asked the salesman politely.

"It doesn't make any difference about the author," answered madam. "My little daughter's bookcase is entirely filled except a space the size I showed you. I measured it myself this morning, and I want something to fill it."

"If you could give some idea of the sort of books you would like, I am sure I could suit you," said the poor clerk, knitting his brow in a distressed fashion.

"Well, I think blue would be pretty, don't you?" she asked blandly, and he said he did and forthwith sent her away rejoicing with the requisite number of volumes in her arms, all of a deep cerulean blue.—Baltimore News.

Somali Life.

The camel yields them milk, frequently the only food of the natives, gives them meat and hides, facilitates transport from one place to another and forms the means of exchange, which at any moment it is possible to barter for other articles, thus taking the place of money.

The Somalis also accommodate their existence to the wants of the camels. They go with the herd wherever pasture is best or where rain has recently fallen, and on this account one may frequently not find the trace of a village where yesterday a place was full of life and people. The camels, in fact, carry away the village on their backs miles distant.

Such are the chief events in the life of a Somali. Everything is governed according to some ancient unwritten law, not contained in any codex, not dictated by any tribunal, but still sacredly observed and carried out for centuries throughout the whole region inhabited by the Somalis.—"Sport In Somaliland," by Count Potocki.

Jugs as Floats.

There are various things used as floats in fishing, from the pretty little painted floats of cork up to good sized jugs, these last being used in jugging for catfish in western rivers. The jug used as a float is tightly corked, and the rope or line that serves as a fish line is tied to the handle, the hook at the other end, on the bottom being bated with a frog or other attractive morsel. The jug may be used as a float for a single line, or two jugs may be placed as floats, one at either end of a trot line, from which a number of baited lines depend.

A big catfish of the kind not uncommon in western rivers, weighing 50 or 100 or more pounds, would even make a jug bounce lively in the water, and a comparatively small fish would give it motion, whereupon the fisherman, who might be on the bank waiting developments, would put off in his skiff and take up the line.—New York Sun.

He Took Back His Seat.

A woman got in, and a polite man rose to give her his seat, raising his hat and asking her if she would not sit down. The woman plumped herself down in the vacant seat without a word of thanks, and I saw the color flush up in the young man's cheeks. In a minute he hastily looked over the books which he carried under his arm, and then, speaking to the woman to whom he had given his seat, he said:

"I beg your pardon, but I think I left my pocketbook on that seat."

The woman arose to let him see, and he quietly slipped into the seat himself, saying "Thank you" and immediately burying his nose in a big geometry.—Brooklyn Times.

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood.

The cheese mite is more tenacious of life than any other insect.

COULDN'T HELP IT.

An Old Yankee's Yarn of Better Days Was Pure Fiction.

An old man was sawing wood in a Maine village the other day. He had taken a job and was putting in his best licks.

A man who was going past stopped and looked over the palings of the fence.

"Kind of tough work, isn't it, uncle?" asked the passer.

The old man straightened up and stroked the sweat off his forehead.

"Waal, middlin tart," said he. "Sort of takes holt of my lumbago once in awhile. I don't suppose I should mind it so much if it hadn't been for the fact that I had money once and didn't have to do such things as this."

"Is that so? Had money?"

"Yas, that's right. You remember the time they built the branch railroad through here?"

"Sure!"

"Waal, I was doin pretty well that time, and I subscribed to the stock. Kinder thought there might be a chance to make a little something out of the deal. But the first thing I knowed they called for an assessment of the stock. They come round to me and wanted my assessment.

"'How much be it?' says I.

"'Sixty-four thousand five hundred dollars,' says they.

"'Waal,' says I, 'that's rather a stiff haul on a man, but I'll pay it. But I give ye notice now that ye better not call on me again, for that will just about take the last cent I got.' And for a fact when I went home and went into the old chist and counted out my money that was jest what I had to a cent. But the road never amounted to anything. Never got a cent back for all that money I put in. And here I am sawin wood for a livin."

When the stranger got down to the store and stood warming his hands at the barrel stove, he remarked upon the sad case of the old man sawing wood up the road.

"That man never had a cent ahead in all his life," remarked the storekeeper. "He's allus sawed wood for a livin."

"Well, what did he want to tell such a thunderin story as that for?" asked the stranger.

"Wa-a-al," replied the storekeeper, "Yankees have to sorter keep in practice for what may come up. Jest hav' to do it.

"When you drive along, you'll probably see an old fellow up here workin round in the barnyard. He wears Horace Greeleys for whiskers and a straw hat winter or summer. You'll know him when you see him. Stop and talk with him a little while. He's keepin in practice too."

The stranger did so.

They fell into talk of the corruption of modern institutions and of the difficulty of believing those who are engaged in business operations.

"Two weeks ago," said the old man, "I was shinglin the Methodist parsonage down the road here a ways, and the elder come out and says he, 'The's a big bank in Boston failed.'

"'National bank?' says I.

"'National bank,' says he, and he gave me the name.

"Waal, sir, for awhile I never was so scared in my life. I jest jumped right down off the roof of that pa'sonage—'bout 30 feet. Was so excited I never felt it.

"I run all the way home. I rushed into the bedroom. Wife come a-runnin after me.

"'For the land sakes,' says she, 'be you crazy?'

"'Putty near it,' says I. 'The So-and-so national bank of Boston has failed up, and it's jest like my luck to have a lot of bills of that bank in the chist here.' And I threw the chist open and reached down for our box. I opened it. Waal, it didn't have a single bill on that bank—nor any other kind of a bill either. Never felt so relieved in my life."—Lewiston Journal.

Wire Tapping.

The tapping of a telegraph wire is a modern form of highway robbery. In the old days the method was to waylay the courier on the road and to rob him of his purse or of his message. The formula of the modern highwayman is not "Stand and deliver!" but simply "Deliver!" And he may get a message from the lightning courier which may be worth more to him than a well filled purse.

But there is nothing to be gained by indiscriminate tapping. It is some special message or information that the thief is looking for, possibly for its effect on the stock market or on other business ventures. But the use of cipher codes renders the tapping of telegraph wires of little avail even in time of war unless the code as well as the message has been stolen.

For the tapping of power or light lines the modern highwayman comes in out of the rain. He can do his business better indoors by attacking the electric meter, confusing its calculations and thus getting more current than he pays for. Such at least seems to be the implication of recent statutes.—Forum.

Where Ruskin Learned English.

The book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its supreme form, except for scientific precision, practical affairs and philosophic analysis. If you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, noble prose, mark, learn and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue. Ruskin as a precocious boy of 5 began reading with his mother the Bible through from beginning to end and over and over again and got from it his marvelous instinct and faculty for noble, vital, always fascinating expression.—Frederic Harrison's "Literary Estimates."

He Had a Sharp Tongue.

The Waterbury American quotes a friend of the late Theodore Bacon as saying that he was a true chip of the old Bacon block of New Haven and that "he was probably the only man who went into the civil war and came out of it, after four years of brilliant service, holding the same commission, that of captain, as when he entered. The fact was he had so openly and mercilessly ridiculed the malfeasance and incapacity of his superior officers that his promotion was more than human nature was equal to. No man who said such stinging things could have expected even a brevet."

Doubling His Joy.

"Young man," said the girl's father, "do you realize that in asking for my daughter's hand in marriage you are asking me to give up my only child?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the young man, "but you are evidently laboring under a misapprehension. I propose to come and live with you after we are married, and you will then have two children instead of one. Now, what more could you ask?"—Chicago News.

LOOKING INTO A SHOTGUN.

A Bandit's Victim Tells How It Feels to Be Held Up.

"I happen to know how it feels to be held up," said a gentleman who now occupies a position of prominence in local railroad circles. "I acquired my experience as a passenger in a stagecoach about six miles from Tombstone, A. T., in 1884. We had a big load, six men inside, two on the driver's seat and an express messenger on the boot. Every man in the crowd had a revolver, two of the inside passengers had Winchesters across their knees, and the messenger had an 8 bore duck gun that contained nearly a quart of slugs. We were held up at about 4 in the afternoon by a single masked man, who rose suddenly from behind a pile of rocks and covered us with a 'sawed off' shotgun. All the curtains were raised, so there was a fair view of the interior, and when he yelled 'Hands up!' everybody obeyed.

"Then he told us to get out one by one and stand in a row, with our backs to him. I never hated to do anything so badly in my life, but I saw the others going and followed suit. About that time a half grown boy, apparently unarmed, appeared from behind the rocks and took up the collection, which included our joint arsenal. After that we were ordered back, and the chief bandit told the driver to go ahead.

"As far as I know, the robbers were never caught, but what especially impressed me about the episode was the reluctance of any of our party to take the initiative. I was certain the slightest resistance would be successful, but I realized also that the man who made the first move had an excellent chance of being killed, and I suppose all the others felt the same way. Anyhow, it happened exactly as I have narrated it. During the year I lived in Arizona there were eight or nine hold ups on the same road, and in no instance was there any resistance whatever. That taught me that a crowd of average men, gazing into a cocked shotgun, will do just about anything that is suggested."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COMPANY DINNERS.

They Are Dreaded by Guests and Make the Hostess Nervous.

Writing on "Making Company of Guests," Edward Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, considers "it a curious fact that American housewives are so loath to believe that a dinner with fuss and feathers is dreaded by the vast majority of people. The highest compliment we can possibly show a guest at dinner is to let him partake of an ordinary meal, to let him come quietly in and 'be one of the family,' yet this is the very compliment which we withhold from him. Instead of giving a guest what he would relish most we give him what he really enjoys least.

"Let a hostess be ever so graceful and tactful, let there be years of experience on her shoulders, yet nothing can conceal from her guests that the dinner which she is serving is other than an unusual one. It is a formal affair, and no amount of grace can make anything else of it, for nothing speaks so loudly or so unerringly as a formal company dinner. Every course shows it; every movement of the waitress proclaims it; every piece of china fairly cries out the occasion.

"And of course no one at the table really enjoys it. The guest certainly does not, because he knows he is being made company of, and that feeling is always enough to offset every enjoyment. The hostess does not, for she hasn't the time. Her eyes are for the table and her servants, not for her guest."

Ensign Eames Lost His Wager.

Miss Emma Eames has a brother, Harold, who was an ensign in the United States navy. His ship was stationed at Leghorn, and one day the flagship entered the harbor with the fleet commander on board. The latter was very dignified and was never known to lose his self control. One day the commander was in swimming, and young Eames made a friendly wager with a fellow officer that he would destroy his senior's equanimity, in naval parlance, "rattle" him. The wager was accepted, and a moment afterward Eames was in the water swimming toward his superior officer. Suddenly he paused, and, stopping his powerful overhand stroke, began treading water. Then he saluted precisely as if he had been on a quarter deck. To the young man's intense surprise the commander returned the salute with equal gravity. Mr. Eames lost his wager.—Saturday Evening Post.

Seen In the Rough.

Tortoise shells as they are unloaded from the ships are far from beautiful. To be classed as rough they must be just as they were when taken from the tortoises' backs. It is not until washed and scoured with acids that their exquisite coloring shows. The same is true of the beautiful seashells which come here from the shores of India and other tropical lands. There is almost as much difference between them in the rough and when finished as there is between uncut diamonds and those that have passed through a lapidary's hands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hereditary Garments.

Tommy—Pop, what is the meaning of "hereditary?"

Tommy's Father—Anything that descends from father to son.

Tommy—Then your old clothes that ma makes over for me are hereditary, ain't they?—Philadelphia Record.

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

WOBURN

Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREOWNERS.

A Meeting of the Shareowners will be held on

Thursday, March 8, 1900,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for Officers and Auditors for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting

GORDON PARKER, Clerk.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

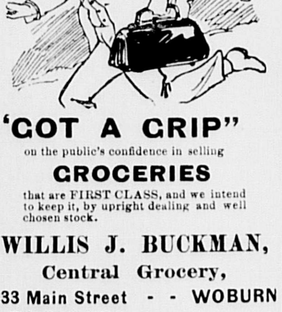
Remember the date and place, Thursday March 15, Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn



"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Daniel Lynch, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Elizabeth Lynch, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of March, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Lucretia T. True, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CHARLIE A. JONES, Executor.
Savings Bank Block, Woburn, Mass.
February 8, 1900.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered of Margaret Farmer, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY M. ALDRICH, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.
Feburary 14th, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Dexter Carter, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN W. SCRIBNER, Admr.
86 Marshall St., Somerville.
Sept. 26th, 1899

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. K. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

TRY

Reed's Ham
And Bacon

— AT —

Linnell's Market

406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES,
SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Women Wonder Why

They are doomed to so much suffering. But are they doomed? Is not the suffering the result of conditions which under skillful treatment might be entirely cured? Thousands of women who had been great sufferers, have learned that suffering was unnecessary after using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals diseases of the delicate womanly organs and banishes the headache, backache and other aches which are the consequence of these diseases.

"Favorite Prescription" is absolutely a temperance medicine in the strictest meaning of the term. It contains no alcohol and is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"*I wrote you for advice* February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HER INVITATION.

HE.

Were I the wind, my darling,
  And you a blushing flower,
I'd sigh with love forever
  And play around your bower.
And I would come and kiss you
  And bring the fragrant shower,
And I would talk in whispers
  That you could understand.
And the perfume of your petals
  I'd spread all o'er the land
Were I the wind, my darling,
  And you a blushing flower.

SHE.

Were you the wind, so wanton,
  And I a blushing flower,
You say you'd sigh forever
  And play around my bower,
And that you'd come and kiss me,
  And bring the fragrant shower,
And that you'd talk in whispers
  That I could understand,
And the perfumes of my petals
  You'd spread o'er all the land—
Let's play that you're the wind, and
  That I'm the blushing flower!

—Cleveland Leader.

A HOT FIGHT.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

From the year 1858 to that of 1867 there were no less than seven British, French, German and American cruisers constantly cruising in the waters of the China and Java seas after pirates. During this time over 100 piratical craft were captured, a dozen or 15 strongholds broken up and at least 2,000 "black flags" were killed offhand or sent ashore to be hung. The cruisers thought they had finished their work, but in 1869 several traders which had been fitted out at Bantam, Batavia and Singapore were overhauled by pirates and their crews butchered. When we arrived at Singapore in 1870 in the British gun brig Vixen, a nest of pirates had been located on one of the islands off the west coast of Java, and we had orders to proceed to the spot and clean them out. We overhauled our armament, took in a lot of ammunition and strengthened our crew by 14 men before sailing. These men were drafted out of a crew belonging to a man-of-war which had been wrecked on the Malay coast, and all were old hands. The captain got his bearings from some source unknown to us, and when we left Singapore the brig was headed to the east. We jogged along down the coast of Sumatra for a week without any unusual incident, and though we spoke a score of craft none of them had any information about the pirate. The crew had begun to ridicule the idea when something occurred to open our eyes very wide.

One morning, about an hour after daylight, we came up with a Dutch trader, which was taking care of herself. All her sails had been cut away, ropes were flying in every direction, and she was so low in the water that we wondered why she didn't go down. When a boat pulled off to her, it was to find the captain mortally wounded and his wife and two sailors, stiff and dead and horribly mutilated, on the deck beside him. We got him off, but had no time to give the bodies burial before the little craft went down. The captain was a man about 40 years of age, and, though hardly alive when we found him, he rallied enough to tell his story.

The trader had been trafficking along the Java coast and had finally completed his cargo and headed for Singapore. Just at sunset on the previous evening he had been overhauled by a native craft, carrying about 40 men. He was then about ten miles off the coast and about five miles south of an island known as Queen's Bower. He had no suspicion whatever of the natives, and the first thing he knew they boarded his craft and began to cut and slash. When they had finished the crew, they began to plunder and strip the vessel and were with her until midnight. Before leaving they bored her full of holes, and we had reached her just in time to rescue the captain. The first craft was joined by two others later on, and the three carried at least 100 desperate fellows. The captain heard and understood enough to satisfy him that they were an organized gang of pirates and that they were also well equipped for their bloody business.

The island mentioned was not over 20 miles away, and as the Java sea was and is a great highway it did not seem possible that men would take such a risk as those pirates had. The trader said that no less than three friendly sails were in sight when he was attacked, but all too far away to signal, even if he had been warned in time to do something. Owing to the shoals surrounding the island our craft could not approach near enough to use her guns and shell the fellows out, and we were not strong enough to land from our boats and deal with them. The sight of an armed vessel nosing around would put the pirates on their guard, and so it was resolved to play them a Yankee trick. We ran into a bay on the coast and set to work.

You are probably aware of the fact that an English man-of-war, no matter how large or how small, is a pattern of neatness and regulation, and the cut of her sails will alone establish her identity while her hull is yet below the water line. We had therefore to undo and overhaul a great deal. We put everything in seeming confusion aloft, disguised her hull as much as possible, and when we left the bay the Shark had the look of a merchantman which had been through a typhoon and was too short handed to make repairs. The Dutch captain died on the day after we found him, and his last words were a prayer that we might fall in with and punish the pirates.

It was just at daylight that we appeared off the north coast of the island and anchored on a bank about three miles from the beach. Men were sent aloft as if engaged in repairs, a boat was got down as if to work on the hull, and the bulk of the crew remained in hiding below. No doubt the fellows ashore had a lookout in some trees, and provided with a good glass he could see everything going on aboard. It was hardly sunrise when a small native craft with four men in her, came out to make an investigation. Our captain hailed them, and they replied with gestures to signify that they would return to the shore for help. They evidently took us for what we pretended to be, and we were piped to breakfast feeling that our ruse would succeed.

About 8 o'clock, with the wind breezing up lively, three native sail craft put out for us. A man aloft with a glass reported that each craft was crowded with natives, and it was now our plan to weigh anchor and make a little sail and pretend to be standing away from them as if alarmed. The object was to draw them as far away from shore as possible, and we had added a mile or more to the distance when the foremost boat came within hail. She hadn't a gun of any sort in sight, but she had 48 desperate looking villains in plain view and every one of them had a cutlass and pistol. While her captain was hailing us in a language no one could understand she was slowly edging along down our starboard quarter. At the same time a second craft was drawing ahead on the port side, and the third kept in our wake.

Only seven or eight men were in sight on our decks, and the natives seemed to have no suspicion of a trick. The breeze was a little bit too strong for their maneuvering at first, but after we were about six miles off shore the two suddenly closed in to board us. Our captain had been closely watching them and waiting for this move, and of a sudden the drum beat to quarters and our decks were alive with men.

I was captain of No. 3 gun crew and had the honor of firing the first shot. It was a solid ball, and it struck the craft on her port bow and went clean through her and dropped into the sea beyond. This opened the fight. The natives instantly realized that they had caught a tartar, and they saw, too, that their only means of escape lay in capturing the ship. Therefore, instead of running away, as we had looked for, each craft bore down on us to board. They were handled as easily as an Indian maneuvers a canoe, and it wasn't five minutes after the first gun was fired ere they were on our quarters like wolves seeking to hamstring a deer. I fired another solid shot and then loaded with grape, and this last charge was fired right into a mass of natives waiting to clamber up the side. The gun next to me fired a solid shot, which tore through her bottom, and two minutes later she foundered right alongside of us. The second craft got near enough to grapple, but the irons were thrown off and two guns played solid shot into her hull until she went down stern foremost, leaving 30 men struggling in the waves.

The third craft had forged ahead, sailing five feet to our one, and would have boarded us at the bows but for the sudden destruction of the others. Their fate frightened her off, but she had scarcely laid her head for the island than it was brought around, as if her crew had made some desperate resolve. Now occurred a curious thing. She had about 30 men on board, and she came down on us with every one of them shouting and screaming and tried to lay us aboard. We could have sunk her with one gun even, or we could have picked off the whole crew with our muskets before they had crossed the rail. Word was passed to give her a full broadside at command, and when the smoke cleared away she was not to be seen. There were over 20 of the pirates hanging to the wreckage around us, however, and a boat was lowered to pick them up. You can judge of their desperation when I tell you that every one of them fought like a tiger against being rescued and that we got only five out of the lot. The others we had to kill as they floated about, with the sharks snapping at them. Two of the five leaped out of the boat after being pulled in and were seen no more, and the others gave us so much trouble that the captain swung them up to the yard arm.

Thus not one single man of the 100 or more who came out to attack us escaped with his life. I was in one of the boats afterward sent ashore to see what sort of a lair the pirates had made for themselves. The only human beings ashore were an old native woman, a one armed Japanese and a white boy about 14 years of age. The boy was off an English trader captured a year before and had been held prisoner ever since. He said there were 107 men in the gang, and we found enough plunder on the island to load our ship.

They had captured about a dozen different vessels, large and small, and in every case had plundered and sunk them. They did not always kill all the crew. Soon after the boy was captured they brought in an American sailor off a spice trader. The lad knew him only by the name of William, but remembered that his home was in Boston. It turned out that they had spared his life to make use of him as a blacksmith, but when they found he had no knowledge of that work he was put to death with great cruelty. By order of the chief he was hung in chains on a tree about a quarter of a mile from the village and was five or six days in dying. The boy went with us and showed us his bones, still hanging.

The one armed man and the old woman, assisted by the boy, were the cooks for the gang. They at first seemed very much alarmed and protested their innocence of any complicity in the crimes of the pirates, but when they came to understand that all the villains had met their fate and that we had come ashore to clear the island of its last bale of plunder they suddenly ran into a rude storehouse, blocked up the doorway with boxes and opened fire on us with pistols. We had two men wounded before we could dislodge them, and they were then hanged to the same limb and their bodies left to the birds. What plunder we could not bring off we burned on the island, and before leaving we set the forest on fire in a dozen places, and the flames did not die out until the whole length and breadth had been swept clean of vegetation.

For Art's Sake.

"Doesn't it make you weary to have your partner blowing a mouthful of cracker crumbs in your ear every day?" asked the idler.

"It is a bit annoying," said the funny comedian of the burlesque troupe, "but one must endure these inconveniences for the sake of art."—Indianapolis Press.

Facts for Women

Any article, whatever its merit, must be made known to the public by means of advertising. Advertising, however, though it can do much for a thing, cannot do everything. It may create a sale for a time, but in order to insure a lasting demand the thing advertised must have solid worth.

This is the case with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has solid worth.

Women everywhere have learned this fact, and the result is that there is a lasting and absolutely unequaled demand for it. It has the largest sale of any remedy for female ills in the world, and this has been the case for years.

The reason for this is that Mrs. Pinkham claims nothing that she is not entitled to claim. She can do all that she says she can do, and her twenty years of experience make her advice invaluable. Her experience has been not only long but world-wide, and she has helped more women back to health than any one else in the world. These facts should, and do, have immense weight with all sensible women. Remember these are not wild statements but solid facts.

Facts About the Good Being Done by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Change of Life, Bearing-Down Pains, Etc.

"I had falling, inflammation and ulceration of the womb; backache, bearing-down pains; was so weak and nervous that I could not do my own work; had sick headache, no appetite, numb spells, hands and feet cold all the time. I had good doctors, but none of them did me any good. Through the advice of a lady friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking one bottle I felt greatly relieved, and by the time I had used several bottles was completely cured, so that I could do my work again. I am now passing through the change of life and using your Compound. It helps me wonderfully. I want every suffering woman to know what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. W. M. Bull, New Palestine, Mo.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life and gave back a loving mother to eleven children, which was more than any doctor could have done or any other medicine in the wide world. My trouble was childbed fever. The third day after my babe was born I took a chill, which was followed by a high fever. I would perspire until my clothes were as wet as though dipped in a tub of water. The chills and fever kept up for three days. My daughter got me a bottle of your Compound. The fourth dose stopped the chills, and the fever also disappeared. My life was saved. My age at this critical time was forty-nine."—Lydia E. Bougher, Etna, Pa.

Facts About Two Cases of Falling of the Uterus Recovered by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I suffered for fifteen years without finding any relief. I tried doctors, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I had falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pain in the back and head, and those bearing-down pains. One bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me so much good that I sent for four more, also two boxes of Liver Pills and one package of Sanative Wash. After using these I felt like a new woman."—Mrs. G. A. Winter Glidden, Ia., Box 220.

"I was suffering with falling of the womb, painful menstruation, headache, backache, pain in groins, extending into the limbs; also a terrible pain at left of womb. The pain in my back was dreadful during menstruation, and my head would ache until I would be nearly crazy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me great relief. I suffer no pain now, and I give your medicine all the praise."—Mrs. J. P. McSpadden, Rosenberg, Tex.

A Grateful Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Every Wife and Mother.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with most gratifying results. I had been married four years and had two children. I was all run down, had falling of womb with all its distressing symptoms. I had doctored with a good physician, but I derived very little good from his treatment. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do my work and nurse my seven-months'-old babe. I recommend your medicine to every wife and mother. Had I time, I could write much more in its praise. I bid you Godspeed in your good work."—Mrs. L. A. Morris, Welaka, Putnam Co., Fla.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—When I commenced the use of your remedies I was very badly off. Every two weeks I was troubled with flowing spells which made me very weak. I had two of the best doctors, but they did not seem to help me. They said my trouble was caused from weakness and was nothing to worry about. I felt tired all the time; had no ambition. I was growing worse all the time until I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to help about the house, and am much improved in health."—Mrs. A. Walker, Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

Insulted.

"Troubled with insomnia, are you?" said Dr. Paresis after listening to his patient's tale of woe. "Tried all the usual remedies, have you? Well, now suppose you try to read 'The Impressions of a Bohemian.' It's a new book, just out. I tried to read it last night and was asleep in three minutes."

"Sir," replied the patient, with freezing dignity, "I am the author of that book, and I have the honor to wish you a very good evening!"

Many Fraudulent Claims.

All the big life insurance companies spend a lot of money each year to prevent fraudulent claims from being paid, and the ingenuity with which some of these claims are planned calls for the very best detective service that the companies can command. They are willing to spend a good deal more than the amount of the policy to expose these frauds.—Indianapolis News.

No Harrowing Details.

"Here y' are! All about it! Big battle in South Afriky! Horrible slaughter!"

"Say, hold on! Which side got slaughtered?"

"Aw, what's the difference?"—Chicago Record.

THE CHARIOT OF OLD

A GRIM REMINDER OF THE COMBATS OF THE HEROIC PERIOD.

This Vehicle Was Used In the Days of Antiquity For the Battle, the Chase, In Processions and In Games—How It Was Constructed.

The chariot was used in antiquity for the battle, the chase, in public processions and in games. It had two wheels and was drawn by two horses, and when one or two horses were added they were attached to each side of the main pair by a side trace, fastened to the front of the chariot.

These chariots have only come down to us in fragments, with the exception of the one in the archæological museum of Florence, which is a unique example of a war chariot, the so called "Biga di Frassino," found by Rosellineo in a Thebes tomb. It is certainly as old as the fourteenth century B. C. It is probably a trophy obtained in the north by some Egyptian warrior.

There is an entire absence of metal in the construction. Immediately on the axle, without springs of any kind, rests the basket, or body, of the chariot, which consisted of a floor to stand on and a semicircular guard around the front and about half the height of the driver. It is entirely open at the back, so that the combatants might leap to the ground and up again, as became necessary by the exigencies of action. There was no seat, and generally in war chariots there was only room for the combatant and his charioteer to stand in.

The pole, as in the present instance, was usually attached to the middle of the axle, although to outward appearances it looked as though it sprang from the front of the basket. At the end of the pole was the yoke, which looked like a ram's horns. Depending from this by leather thongs was a Y shaped piece, which probably took the place of the modern horse collar. Probably broad bands were also fitted around the chest of the animals.

Besides the harness of each horse there were a bridle and a pair of reins somewhat in the same style as are in use at the present day. These were made of leather and were ornamented with studs of ivory and metal. The reins were passed through rings attached to the collar and were long enough to be tied around the waist of the charioteer in case of his having to defend himself.

The wheels and body were usually of wood, strengthened in places with bronze or iron. The wheels had from four to eight spokes, and the tires were of bronze or iron (in the present instance ash was used), and the pins which secured the fellies were of fossil bone.

This description applied to the chariots of almost any of the nations of antiquity, the difference consisting chiefly in the mountings. Thus the chariots of the Egyptians and Assyrians, with whom the bow was the principal arm of attack, were richly mounted with quivers full of arrows, while those of the Greeks, who used the spear, were plain except as regards mere decorations. The Persians and the ancient Britons used a class of chariots having the wheels mounted with sharp, sickle shaped blades, which cut to pieces whatever came in their way. This was probably the invention of the Persians.

The use of the battle chariot really belongs to the heroic period. The warrior, standing by the side of his charioteer, was driven in front of the line to invite hostile warriors to single combat. After the strategic skill of a commander superseded the demands on his personal valor the chariot was transferred from the battlefield to the hippodrome, where alone its original form was preserved. The description of the Homeric battle chariot, therefore, to a great extent also applies to the historic chariot of the race course.

The small diameter of the chariot wheel may be explained from the desire of preventing the chariot from being opposed by the impediments in the battlefield, such as debris or dead bodies. The rim was usually formed of four fellies, into which the four spokes were let. The upper rail, which was of either wood or metal, varied greatly in form and was intended to be grasped by the warrior on jumping on to the chariot, while the front part served for fastening the reins and the traces of the "wheel horses." In the Roman triumphal chariot a covering of leather served to ward off missiles, and later on the sides were composed of strong boards.

Unfortunately we know very little of the vehicles of everyday use in those days. They nearly all seem to be a variety of what we now term the "gig."—Scientific American.

No Excuse For Chimneys.

Notwithstanding that we have long since ceased to hoist coal to lofty apartments, having abandoned forever the old fashioned fireplace with its soot and cinders, the said fireplace is still with us in every new house that is built. Its open throat leads the same old draft up the chimney, and the same old result follows—colds and cold feet. There is no excuse for a chimney or a fireplace in a modern house heated from the cellar. The gas log is a nuisance and a sham.—New York Press.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Kaffirs Are Born Liars.

The Kaffir makes an interesting study. You cannot understand him all at once. It requires time, and a good deal of it. A new arrival thinks the Kaffir is a born prevaricator of the truth and has his reasons for so thinking.

Suppose you catch a "boy" committing a misdemeanor. Ask him what he has been doing, and he will look up in your face, a picture of innocence, and reply, "Ikona, baas"—a plump denial. Tell him you saw him do it, threaten him with punishment; he will still persist in maintaining his innocence. He will still plead ignorance of the misdeed and mutter in astonishment or fear, "Ikona, baas." In fact, he knows nothing whatever about it. If the offense be one that cannot be overlooked, you proceed to administer reproof—with the foot, if you are not particular and wish to be impressive. What does he do? If he is a raw "boy" and not used to it, he runs off with a terrified look on his face; if he is used to it, he retires precipitately with a satisfied smile, not necessarily because he has got the thrashing, but because he no longer has it to look forward to.

The only explanation for the systematic lying of the native in face of the most convincing proof is that the native mind is totally unable to form a conception of what we understand by truthfulness.—London Mail.

An "American" Duel.

During my residence in Heidelberg a lamentable and terrible affair took place that threw a profound gloom over the university and the entire town. Two German students, having quarreled, decided the earth was not large enough for both of them to live in and resorted to the diabolical practice called the "American duel."

In a darkened room the two young men drew lots, having sworn that he who drew the black ball would commit suicide. The unhappy loser went to his room and discharged a bullet into his breast, but missed his heart and lingered for several days on his deathbed. His parents were summoned by telegraph and besought him on their knees to disclose the name of his antagonist, but he steadfastly refused and died with the secret in his breast.

The students not only excused his conduct, but praised his courage, and when his remains were taken to the railway station to be transported to a distant city they accompanied the funeral cortege with torches and music. The students claimed he was not a suicide, for he was killed in an honorable duel, and they maintained that his opponent was not accessory to his death because he shot himself. I had many arguments with them and never could convince them of their extraordinary tergiversation.—Science.

Fooled the Crowd.

Some people will go to great trouble and expense to perpetrate a joke. The other day two well known society men hired a closed carriage and decorated it with bows of white ribbon and flowers and other paraphernalia belonging to a well appointed wedding.

On each side was hung a placard announcing that the occupants were just married.

It attracted great attention, and when it pulled up in front of the Galt House a few days ago a large crowd had congregated to see the happy bride and groom alight. The driver slowly got down from his seat beside the door.

He opened it deliberately, and when he swung the door open the curious crowd surged forward. There was no bride and no groom inside, but instead a big placard bearing in great black letters the single word, "Rubber."

For a little while the driver had the joke to himself, but soon the crowd realized the neat swindle, and all enjoyed the episode hugely.—Louisville Dispatch.

Was She Right?

A certain woman, says the Wichita Eagle, desired the arrest of the saloon keeper who had been selling whisky to her drunken husband. Having conducted the officer to the saloon, she was told by him to pick out the proprietor. Seven men, all looking alike and dressed alike, were standing motionless around a whisky barrel, and she could not tell which was the one, but she stepped to the barrel and turned the spigot, and the liquor began to pour out on the floor. One of the men sprang out of the circle and turned the spigot off. "Arrest that man!" she said.

But was she right? Was it more likely to be the proprietor who would thus plead guilty and go to jail or some innocent man with an unquenchable thirst who was horrified at seeing the awful waste?

Not a Hard Question.

They had a dispute, and they had agreed to leave it to the military expert.

"What bullet," they asked, "do you consider the deadliest?"

For several minutes he remained in a brown study. Then he looked up with the air of one who has settled the matter finally and definitely.

"The one that hits," he said.—Chicago Post.

Not to Be Bunkoed.

Mr. Hayrix—Heow much do yew charge for pullin a tooth?

Dentist—One dollar with gas—50 cents without.

Mr. Hayrix—Say, young feller, don't yew try none o' yer bunko games on me. Mebby I dew look kind o' green, but I reckon I ain't goin ter give up no 50 cents extry for gas when it's broad daylight.—Chicago News.

The chamois is usually identified with Switzerland, but the animal is less common there than in any other country which it inhabits. Austria is the real home of the chamois, where they are most plentiful.

Peace Loving Woman.

"Did you pay the grocer and butcher, Amelia?"

"No; there wasn't enough to pay both of them. To pay only one would make trouble, so I just took the money and spent it down town."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wifely Constancy.

"I have been married for 15 years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door."

"Wonderful!"

"Yes. She's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Soap as a Germ Killer.

It has been shown by Koch and others that soap is a microbicide, or germ killer, and, according to Professor Serafini, soda or potash soap is quite a good disinfectant, not only because of the alkalis, but the combination itself. Heating the water favors the effect. Resinous soaps are not the best disinfectants. Marseilles soap is very good. A solution of 3 or 4 per cent kills the most resisting microbes.—Washington Times.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 25.

Text of the Lesson, Luke iv, 16-30. Memory Verses, 17-19—Golden Text, John i, 11—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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16. "And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up." After the two days at Samaria He returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee and was well received, for the Galileans had seen the things He did at Jerusalem (verses 14, 15 with John iv, 43-45). He came first to Cana, where He had made the water wine, and from thence, without going to see him, healed the nobleman's son who was sick at Capernaum, and the man and his whole house believed (John iv, 46-54). Now we find Him on the Sabbath day in the synagogue in the town where He had spent His first 30 years.

17-19. He read what is in our Bibles, Isa. lxi, 1, and the first clause of verse 2. When He opened the book, He found the place, and no doubt found it easily. I have seen many experience great difficulty in finding the place if the text announced was not very familiar. Every clause here is so suggestive that to dwell upon each would occupy all our space. The first clause of verse 18 shows us the Blessed Trinity, the Spirit, the Father and the Son, while the rest of the passage shows us each and all in the Son working for the poor, the broken hearted, the captives, the blind and the bruised. About the same thing is differently stated in Acts x, 38, where we have also the Trinity and the beautiful life of our Lord summed up in these words: "Who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him."

20, 21. "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Having closed the book and given it to the minister and taken His seat, with the eyes of all in the synagogue fastened on Him, this is what He began to say: They probably knew that these words referred to their Messiah, of whom Moses and the prophets had so much to say, and when their fellow townsman, whom they all thought they knew, read these words about their Messiah, and then said unhesitatingly, I am He, what must have been their thoughts? Was it something in the way He read the passage or was it His closing the book abruptly in the middle of a sentence that fastened all eyes upon Him before He began to speak? Perhaps both, but I think the former, for He who spake as never man spake (John vii, 46) probably also read as never man read. If He had read the next sentence about the day of vengeance, He could not have said as He did about the words which He read, for the day of vengeance and of Israel's redemption will be at His coming again in glory (Isa. xxxiv, 8; xxxv, 4; lxiii, 4; II Thess. i, 7-10). Fulfilled Scripture gives us the key to that which is yet unfulfilled. In due time all must be fulfilled that has ever been written, and it surely will, for He has said it (Luke xxiv, 44; Rev. xvii, 17).

22. Gracious words proceeded out of His mouth. It could not be otherwise, for He was full of grace and truth (John i, 14), but they were not accustomed to such words, and they wondered at them and at Him who uttered them, whom they knew only as the son of Joseph and Mary (Mark vi, 3). When they heard Him speak, they heard God speak, for the Father told Him just what to say (John xii, 49; xiv, 10). When God spoke to Israel from Mount Sinai out of the fire and smoke and from the top of the quaking mount, the people could not bear it and asked that Moses might speak to them (Ex. xix, 18; xx, 19), but when God spoke from the mercy seat in the holy of holies it was different.

23, 24. He knew them; He knew what was in them; He read their thoughts; He anticipated what they would say; He knows the things that come into our minds, every one of them, and there is not a word in our tongue but He knows it altogether (Ezek. xi, 5; Ps. cxxxix, 4). He knew they would not understand Him because they would not receive His words, but He would give them the opportunity. Results are with God. It is for us to be His faithful messengers whether men will hear or forbear (Ezek. iii, 10, 11).

25-27. Our Blessed Lord never talked about the two Isaiahs nor doubted the stories of Elijah and Elisha, and the widow's meal and oil, and the ravens, and the healing of Naaman. He never cast a doubt or the shadow of a doubt upon any record in Scripture, but indorsed it all. It is the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness in the sight of God, which talks of two Isaiahs and many writers of the first five books and discounts Daniel and Revelation and Ruth and Esther, etc. All who do so, whatever be their standing among men, are not following the Lord Jesus. Be contented, dear fellow believer, to stand with your Lord and with the apostle Paul in holding fast to all that is written in the book, for it is all copyrighted in heaven. "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven" (Ps. cxix, 89). Let the wisdom of this world count you a fool and ignorant and only worthy to be despised if they see fit; they treated your Lord that way. Let them count you guilty of heresy if they please because you believe all that is written in the law and in the prophets; they said the same of Paul (Acts xxiv, 14).

28-31. They met in their synagogue apparently to worship God. God came into their midst and spoke to them gracious words. They became filled with anger and cast Him out and desired to kill Him. Such is to this day the character of much that goes by the name of religion. Professing to worship God, they murder Him in their hearts, for the carnal mind, however religious, is enmity against God. The people of Nazareth had Him for about 30 years and never knew Him. His own disciples were with Him nearly three years and did not know Him. If you are unknown on earth, covet earnestly to be well known in heaven and rejoice that "The Lord knoweth them that are His" (II Tim. ii, 19). If, as the Lord's messenger, you are not wanted in a particular city or town or church, take it all meekly. The Lord has open doors for you and will get you where He wants you. Take comfort from Rev. iii, 8, and if you do not yet see the open door, rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him (Ps. xxxvii, 7). He went down to Capernaum and taught them there, and they were astonished at His doctrine, for His word was with power (verse 32).

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
AXLE GREASE
THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
TRADE MARK
"SOLD EVERYWHERE WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER,"
TRY IT!
USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(Formerly with Thomas Morris.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price.

The Sure Hope for the Sick. Health and Strength for the Weak and Nervous.

Dr. Greene's Nervura

Blood and Nerve Remedy Conquers Disease.

Health, Strength, and Vigor Given to All by this Greatest of Spring Remedies.

There is no reason why every man and woman in the world should not live to a hale and hearty old age, with genial faces, sweet dispositions, and good health.

Yet, what is the story of Disease?

Wrecks—wrecks—wrecks—sometimes ere the noon mark has been reached. Young men and young women, haggard, useless, miserable, drop by the wayside, burdens to themselves and to their friends.

Rise up! Be strong! There is a way. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will make you new again—LITERALLY NEW. It is Nature's own nerve and blood medicine—invigorating—strengthening—vitalizing. It brings back the snap and vigor of youth, restores confidence and energy—puts into a weary, nerve-worn man or woman the desires of life, and so invigorates the blood and nerves that life again plays a glad, merry song.

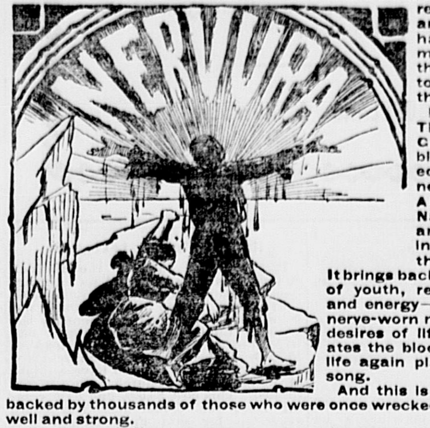
And this is a solemn fact, backed by thousands of those who were once wrecked and who are now well and strong.

Dr. Greene's Nervura cures nervous exhaustion, general debility, poor blood, weak stomach, and will be found the most strengthening, vitalizing, and invigorating spring medicine you have ever used.

Mrs. E. W. Huston, 30 Heard Street, Chelsea, Mass., says:—

"I had a slight heart trouble caused from indigestion. I would have attacks of palpitation, was very nervous, and was very much worried. By the advice of friends, I began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and at once felt better. The attacks of the heart trouble stopped, my food did not trouble me, and I consider that Dr. Greene's Nervura has entirely cured my heart trouble, and gladly recommend this medicine to all."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.



LIMITS OF SEED VITALITY.

No Truth In Stories of Germination After Thousands of Years.

"The statement is frequently made in the popular press," said Professor L. H. Pammel, government botanist, "that seeds have retained their vitality for a long time. Thus it is stated that wheat under some conditions has preserved its vitality for 50 or 100 years. It has frequently been stated that wheat taken from Egyptian monuments germinated, but in not a single case is this germination authenticated. Not a single grain taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus and sown by various persons has ever been known to germinate, and the conditions for preserving the seed in these Egyptian monuments are better than in the soil. They are protected from the air and variations of temperature. The experiment which has been most talked of is that of the Count of Sternberg at Prague. He had received the grains from a trustworthy traveler, who told him that they were taken from a sarcophagus. It is said that two of these seeds germinated, but it is a well known fact that impostures are perpetrated by the people who dispose of these seeds. In some cases they have even stripped corn or maize into these sarcophagi.

"Many experiments have been made, not only in this country, but in Europe, to determine the vitality of various grain seeds. Thus, barley retains its vitality better than any other cereal, and this is said to retain its vitality from eight to ten years. In the case of wheat 90 to 100 per cent germinates in from one to four years; in five to seven years, 85 to 87 per cent. In the case of rye the percentage of germination in five years dropped to 55 per cent; in seven years, 36 per cent; nine years, 13 per cent. In the case of corn, I made some experiments a few years ago to determine the vitality and found that corn which was kept in tightly closed vessels at the age of 20 years had lost all its power of germination. Experiments also indicate that corn kept even a few years became largely deteriorated and lost much of its power of germination. Even grass seeds which have been buried at some depth in the soil and in vessels tightly sealed failed to germinate after a dozen or 15 years."—Chicago Chronicle.

BOOKS' NARROW ESCAPES.

Virgil's "Æneid," Works of Aristotle and Talmud Saved by Good Luck.

Three of the greatest books in the world have narrowly escaped destruction, the "Æneid" of Virgil, the works of Aristotle and the great body of Jewish tradition represented by the Talmud.

It is recorded that Virgil on his deathbed sought to burn the only copy of the "Æneid," as he had not revised it, and when he was foiled in this he ordered his executors, Varro and Tucca, not to give it to the world, a direction which was disregarded by order of the Emperor Augustus.

The works of Aristotle suffered from neglect. They lay many years buried in a cellar, and when, by mere accident, they were at last unearthed, they were so damaged by damp and dirt that in many passages they are hopelessly corrupt. How great would have been the loss of this work to the human race may be judged from the fact that everything that was known in the middle ages of the arts and sciences was derived directly from these writings.

The Talmud nearly became extinct through persecution. The possession of the Talmud, by a long series of edicts extending over many centuries, was made penal, and the book itself was burned. No fewer than 24 wagon loads of Talmud manuscript were burned in France in 1244.—Stray Stories.

Heaven Twice Found.

Now she suffers him to print a kiss upon her brow.

"This is heaven!" he says.

Two years pass now. His baby has just ceased crying.

"This is heaven!" says he.

Here we see how a man's ideals change with the lapse of time.—Detroit Journal.

Too Much Time Wanted.

"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Ohio State Journal.

It has been calculated that the loss from illness averages 20,000,000 weeks of work in the year, or 2½ per cent of the work done by the whole population between 15 and 65 years of age.

At a rough estimate there are 15,000,000 pairs of gloves imported into this country each year.

He Was Telling Him.

During one of the earliest visits of the royal family to Balmoral Prince Albert, dressed in a simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lakes in a steamer and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel and, among many other things, the cooking. Approaching the galley, where a brawny highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a pot of "hodgepodge," which the highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodgepodge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't and turnips intil't and carrots intil't and"—

"Yes, yes," said the prince; "but what is intil't?"

The man looked at him, and, seeing that the prince was serious, he replied: "There's mutton intil't and turnips intil't and"—

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer, "but what is intil't—intil't?"

"Man," yelled the highlander, brandishing his big ladle, "am I no tellin ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't and"—

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suit, who fortunately was passing, explaining to his royal highness that "intil't" simply meant "into it" and nothing more.—Exchange.

A Theatrical Puzzle.

"There is something absolutely baffling to understand," said a theatrical manager, "about the perfect regularity of the sizes of audiences for any given play. You know I manage two theaters here in New York. One of them holds about 2,000 people and the other holds about 1,000 people.

"Now, when we have a play that is what we call a great success at the small theater—such a success that we have to turn people away every night—it is almost invariable that the number turned away is not far from 30 each night—that is to say, 1,000 people come and get in and 30 come and cannot get in. And when we have a similar success at the large theater the average number of people turned away is just the same—about 30—that is, 2,000 people come and get in and 30 come and cannot get in.

"Now, to all appearances the one play has made just as big a hit as the other, so why is it that just about 1,030 people want to see the one every night and just about 2,000 people want to see the other every night? Why do the 2,030 never come to the small theater? They never do. Such a thing was never heard of. It's a little section in the law of averages that I never could understand."—New York Tribune.

The First War Correspondent.

As far as can be gathered, the first recognized war correspondent to a newspaper was a man, whose name, unhappily, has sunk into oblivion, at the siege of Antwerp in 1831. Much earlier in the century, though, there was in an informal and unrecognized manner a witness named Peter Finnerty—one can make a shrewd guess at his nationality—"who on his return from the Walcheren expedition told the British public a good deal more about that unfortunate naval and military blunder than the British government of the day cared to have published." There was, too, some really admirable pen and ink work about the Carlist war in the London papers, notably by Frederick Hardman and C. L. Gruinesen. Mr. Gruinesen fell into the hands of the Carlists and was about to be shot when he was rescued from his impending fate by the intercession of the late Lord Ranelagh, who had taken service in the cause of Don Carlos de Bourbon.—London Post.

Industry and Success.

"There's nothin like farmin on a hillside," said the man with the faded hair during a pause in the conversation, "if you pick out a good location."

"Do you mean to say," they asked him, "that you ever worked on a hillside farm or anywhere else?"

"Who said anything about workin?" he rejoined. "I said hillside farmin was all right if you picked out a good location. I had a location right down below a 40 acre farm where a feller put in one whole summer raisin melons an pumpkins. When they got ripe, they broke off f'm the vine an rolled down on to my land. It was a good deal of bother to gather 'em up, but I done it. Made a pretty good thing out of it too."

It was a narrow escape and nearly cost him his reputation as the laziest man in the crowd.—Chicago Tribune.

Dead Gone.

She—Would you be willing to die for me?

He—Why, I'm dying for you now!—Brooklyn Life.

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Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

r Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 8.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7 30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m, then 11 30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway

In Effect Nov 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden .00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M. run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
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No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
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☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
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F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near [illegible] Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby St.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic [illegible]
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal [illegible]
212	Merrimac Chemical W[illegible] Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn [illegible] (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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George Durward
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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

BRAHMA.

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"

I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas;

I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart wrung fear;

I am intoxication, grapes, wine press and must and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;

I am the breath of the flute, I am the wind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond and the sea pearl's luster wan,

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,
Flint sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies;

I am both good and evil, the deed and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, punishment;

I am what was, is, will be, creation's ascent and fall,
The link, the chain of existence, beginning and end of all.

—Translated From Dschelaleddin Rumi by Ritter.

A PHILIPPINE COURTING

How the Ugliest Man In the Regiment Won a Dusky Beauty.

He was the ugliest man in the S'teenth infantry. And he looked it. So the men called him Cross Dog, and save on the pay rolls he knew no other name.

Cross Dog was in the prime of life, but looked older. He had put in about 12 years in the army and was at that point in a private soldier's career where he realizes that he has lost the knack of earning a livelihood in civil life, but still yearns for its freedom. For it is only after about 15 years of service and numerous failures at civil vocations that the average enlisted man ceases to vow that he will never take on again and settles down to soldiering for life.

Cross Dog's temper was peppered dynamite. He had thrashed or been thrashed by nine-tenths of the regiment and was ready at a second's notice to begin again. His tongue matched his temper, and his face was seamed with surliness.

There was only one thing in the world of which Cross Dob was afraid, and that was woman. "Shure," said Private Sevenspot, "av Cross Dog iver loved a woman he'd be scared so he'd cuss her to death and thin elope with a recruiting sergeant." Back in the States it had been a fortunate thing for Cross Dog that he was not susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, for his personality was not an attractive one and his conversation was a jumble of cuss words and growls. But in the Philippines the world is topside down, as a Chinaman calls it, and curious things happen. And it was in the Philippines, at the Hacienda de Sevilla, near Isabella, Negros, that Cross Dog won a woman's heart.

A company of the S'teenth infantry was stationed at Isabella, and a detachment of five men, in charge of Private Sevenspot, was sent to the hacienda to protect property in that region from the raids of Papircio bandits who swarmed in the nearby mountains. Cross Dog was one of the detachment. The Hacienda de Sevilla consisted of a big sugar mill, the blackened ruins of the plantation house, burned to the ground by the Papircios, and six native nipa shacks scattered along the western bank of the river Balinbagan. But this little hamlet supported a population of 300 native amigos, most of whom, burned out of their homes by the Papircios, camped in the big sugar mill under the protection of Private Sevenspot's little detachment. During the day they worked in the canefields and at night huddled together in the mill, around which the six Americans stood guard.

Luisa, the woman in the case, for girls of 14 are women where the world is topside down, lived in a six by six nipa shack built in the box of a two wheeled cart that stood beneath the shelter of the sugar mill roof. On the evening that Sevenspot's detachment arrived at the hacienda old Pedro was absent. Old Pedro was Luisa's father. His crony, old Jose, in the next village up the river, had received a month's pay from Senor Holijos that day, and Pedro had gone to pass the evening with him and help drink a bucket of tuba. At 11 o'clock he came sauntering homeward with unsteady but catlike steps in blissful ignorance of the fact that the Americanos were in possession of the sugar mill.

Pedro's brown hide was chock of tuba, and his soul was filled with great joy. In fact, he was so happy that he yearned to butcher something, an old woman or a baby or a lame dog. As he came through the trail in the canebrake he slashed at the young stalks and grimaced blissfully as in imagination he neatly clipped the leaders of unarmed foes with his bolo sword.

Cross Dog was on post, too, at the upper entrance to the sugar mill. The first night on guard at a strange post with a small detachment and in a country swarming with treacherous foes is a great trial to men's nerves. Especially so when it is next to impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Moreover, Cross Dog had been unfortunate in his details for a week back and had been marched on an average of 15 miles each day through muddy ricefields, which is equivalent to 40 miles a day on an American highway. Consequently Cross Dog's temper, usually peppered dynamite, was now saw edged lightning. Sevenspot had posted him with the information that native amigos were not supposed to be abroad after 9 o'clock and left the rest to his discretion.

Cross Dog hacked with his bayonet at the dried mud on his leggings and stared across the narrow clearing between the mill and the canefield. There came just the semblance of a rustle from the canebrake, and Cross Dog stopped hacking and dropped suddenly on one knee, for at night a man can see better squatting than standing. The nearer his eyes to the ground the higher and plainer objects are thrown up against the horizon.

The rustle in the canefield grew louder, and Cross Dog unlocked the safety on his Krag. Then, oblivious of his danger, old Pedro stepped noiselessly into the clearing and the shadow of death. Cross Dog waited for the second native to come out of the brake. If he came in the footsteps of his file leader, one bullet would do duty for two. And it is a pity to waste ammunition, and a dirty rifle barrel makes work. If old Jose had accompanied old Pedro home that night, there would have been two funeral drums to beat next day. But as old Pedro came alone Cross Dog hesitated a second and decided to give the intruder a chance for his life.

"Halt!" he cried.

Old Pedro started and then in his fright came on all the faster, his wicked looking bolo in hand. That was too much for Cross Dog's temper and nerves, but he was an American and instinctively hated to kill a half armed creature whose life he could take as he would snuff a candle. Moreover, he had an American contempt for the fighting qualities of these brown pygmies and the disposition to play cat and mouse with them until they came right up to the bayonet's point. So Cross Dog's first shot made a kite of old Pedro's straw hat, his second spattered the mud in front of him and three more made shallow grooves in his bare brown legs.

There was one cartridge left in Cross Dog's rifle when Pedro halted, panting, at the bayonet's point. An inch more and that cartridge would have been the final period in old Pedro's book of life, for Cross Dog was not only rattlesnake mad, but also grossly insulted. A bare legged Kakiack in his shirttail and a straw hat and armed with a four span bolo had dared to charge right up to his rifle's mouth! Cross Dog felt that he ought to kill this fool creature. It was according to orders. But somehow he couldn't quite do it. So he jabbed with his bayonet through Pedro's hide and gave him a choice selection of profanity and advice.

"Blink blank (jab) you," he exclaimed, "when Melicana say halt, you (jab) halt (jab). Savey? You blink blank, caramba fool, if you (jab) keep vamoosin, blank you, when Melicana say (jab) halt. Melicana boom-boom you, blink blank you, blank quick! Blink blank you (jab), when Melicana say halt, you stop quick every blank tempo till Melicana malayoh (see) you with his blanked mala (eyes) and talkee ah kee (come here), blank you! You (jab) savey?"

Then old Pedro, after explanations, was permitted to go to his nipa shack, and the four Americans off guard returned to their blankets. After crawling into his shack Pedro ordered his daughter Luisa to make a light, and to emphasize the order he beat her with his fist in the face. And Luisa, being only a woman, made a great outcry. Then she got a big bundle of split bamboo and laid it upon the bed of coals in the center of the mill and fanned the bamboo into a great flaming torch. Then old Pedro ordered her to dress his scratches and beat her in the face to insure obedience. The blaze of the torch fell upon Cross Dog's back so that he was a fine mark for a Papircios Remington and blinded his eyes so he could not see five paces into the clearing. And Luisa's outcries deafened his ears to the secrets of the canefield. For these reasons, and not because he cared to interfere with Pedro's methods of parental discipline, Cross Dog deliberately violated regulations and deserted his post.

He picked up a bundle of dry, split bamboo and marched through the sugar mill to Pedro's nipa shack. He reached in and caught that disciple of Solomon by one ankle and dragged him forth after the fashion of a plantation negro who knows where the chickens roost. And Pedro howled, and Cross Dog swore, and 50 brown babies woke up and squalled, and a hundred mongrel dogs barked.

"Shure," said Sevenspot, reporting the occurrence to his lieutenant, who visited the hacienda the following day, "when I woke up I thought I were in purgathory the day afther the' holocaust av an insane asylum, a dog pound an an orphan asylum. An Luisa there, th' ould divil Pedro's daughter, sat by while Cross Dog larruped her dad an wept tears av joy an gratitude. I'm thinkin 'twere th' first toime she iver knew th' ould bandit to get his deserts. The other amigos say he has a brother an two sons with the Papircios in th' mountains."

"If that's the case," said the lieutenant, mounting his carabao, "you need not bother to halt him the next time he tries to come in after taps. I don't want this detachment to get cut up out of leniency to any native of doubtful antecedents."

When the detachment turned out for their chicory the morning after old Pedro's chastisement, Luisa was waiting for them with a baking powder can half full of carabao milk for Cross Dog's coffee. The men squatted on the edge of a sugar vat and gnawed their hard tack and drank their bitter chicory. Cross Dog's scraggly beard bristled with bad temper, and he choked in the effort to eat, drink and swear in the same breath. With eyes that beamed with gratitude and admiration little Luisa timidly presented her offering of carabao milk. Cross Dog glared at her.

"Blink blank you," he growled, "what the blink blank do you want?"

"Si, senor," said Luisa, ducking obsequiously and holding the can so that Cross Dog could see its contents. "Mucha gooda!"

And Luisa pointed first at the milk and then to Cross Dog's cup. Then Cross Dog comprehended and grabbed the can and emptied it into his coffee.

"I'll be blink blanked," he growled, "if the blink blanked rag didn't bring me some blink blank milk!"

Luisa listened like an attentive pupil. Then with a knowing air, she nodded her little head, and, pointing into the empty can, she said:

"Si, senor; I savey. Filipino, loobkat; Melicana, dam milk. Si, I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog stopped in the middle of a gulp of coffee and stared at the little brown woman.

"Well, I'll be blink blanked," he exclaimed, "if the blink blanked nigger ain't swearing at me in English!"

"Si, si, senor," she chirped, coquettishly lifting the yard of red calico that served her as petticoat and dress skirt and exposing rather more than a peep of pretty bare ankle. "I savey. Senorita—that me in Espanol. Dam nigger—that me Melicana. Si, I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog choked with irritation. "Well, I'll be blink blanked!" was all he could say.

For a week thereafter Luisa followed at Cross Dog's heels like a faithful dog, much to that individual's outspoken disgust. And meanwhile Luisa's vocabulary of English became a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the soldiers.

Then there came another Saturday night. This time old Pedro and Jose went to a village down the river to visit Juan, who had received much money from Senor Holijos. And they tarried late and drank a great deal of tuba and also beno. And the more they drank the braver they grew, until in the dark hour just before the dawn they laughed scornfully as they spoke of the white faced Americanos and snapped their fingers at all "Haltas!" Then Juan and Jose sallied forth to see Pedro home and help him bid defiance to the American "Halt!" And to insure success they carried their sharpest bolos.

It was the early morning relief on guard. Cross Dog was on post 2, at the down river end of the mill, and it always stirred his bile to have his sleep broken just before daylight. The air was chill and damp, and Cross Dog shivered and cursed all creation by catalogue. Then he stopped and listened. The light breeze from the east never caused that rustle in the canefield. Again Cross Dog crouched on one knee and threw the safety lock of his Krag. A half naked native stepped out into the clearing. Again Cross Dog waited to see if he came alone. Another and another stepped out beside the first, and the three advanced crouching, with bolos in hand. They mockingly echoed Cross Dog's challenge and came on, and then the hacienda awoke to the music of "Wow-rprp! Tick-tuck-tuck-tick! Wow-rprp! Tick-tuck-tuck-tick! Wow-rprprp!" And this time Cross Dog's rifle had done its deadly work, as three silent Kakiacks lying there in the gray morning testified. Six men in blue stood and looked down at the slain. And then there was a great uproar, and native men chattered, and native women shrieked, and native dogs barked, and native babies howled. Only the soldiers were silent and grave as they looked upon the dead, until a gray haired little brown woman came and knelt beside old Pedro and sought to close his eyes and compose his limbs. Then Cross Dog's eyes looked down to the ground, and he was ashamed of his handiwork, for the gray old woman was old Pedro's wife and Luisa's mother. It was while his eyelids were weighted down with shame and pity that little Luisa, pretty and coquettish, nestled up to his side and caressed his hairy, freckled fist and looked up at him with smiling lips and eyes moist with lovelight.

Pressing his hand over her heart with both of hers, she said: "Me love you mucha. You boom-boom madre (pointing to her mother), and we matrimony. Esta?"

For in the outlying islands of the Philippines, where the world is topside down, the old folk pound out no rice and are the better for being killed.

It was thus that Cross Dog won one woman's heart. But Sevenspot's prophecy came true, for he cursed her until his throat was sore and then exchanged with a soldier at Isabella to get out of her sight. And now, when some young soldier boasts of his success with the fair sex, Cross Dog blurts scornfully:

"Blink blank it! I can take my Krag and 200 cartridges and go out and get enough women to start a harem. All you have to do to make 'em love you is to kill their mothers and fathers, blank it!"—New York Sun.

General Logan's Earnestness.

"The late General Logan," said Heyward Church of Chicago, "was a most intense man in his feelings and his beliefs. He showed this in his public speeches. At one time I was a member of the reception committee at a small town where the general was to speak and consequently sat quite near him on the platform. I forget what was the topic, but the general was deeply interested in it and finally, in emphasizing a point, banged his hand with tremendous force upon a hard wood table at his elbow. So strong a blow was it that one of the bones of his hand was broken. He nevertheless courageously finished his speech, but he had to carry his hand in a splint for some time thereafter, and it was a question of weeks before he wholly recovered its use."—New York Tribune.

Quick at a Hint.

Mr. Slyman, the bookkeeper, received a present of $10 from his employer. He expected more and was greatly disappointed. He dropped the money on the floor in the presence of his employer, as if accidentally, and stooped to pick it up.

"Did you find it all?" asked his employer after a few minutes.

"No; I found only $10!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Satisfied Her.

Prospective Bride—I know it's foolish, doctor, but to gratify a natural curiosity will you please let me see the form of service you intend to use in marrying us?

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—It will not be necessary, my dear young woman. I never use the word "obey" in the marriage service.—Chicago Tribune.

A physician calculates that it takes eight times the strength to go up stairs that is required for the same distance on the level.

Chichester cathedral spire is the only one which can be seen from the sea along the coast of Great Britain.

Table Proud People.
Housewives who enjoy sending to the table the daintiest dishes that good materials and skilful cooking can provide—are loudest in their praises of
Keystone
Silver White
Gelatine
not because it costs more than the common kind, but because it does more—being double refined. There is not a table that cannot afford the hundreds of dainty dishes Keystone Silver White Gelatine will provide. There is not a table too good to receive the tempting desserts made from it. It is the kind used in the leading clubs and hotels of America. Is it too good for your table?
If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the most noted chefs. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

Astounding Politeness.

The truck driver is proverbially profane, and when one is discovered who doesn't swear between syllables when his vehicle is jammed in a bunch of other trucks and blocked trolley cars you feel like taking off your hat to him. Down at Second and Chestnut streets one afternoon, when traffic was at its thickest and trucks and cars were lined along both thoroughfares, two truckmen had equal chances of making the crossing. One was coming down Chestnut and the other along Second street.

Had they been ordinary truckmen each would have whipped up, and the chances are that a collision would have resulted. But these two were not ordinary truckmen. With Chesterfieldian grace one waved his arm to the other, inviting him to take precedence. "You first!" shouted the driver, whereupon a messenger boy who had witnessed the remarkable scene gasped and nearly swallowed his cigarette stump. "After you," was the next contribution to this remarkable dialogue. "Wouldn't that jar you?" muttered a motorman, who was standing clanging his bell for all he was worth.

The two truckmen continued to motion for each other to go ahead. "I insist!" shouted one. "Oh, no; I insist!" shouted the other. Finally a policeman interfered. "Say, one o' yous ducks git a move on," he commanded. "This ain't no pink tea." The truckman coming down Chestnut street consented to cross the street, and traffic was gradually resumed.—Philadelphia Record.

A Persistent Poet.

Although R. K. Munkittrick has an enviable reputation as a humorist, yet he is not the quickest man in the world to see a joke when it is played on himself. Mr. Gibson, one of the editors of Puck and also a practical joker, arranged for a special jest to be administered to Mr. Munkittrick.

He had provided a trick telephone which emitted a shower of flour when anybody spoke into it.

When Mr. Munkittrick had arrived, it was suddenly discovered that the paper had gone to press and that his copy was too late. There was only one chance, Mr. Gibson said, and that was to telephone to the printer and tell him to stop the presses until his matter should be set up and inserted. He asked Mr. Munkittrick to go to the phone at once.

Then the staff sat and held their sides, waiting for the explosion. Finally Mr. Gibson rushed to the telephone and found his friend deluged in flour, but still persistently calling "Hello!" through the phone.

He led him back and carefully explained the joke.

When he finished, Munkittrick calmly remarked:

"Still, I think we ought to let the printer know about the copy; don't you?"—Saturday Evening Post.

The Parisian Way.

It must be hard for the untraveled Anglo-Saxon to grasp the idea that a poet can without loss of prestige recite his lines in a public cafe before a mixed audience. If such doubting souls could, however, be present at one of these noctes ambrosianæ, they would quickly realize that the Latin temperament can throw a grace and childish abandon around an act that would cause an Englishman or an American to appear supremely ridiculous. One's taste or sense of fitness is never shocked. It seems the most natural thing in the world to be sitting there with your glass of beer before you while some rising poet whose name ten years later may figure among the "Immortal Forty" recites to you his loves and his ambition or brings tears into your eyes with a description of some humble hero or martyr.—Eliot Gregory in Scribner's.

She Heard It.

The surpliced choir had done its duty for the evening service. But all during the church hours there had been a peculiar sound outside as if a child were crying. In reality it was something the matter with the organ. It could be heard distinctly in the auditorium of the church. When the choir sang the recessional and marched slowly out of the church into the dressing rooms, one of the young ladies among the sopranos asked the woman who takes care of the robes:

"Did you hear that awful squeaking out here?"

"Yes, indeed, mum; I could almost understand the words."

And nothing more was said on the subject.—Detroit Free Press.

THE STAGE MANAGER

SOME OF THE WOES WITH WHICH HE HAS TO WRESTLE.

The Hard Time He Has When He Is Managing For a Repertory Company—The Annoyances That Attend the Numerous Rehearsals.

"The public knows nothing at all of the hardships of a stage manager," confided an actor to a reporter. "Repertory companies generally close their engagements about the middle of May and from that time until the first or middle of August do nothing. Then they begin rehearsals, two a day. It is then that the hardships of the stage manager begin. The whole repertory of the company is thrown upon him in a heap, and he is compelled to sit up into the small hours of the morning preparing the plays for rehearsal the next day. He takes the manuscript as it comes to him. The manager of the company tells him that there are so many ladies, usually three, and so many gentlemen, usually five, to play the drama. But when the stage manager looks into the play he finds eight or ten male characters and possibly four or five female. But of course he is a genius and can fix up such a little thing as that all right. He goes to work. He has one man play two or three parts; another speaks the lines of two or more characters as one. Then he draws his lead pencil through other lines. The play is all cut up and chopped to pieces, but don't blame him. He can't help it. There are only three women and five men to play it.

"He thinks he has done his work well. He lays that play aside and takes up another, using his blue pencil and cutting and doubling up characters as in the first. These two plays are then ready for rehearsal.

"But he has no sooner said this to himself than a low rumbling sound is heard in the east. That is the author of the play turning over in his grave.

"The stage manager puts the hashed up manuscript under his pillow, thinking that will retain his ideas of a masterly production. Actors are all superstitious even in small matters, but that rumbling sound keeps up until daylight. He dreams—dreams many different dreams, but they are all to one point, and that is of his skill in improving upon the author.

"Then he comes to the rehearsal next day a veritable crosspatch. The first rehearsal is slow and monotonous to all concerned. It is a mere reading rehearsal whereby the cast locate their positions and get an idea of the parts they are about to interpret. They usually run through about two or three acts and reserve the rest until after dinner, when they finish that play and start upon another. They have 'first rehearsals' of about three plays and then go back to the first. They are generally called for 10 o'clock, but of course in all communities and organizations there are stragglers who are oblivious to the rights of others. The stage manager is mad. Rehearsal starts. The man who opens the scene comes in at the wrong place, and the stage manager says, 'I told you so and so,' to which the actor replies, 'I forgot.'

"Thus it is all the way through the play. Each actor or actress is troubled with defective memory. The stage manager is mad.

"At the third rehearsal they are expected to know their parts. But no matter how well a person knows his part fully two-thirds of the time he will have to be called when his cue comes. He is off smoking or telling what a hit he has made in such and such a part or is criticising the stage manager's ideas of stage business—in some manner airing his own ideas to the discomfiture of the others.

"And the ladies are always off in the wings, paying no attention to the rehearsal. Their conversation is usually about dress. The stage manager is more annoyed by the nonattention of the ladies than of the gentlemen, for to the ladies he must always be courteous, while to the gentlemen he sometimes uses language which is too pointed to breed respect and good feeling.

"As to the study of the lines, every actor can tell a funny story. They generally study their parts in their rooms at the hotel. Of course they study aloud, and the man in the next room thinks he has a crazy man for a neighbor.

"Soon the opening night comes, and the actors go to the theater to win fresh laurels and each to regulate the others in their respective parts. The first night always goes smoothly.

"There the abominable rehearsals keep up for four weeks whether needed or not. There is only one thing that will arouse the ire of a comedian more than an extra rehearsal after these four weeks are up—that is to have some of his 'horseplay' cut out."—Omaha World-Herald.

Can Hear, but Not See.

"When people read that armies are engaging each other at 2,000 yards distance, they think the combatants can see each other, but they cannot," said an officer. "At that distance it is impossible to distinguish between a man and a horse, and at 1,200 yards, especially where there is any dust, it requires the best kind of eyes to tell infantry from cavalry. At 900 yards the movements become clearer, although it is not until they get within 750 yards of each other that the heads of the columns can be made out with anything like certainty. Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of fieldglasses, for a marching column in dry weather raises a great deal of dust."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Ruling Passion.

Wife (who has been out shopping all day)—Oh, dear, how tired and hungry I am!

Husband—Didn't you have any luncheon in town?

Wife—A plate of soup only. I didn't feel that I could afford to have more.

Husband—Did you find the hat you wanted?

Wife—Oh, yes. It is a perfect dream, John, and it only cost $28.—Collier's Weekly.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1900.

SHARP CRITICISM.

Unless Congressman McCall gets into line in the way of giving some sort of support to President McKinley he ought not to be sent, or expect to be sent, as a delegate to the Republican National Convention. It is all very nice to talk in a poetic sort of a way about a "spirit of manly independence" and all that sort of thing; but men who seek to go as delegates to any organization ought to be men who are in healthy and harmonious accord with the principles and the animus of that organization. Anything short of this is farcical, not to use a harsher term. Support of the Party and the policy of the National Administration is of little account. And yet we are drawing nearer and nearer to what will prove to be one of the most infuriated Presidential contests known to the country for at least a quarter of a century. It is about time political golf players in this State were sent to their proper places—in the rear—and sturdy, honest, wholehearted Republicans summoned to the front and given some encouragement to remain there. Deep down in their hearts the rank and file of the Party in this State are disgusted with monkey-tailed leadership.—*Milford Journal.*

We take the above article from the Arlington *Advocate*, the leading Republican paper in Congressman McCall's District. Judging from what we have lately seen in the Editorial columns of the *Advocate* it is safe to say that the article is endorsed by Mr. Parker. The trouble with McCall is, he has the "big head" in chronic form, which leads him to believe that he knows more than all the rest of the Republican Members of Congress, the Administration, and the Republican Party put together. Of course his idea is an absurd one, but he sticks to it all the same. It is almost always so with men of mediocre abilities.

THE GYPSY MOTH.

Having seen the havoc the moth can accomplish, and having had faith in the ability of science and skill to remedy the evil, we have favored the spending of money to accomplish it; but in view of what has been presented this year we think the sooner the State abandons its campaign against the "Gypsy" the better for her purse and her reputation also.—*Arlington Advocate.*

From the start the WOBURN JOURNAL has claimed that the Gypsy Moth business was a humbug. Events have fully justified that conclusion. One of the most singular things about it has been the annual appropriations made by the Legislature with the proof before them that the money has been spent in vain, for there are infinitely more moths today than when the Commission was appointed.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

General Cronje, after a week's vain attempt to cut his way out, surrendered to General Roberts, commanding the British forces in the Boer war, with his entire force supposed to be about 4,000 men and officers, at 7.45 A. M. last Tuesday morning.

The surrender occurred on the anniversary of the Battle of Majuba Hill, 19 years ago, which ended disastrously to the British.

☞ Our soldier boys in the Philippines must be having a good time. The war, in which the tramping compared to the fighting was as 100 to 1, is over, the tagalogs have given up the contest, Aguinaldo has cleared out of the country, and now the work of our soldiers cannot but be light. With the best kind of a climate to bask in, plenty of good food to eat, and but little to do, they ought to be having a continuous picnic of the most enjoyable description.

☞ Last week's issue of *The Congregationalist* contained the following note: "The tenor of the testimony before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee would seem to show that the enormous sums spent by the State in exterminating the gypsy moth had failed to kill moths and had lined the pockets of the employees of the State Gypsy Moth Commission.

☞ Boston is again indebted to Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, for a remarkably lucid annual summary of the foreign commerce of the second seaport of the United States.—*Boston Journal.*

☞ A few alleged Republicans in this city would like to sidetrack Mr. Wood for the State Senate and are circulating lies with that object in view. But their plans will not work.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dauchy—Jell O.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
James Young—Prob. Notice.
N. R. Richardson—Prob. Notice.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— March came in like a lamb, barring a drizzling rain.

— The Klondike Minstrels made a great hit at Winchester the other night.

— S. of V. held a whist party last Wednesday evening. They are always good.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents At Leathe's.

— The weather during the last four weeks has not fully sustained the woodchuck theory.

— Day before yesterday was Ash Wednesday. Day after tomorrow will be the first Sunday in Lent.

— Joseph W. Huntley & Co., have a new card in this paper which is worth reading. Look it over.

— The Reading A. A. came over last Tuesday evening and played a bowling match with the Towandas.

— Worthley, the optician, will be at his office, Hanson & Co.'s jewelry store, on March 14 and 15 without fail.

— Towanda Club, with pardonable pride, point to the trophy won by them in the Whist Tourney and now on exhibition.

— We don't hear a lisp concerning the Kelley property for the new school house.

— Several members of the Woburn W. C. T. U. attended a convention of the society at Lowell last Wednesday.

— Luckily Mr. A. B. Brooks was not seriously hurt by his team running over him at the West Side the day after the big snowstorm.

— A school vacation is in full feather here. Work will be resumed on March 6. The next vacation will be from May 1 to May 7, inclusive.

— February left and March came in in fairly good temper Thursday morning. There was quite a let up in the severity of the temperature.

— Miss Carrie Whitcher, daughter of Mrs. C. T. Whitcher of Cleveland ave., returned home from the Adirondacks last Saturday evening.

— A large collection of Chinese pictures are on exhibition at the Public Library. They represent the inhabitants, pagodas, etc. of that country.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The fourth annual ball of the French Canadian Club was given in the Auditorium last Monday evening. It was a pronounced and gratifying success.

— James A. Feeney, brother of ex-Mayor John P. Feeney of Woburn, has recently been admitted to the bar, and it is reported that he contemplates practicing in Wakefield.—*Wakefield Item.*

— Gage & Co. have a large and fine stock of clothes for men's spring wear, which Mr. Frederic Flint will take pleasure in exhibiting to the public. No better goods can be found in the country.

— The great Sportsmen's Show now running at Mechanics Building, Huntington ave., Boston, will close on March 10, so those who would see this unique and wonderful exhibition must go soon.

— Varney, the man at the helm of Hanson & Co.'s jewelry store, is pushing things right along and salting something down for a rainy day. Varney is popular in this community and deserves to be.

— Principal Owen and student Bullard of our High School visited the Medford High School last week. Both were well pleased with the visit and returned satisfied with the standing of our own institution.

— At the annual meeting and election of the Nims Battery Association held in Boston last week Capt. Jacob M. Ellis was elected Vice-President. Mrs. Ellis is a member of the organization auxiliary to the Battery Association.

— Druggist Brooks is exactly right when he says (in his advertisement) that "the time to take a blood purifier is now," and of no less importance is his supplementary statement "the kind to take is Woburna," prepared by Brooks himself.

— Copeland & Bowser are still doing business at the old stand, and having a good trade too considering the time of the year. Old Standbys, who deal fairly by the public, always get the cream. Please Read Copeland & Bowser's new ad.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce has an engagement to give his Passion Play at Fall River within a few days. It looks as though he might be subjected to a rush of applications, for it is really one of the finest things of the kind ever presented to the public.

— Eight Woburn young ladies are students at Smith College. Two of them graduate this year, and two are Freshmen. Smith is the foremost Women's College in this Country and Woburn's representation at is praiseworthy and honorable.

— Last Tuesday morning was the coldest of the season. At Waterman Brown's observatory it was 4 below zero at 7 o'clock, and ranged from that figure to 10 below in localities in the city. The weather did not mellow very much during Tuesday.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr, District President of the Epworth League, goes to the Broadway M. E. church, Somerville, next Sunday, in the interest of League work. He has frequent occasion to deliver addresses in Middlesex County, and other, churches.

— Last Saturday evening the City Council committee chosen to confer with the W. G. Co. on the subject of cheaper gas for this city held an informal meeting and laid some plans. The outcome of this movement will be awaited with considerable interest.

— Mrs. Mahern has taken her beautifully hand painted tankard from Miss Callahan's store to the jewelry store of Gillette where it will remain on exhibition until disposed to the person who makes the best guess on the number of beans in the accompanying jar.

— Mr. Ervin Hatch of Button End, just beyond the Stoneham town line, is very sick. He has not been rugged for two years and during the last year has suffered many severe ill turns. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, his son-in-law and daughter, are considerably worried over his condition.

— There was another smart rain Saturday night accompanied by a heavy thunder and sharp lightening near its close. A high wind and a change of temperature followed the clearing off shower, and Sunday, with its cold north wind and frequent snow squalls, was not a real agreeable day.

— The following members of the 4 years course of the High School will graduate in June: Maude West, Claire Jaquith, Isabelle Cutler, Louise Wyman, Edith Smith, Bertha Smith, Lena Harrington, Ethel Bezanson, Myrtle Colson, Isabelle Bowers, Eunice Young, Harriet Runey, Mary Hayward, Bertha Long, Winifred Foley, Louise Hosmer, Laura Hosmer, Sarah Graham, Harold Johnson, William Bixby, Eugene Russell, C. G. Dodge, Edward Bullard, Edwin Dearborn, Otis Ralston, Chester Holland, Ernest Warren.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.
What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Cold Shivery Weather
Makes you catch cold and then a cough follows.
LAMBERT'S COUGH CURE
Cures Coughs and Cold. In handy 25 cents bottles waiting to cure YOU at
JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY & CO'S., Apothecaries,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

— The JOURNAL Block has been undergoing important repairs this week. The elevator got out of gear.

— The new officers of the French Canadian Club are: President, August Frechette; Vice-President, Fred Doucette; Treasurer, Pierre Cote; Financial Secretary, William Doucette; Recording Secretary, William H. Roulo; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harry Muse; Directors, George Doucette, Daniel Doucette, Albert Malonson.

— Mr. Willis E. Buckman, son of Mr. Willis J. Buckman, is carrying on the grocery store at Central Square which the latter lately bought of Mr. T. M. Parker, and is making a fine success of it. Like his father, he knows the business from A to Z and is well calculated in every way to secure and retain a good paying patronage.

— There was no new moon in the month of February last past. This remarkable thing has not happened before in the last 66 years, and therefore is worthy of being made a note of. Some of the business calendars give a new moon on Feb. 28, but they are wrong, for it came at 25 minutes past 6 o'clock Thursday morning, March 1.

— At 7.45 o'clock Thursday evening, March 8, Rev. Ernest Bartlett, a former Woburn resident, will give at First church an account of "What a Tramp Saw in Ireland," finely illustrated with views secured in the Emerald Isle while on a tour through it in his college days. The lecture will be given under the auspices of the Social Benevolent Society.

— We have received from James W. Tufts of Boston some booklets describing and illustrating Pinehurst, N. C., and its advantages as a health and winter resort. Many pictures are given to aid the reader to understand the beauties of that Southern resort, among them a fine view of Holly Inn where our friend, Mr. Winthrop Hammond, is spending the winter delightfully.

— We have been told within a few days that the boulevard spirit is not so rampant as it was six weeks ago. Since the promoters of the scheme have found out that it would cost Woburn a lot of money to have a boulevard over on the backside of Horn Pond they have cooled down quite a good deal. The politicians also have learned that it would make a mighty poor slogan in the next city campaign.

— Fred T. Dow, son of Mrs. A. A. Dow of Arlington Road, of Class 1900 Harvard University, having obtained a leave of absence of two months from his class for the purpose, is now in Porto Rico studying its people, institutions, business, etc. His class and roommate at Harvard is Edward Johnson, son of John W. Johnson, Esq. A younger brother, Julian, is also a student at the old College.

— The wind nearly reached cyclonic strength and speed on Academy Hill last Sunday morning and gave not a little fright to some of the people of that part of the city. In several instances men and women arose from their beds about 11 o'clock and remained sitting in the least exposed rooms until 3 o'clock Sunday morning. It was described the next day as a great blow, but no damage was reported.

— Miss Elizabeth J. Callahan left here last Tuesday for New York City for the purpose of studying the spring styles in millinery goods and shapes and making selections for her spring business. She is one of the most popular and successful milliners in this city. When she left it was her intention to go to Norfolk, Va., and visit her brother, Dr. Joseph F. Callahan, who is connected with a hospital in that city.

— The Ladies of the North Church are making strenuous efforts to have the Social and Icecream Carnival on Friday evening, March 9, the best of the season. Home made candies, ice cream and cake on sale. During the evening will be presented a Wand Drill by 20 young ladies. Those who know say it will be the finest thing ever presented in the village. Please bear in mind the distance from the Centre to the North Village is no greater than from the North Village to the Centre, and the electrics pass the church every half hour. Admission 15 cents.

— Receipt of the news of the unconditional surrender of General Cronje, the brave and gallant Boer commander, to Field Marshal Roberts at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, Feb. 7, the 19th anniversary of the great Boer victory over the British at Majuba Hill, had but slight effect on the equinimity of the people in this city, who are pretty evenly divided on the merits of the South African war.

— President Elliot of Harvard University has not yet completed the inscriptions for the tablets on the Count Rumford monument, but is expected to do so within a few days. Some time ago he finished the writings but subsequently recalled them for recast and improvement. By good rights the unveiling ought to be postponed to warm weather to afford opportunity for an outdoor celebration.

— The capacity of the tannery of the American Hide & Leather Company formerly the Dow factory is to be doubled in the near future. This and other indications point to a determination on the part of the Company not only to remain and do business here but to increase it. Some have feared that leather making would be entirely withdrawn under the new proprietorship, but this does not look as though such were to be the case.

— Mrs. Lewis's 13th musicale was given by her pianoforte pupils in Odd Fellows Hall last Wednesday evening. It was called a pianoforte recital, and proved to be a gratifying success. There were present about 150 persons. The pupils performed their parts in the finest manner possible and gave great satisfaction to their teacher and the audience. Mrs. Lewis and Percyval Lewis played four numbers of Norwegian Dances. The Scholars engaged in the recital were: Nellie Reynolds, Francis Partridge, Harri Leathe, Ralph Hyde, Beatrice Cogan, Ruby Graham, Helen Delano, Stella Eames, Clara Langill, Annie Scalley, Mildred Gillette, Arthur Jones, Avis Hill, Quincy Brackett.

— In matter and manner nothing has ever been given on a Woburn platform equal to the reproduction of the Passion Play by Mr. Elmore A. Pierce at the Auditorium last Sunday evening. That it was the finest literary and pictorial piece of work ever enjoyed in this city was the unanimous verdict of the large and cultivated audience. The address, or story, told what the Passion Play is, and the admirably handled stereopticon views illustrated the text, or each scene, of the play exactly as they will appear this summer on the Ober-Ammergau stage. The production involved a great deal of labor and money on the part of Mr. Pierce and the result was a splendid entertainment from every point of view.

— We regret that an interesting letter from Capt. L. E. Hanson of Co. B, 43d Regiment, was received too late for publication this week. It will appear in the next issue of the JOURNAL. It is dated "On Board of Salvadora, Bay of Lorsogan, South Luzon, January 21, 1900," and mailed on the 26th of Jan Capt. Hanson gives many important facts concerning himself and the "boys" and many pen pictures of the Philippines and their splendid scenery. At the date of writing he had just recovered from a not very serious ill turn. To comfort those who have male relatives in the Philippine service, we repeat these words found in the Captains's letter: "This talk about everybody getting knocked out by the weather here is, I believe, all rot."

— On Friday, Feb. 23, the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 84, held their meeting. After the ordinary business was transacted the Corps was addressed on "Vivisection" by Anna Sargent Turner, who spoke to the members of Corps 161, on the evening of Feb. 13, on the same subject. It is not only dumb beasts who suffer from vivisectional operations but those who deliberately torture the helpless are thereby degraded and made heartless. Our daily papers have been giving us accounts of a man who has just murdered his wife by sticking a hatpin, or some such instrument, through her heart. This man tried similar experiments on fowl and small animals first, and we can be sure that the sight of their pain which he had purposely inflicted, hardened his heart against all thought of pity for his wife. It is not a sentimental consideration which makes people oppose vivisection but the knowledge that all such experiments re-act on the members of our own race. On the other hand, we find that children, taught to play kindly with living animals and to respect their rights are thereby made to realize the claims of all helpless creatures to their protection, whether those defenceless ones be beasts or members of the human family. The poet had this idea when he wrote:

"He prayeth well that loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best that loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—X.

— Mr. Mathew Henchy, one of Woburn's oldest residents died Wednesday at the age of 77. He has been a resident of this city since 1848, and was well known here as a stonemason and contractor. One son, William H., survives him.

City Council.

The Board held a meeting Tuesday evening, Feb 27.

Elmore A. Pierce and Thomas H. Creighton were drawn as jurors. The annual report of the Cemetery Commissioners ask for authority to purchase land on the northerly side of Woodbrook for the purpose of enlarging the burial ground. The Commissioners, according to the report, have a fund of $43,593.80. A petition from John A. McLean and others for the laying out and acceptance of Hart Place as a public way was referred to the Committee on Highways. The Woman's Club asked that fountains be so filled that small animals may drink therefrom; referred. Notice was given that Mayor Davis nominated the Rev. Doremus Scudder as Trustee of the Public Library for three years, and S. Franksford Trull as Cemetery Commissioner for five years. Both nominations were unanimously confirmed. Alderman Brackett offered an order asking the Finance Committee to report an order for a loan of $15,000 to be expended on the improvement of Arlington Road, Pleasant and Water streets and Lake Avenue, conditional on the action of the Metropolitan Commission in extending parkway improvements to that section of the city, as has been petitioned for by the City Council. The naming of the plot at the junction of Salem and Beach streets was laid over till the first meeting in April, when a hearing on the matter will be given. The appropriation list passed its second stage without dissent.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist. Guaranteed.

School Committee.

At the meeting of the School Committee last Tuesday evening the resignation of Miss Mary E. Briggs, teacher of the Plympton school, was accepted. Mrs. Dora T. Hyde and Miss Lillian F. Graves applied for positions as teachers in the Grammar and Primary Grades, respectively. State Inspector of Public Buildings John T. White sent a communication stating that the third floor of the High School building is not safe for the assembly of 280 persons, nor the class rooms safe for 75 persons without better provisions for egress. The report was made as the result of expert opinion in the matter. According to the report of the Superintendent of Schools, the mid-year promotions numbered 164, divided among the schools as follows: Cambridge, 1; Cedar, 0; Cummings, 23; Highland, 34; Johnson, 3; Laurence, 13; Main, 6; Montvale 14; Plympton, 5; Morse, 17; Rumford, 7; Union, 20; Wyman, 21. Of the total number 75 had completed the work of the grade in five months, 13 in 10 months, 76 in 15 or more months. The Board designated the committee on buildings to consult with the city council on matters pertaining to the proposed High School building. Miss Maude F. McGrath was granted permission to continue special studies in the High School.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Want to Fight.

"Discontent is growing among the 1500 recruits at Fort Slocum." And what do you suppose that this "discontent" is about? Why, at the closing of the war and the vanishing of a chance to see active service! Nearly a hundred of these recruits have lately deserted because, as they say, they "fear that they will not be sent abroad but kept in this country to garrison inland forts." Let us see—how long ago was it that certain anti-imperialists were hotly protesting that the United States would have to resort to a draft to raise soldiers for the Philippines?—*Boston Journal.*

A. R. DeFluent, editor of the *Journal*, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

National Conventions.

We give below the dates of the several National conventions this year and advise that the item be made a note on. Republicans will meet in Philadelphia June 19; the Populists in Sioux Falls, S. D., May 9, and the Middle-of-the-Road Populists in Cincinnati also May 9; the Prohibitionists in Chicago June 27, and the Democrats in Kansas City, July 4.

THE BEST
Clothing
is that which best meets these five requirements:
Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

From Sunny Lands.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
February 19, 1900.

2 P. M. Pacific time.
5 P. M. Eastern "

MR. HOBBS: It was very kind in you to take time to read any scribble that a member of our rushing, driving party, could get together. These things must be tiresome to newspaper men, who are almost as busy, at all hours, as that most industrious class in the world—the Public School Teacher.

Our Woburn people have received one copy of the JOURNAL and one of the *News* since we reached the Golden State. You must pardon that member of our eighteen who deprived the masculine side of our universe of being brother to the Sun; if it had only been the Moon it would have been all right; but the Sun is different. This is an age of Woman's advancement and ideal expansion, hence the divergence of the usual ruling.

In San Francisco, if one is bent on sight seeing, it is easy to get your pound of flesh. It is much more solid in its construction than Los Angeles, although the residence part of the city is largely of wood. The parks and gardens are beautiful with blossoming shrubs and flowers; violets, pansies and ripening strawberries are seen upon every hand in the fields; but we miss the lovely summer roses of Southern California. In Los Angeles one wearies of the continuous sunshine. For tally-ho or electric rides there is no need to say, "we will go if it is pleasant," for no clouds come over the brightness of their blue sky, much as they wish for rain. Two of us went to see Mr. Charles Carrol at his place of business the other day to enquire for Miss Nellie Ash whom we used to know in Woburn years ago. We intend to see her this afternoon Others of our party have been to see Mr. John Brown who has been here several years in the same line of trade as he conducted in Woburn.

In Portsmouth Square in this city stands the Robert Louis Stevenson drinking fountain, unveiled in 1897. It was in this Square that Stevenson, in sunny days, used to sit so many hours to receive inspirations that found their way into print from his overflowing heart of love for little children. It was on the spot where the fountain stands that the flag was raised when California was proclaimed a part of the United States in 1846. It seems strange indeed that the Chinese quarter should occupy the streets about Portsmouth Square, in the heart of the city. The New Year of this strange people is now about its close (from January 20 to Feb. 20). Our visit there the other morning would easily persuade us to vote for a most stringent emigration law. Yesterday on our way to church we saw a Chinese funeral; along the route slips of paper an imitation of Chinese money were strewn to keep off the bad spirits. The mourners wore white with red ribbon: baked meats, fruits, cakes, tea etc., were on the coffin, and they tell us are left on the grave.

The fogs here play strange capers, coming in often very heavy and disappearing at a certain hour in a moment of time, when the sun comes out in summer warmth.

The street car service is cable, electric and a few horse cars. As the city is built upon more than a dozen hills the cable is much used.

We saw the other day on Strawberry Hill (426 feet high they told us) the Child's Monument, a massive cross erected by George W. Childs of Philadelphia to commemorate the preaching of the first gospel sermon on that spot in the English tongue. We visited the Y. M. C. A., building and inquired for Mr. Clarence Littlefield of Woburn who is a member there. We were treated most cordially. The building is very large and an ornament to the section it occupies.

The saloons and theatres are open Sunday evening and in a full blaze of light. There are many. We passed them last evening as we went to a Christian Endeavor meeting, and the subject under consideration was, "Temperance and the Saloon!" It is the same old question; "What is to be done about it?" There were light showers today.

Very truly yours,
JENNIE E. SKINNER.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

King Menelik piously desire to live at peace with all the world. Meanwhile a vigorous sharpening of knives is quietly going on in Abyssinia.

Mayor Lacoste of Havana has rescinded the order prohibiting the public display of the Spanish flag.

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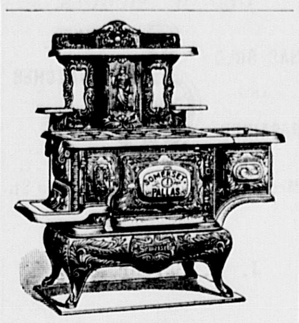
If You Want the Best
BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS
One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.
C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Well Merited Praise.

Feb. 26, 1900.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL: Your editorial on "The Huskin Bee," necessarily penned before the entertainment materialized, did not do our young friends half justice, although you gave them a good sendoff as usual.

In spite of the extremely inclement weather Music Hall was packed and financially the "Huskin Bee" was an entire success.

The bewitching little sketch entitled "Six to One" which preceded the "Huskin" was one of the finest of its kind ever presented in this city. The parts, without exception, were taken admirably well. The daintily blending gowns, and the perfectly free and easy manner of the young ladies, entirely annihilated the usual dead and "stagey" effect of this style of interior. In fact it would be difficult to find six more accomplished and charming young ladies than Misses Evans, Winn, Stetson, Dow, Bryant and Skinner.

Mr. Cutler carried off his part with that extreme ease and self-forgetfulness very rarely shown even among the best amateurs. He has proven himself a star in this line. As the curtain fell he was handed a beautiful bunch of Carnations, presented by the young ladies of the cast in appreciation of his kind and painstaking efforts in making "Six to One" a success.

During the evening The Highland Orchestra furnished a very fine entertainment in the musical line. They are to be highly complimented for the exceedingly pleasing manner in which they always acquit themselves and for their up-to-date selections.

The "Huskin," was superb. This mirth provoking bit of comedy kept the house laughing steadily the remainder of the evening. Hardly a member of the cast could have been improved upon. I shall remember the evening as one of the most enjoyable I have ever spent.

We owe these busy young people a vote of thanks for the spare hours which they have spent in order to so royally entertain us on the evening of Washington's Birthday.

A PLEASURE SEEKER.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

Last week the pastor attended a convention at Fitchburg.

Next Sunday evening the monthly service of praise will be given.

Feb. 22, Rev. and Mrs. Kron participated in a concert in the Boston church.

Special sermons on the passion of Christ during lent Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

The Lutheran church now numbers 65 millions, being a little more than half of the Protestant strength.

The choir netted a neat sum from its concert in Wakefield last Saturday evening. The home trip from Reading was enlivened with singing.

The indications are, that the concert of the choir, March 15th will be well attended. The tickets are selling easily. The members have worked very faithfully, and considering the short time the choir has practised, its singing is indeed a marvel; so say the critics.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBUR

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy
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you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.
Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

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351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Advice to Literary Aspirants.

In submitting manuscript for publication in a magazine, the placing of the author's full name and address at the head of the first sheet, and the inclosing of return postage, are universally accepted by editors as sufficiently indicating the fact that the article is to be paid for if it is published, or to be returned to the author if it is not acceptable. Letters are usually sent with manuscripts, but are really superfluous unless some special explanation is necessary. A price should not be put upon a manuscript unless the author has positively decided not to accept any smaller amount.—*March Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Boers at Paardeberg Drift were outnumbered by the British probably five to one, and excessive rejoicing over a victory secured by such odds argues rather a light estimate of the qualities of British soldiers.

The persistence of the heir apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary in marrying beneath his rank introduces another awkward complication into political conditions already sufficiently confused.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes made a speech at Kimberley on Saturday on the causes of the war, the most noticeable feature of which was his failure to recognize the fact that he himself was one of the chief causes.

The old adage that politics makes strange bedfellows is illustrated anew in the anti-Democratic coalition ticket in Louisiana, which is made up of two Democrats, three Republicans and two Populists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Luxury and Sacrifice. Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M. Friday, at 4.30 P. M., the Minister's Class.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Elevation of Thought and Life," followed by Reception of New Members. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Ever Learning, Never Knowing." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "Enduring to the End."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday in Lent.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "God's Holiness and Man's Sin."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching: "God's and Man's Thoughts."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M, Sewing Circle.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—1st Sunday in Lent. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Fall of Satan."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.15 P. M., Service of Song.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Subject: "Woe to the Man by Whom Offence Cometh."
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Feb. 20, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James A. Hurley and Abigail (Keleher) Walsh, both of Woburn.

In this city, Feb. 21, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Michael McMahon of Lynn, and Catherine A. Sheehan of Woburn.

In this city, Feb. 21, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Frank P. Callahan and Catherine Granfield, both of Woburn.

In Chelsea, Feb. 22, by Rev. Philip Israelite, Simon Rauth of Woburn and Rebecca Friedman of Chelsea.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

✓ In this city, Feb. 25, Frank H., son of Michael and Annie A'Hearn, aged 2 years, 4 months, 6 days.

✓ In this city, Feb. 26, Cecelia, daughter of Owen and Mary Cullen, aged 7 years, 10 months, 8 days.

✓ In this city, Feb. 28, Matthew Henchy, aged 77 years.

✓ Mrs. Louise Sawyer, wife of Capt. J. W. Sawyer, former resident of North Woburn for eighteen years, died at her home, 83 Mountain ave., Revere, Mass., very suddenly of apoplexy, Monday evening, Feb. 26. Funeral was from her home Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 28th, at 2 o'clock. Interment in Woodlawn.

Do you intend making a Wrapper or Shirt Waist for the coming season?

If you do we would call your attention to our lines of Percales, Calico, and Ginghams. Pretty styles are always desirable in these goods and we have a variety in the best quality of wash fabrics. The prices are as low as the quality will allow.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Notes From the Public Library.

During the last month the cases containing the card catalogue have been moved into the Alcove hall, which gives more room and is more convenient. All the books in the Library are catalogued by author and subject with cross reference and analytical cards. By this system students and others can more readily find the various works on the same subjects which they may wish to consult.

The death of Ruskin and Blackmore so near together, of the same generation and race, has called new attention to their works. Ruskin was a voluminous writer; he gave his thought to many subjects; while a large part of all that he treats concerns some scene of beauty or some work of fine art. There is a charm about his rhetoric that is every where acknowledged, and one delights in reading his musical sentences. His most valuable and best known works are, "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice." Blackmore will always be remembered by "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine" and "Maid of Sker."

New and interesting books added are, "The Story of Brook Farm" by Lindsay Swift, which is an account of the social experiment tried in 1841 in West Roxbury. This work gives a biographical and critical account of the distinguished persons associated with it. The subject is of lasting interest since it not only involves the lives and works of such eminent Americans, but throws so clear a light on the conditions of that intellectual and social unrest in New England at that time.

"Fisherman's Luck," by Van Dyke, is a book on nature and cannot fail to interest all lovers of outdoor life; it breathes the odors of the green fields, and shows the magic charm of the woods and rivers.

"A Century of Science," by John Fiske, is a collection of essays on various subjects, an important one being on the scientific conquest achieved in the nineteenth century, which the author says, is a marvellous story without any parallel in the history of human attainment. Many lessons may be derived from this fact, but the one to be especially emphasized is, that the creature whose intelligence measures the pulsations of molecules and unravels the secret of the whirling nebula, is no creature of a day, but a child of the universe, the heir of all the ages, in whose making and perfecting is to be found the consummation of God's creative work.

"Passing of the Empires," by Prof. Maspero, is the third and last volume of his great work on the history of the Oriental world from the earliest time to the victories of Alexander the Great; it contains hundreds of illustrations in the highest style and drawn from many sources.

Abraham Lincoln, in two volumes, by Ida Tarbell, is a valuable addition to our Lincolniana. The new material collected will add considerably to our knowledge of Lincoln's life. No attempt has been made to cover the history of Lincoln's times, only as it may serve to trace the development of his mind, and illustrate his moral qualities. It is Lincoln the man, as seen by his fellows and revealed by his own acts and words, that the author has tried to picture.

The last two of the Statesman series, Charles Francis Adams and Charles Sumner, complete the set of twenty-five volumes. These are remarkable in the amount of valuable information contained, uniform in size, attractive in binding, and engravings. The series begins with Benjamin Franklin, the first great American. The principle having been to make such a list of men in public life whose aggregation would give the history, growth and development of the United States from the beginning of that agitation which led to the Revolution, and on through the Civil War.

Other books are "Recollections of an old Musician," recalling the local history of the musical life of the Mendelsshon Quintette Club, so popular in Boston at one time; "How women may earn a living;" "Domestic science and household arts;" "Life of Russell H. Conwell." "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and other literary estimates," by Frederic Harrison.—E. F. P.

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O, after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

When Sarah Cowell LeMoyne, who will be remembered for her work as Mrs. Lorrimer in "The Moth and the Flame," and the Duchess de Coutras in "Catherine," makes her first appearance here as a star in "The Greatest Thing in the World," she will have the support of as fine a company of American players as has been gathered together this season. The cast shows the names of two of the best known and most popular leading men in the profession today. The rest of the players are all familiar and almost everyone is at the head of his respective line of business. In Katherine Grey, Mrs. LeMoyne has secured probably the best leading ingenue in the country, while Frederick DeBelleville, late leading man with Mrs. Fiske, Robert Edeson, the original "Little Minister" with Maude Adams, Verner Clarges, long leading support of Jefferson; Walter Thomas and Hope Ross, the clever juveniles whose work was a feature of William Gillette's "Secret Service;" Harriet Sterling, Edwin James and Ethel Brooke Ferguson go to make up a truly notable company. The old days when theatrical stars were accustomed to shine by contrast with unknown players have apparently passed away and Mrs. LeMoyne's managers are evidently not afraid of surrounding her with as brilliant a cast as can be obtained. She will be seen in her new play at the Tremont Theatre, next Monday evening, March 5.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

The Paris Temps says that the period of calm following the assassination of Senator Goebel of Kentucky proves that "the United States is a great and extraordinary country."

Gen. Guy V. Henry deserved well of his country, and if a movement is set on foot to raise a fund for his widow it will have strong claims upon the liberality of the American people.

The National Senate has joined the House in striking the property qualification for the franchise out of the **Hawaiian bill.**

Literary Notices.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for March has a flavor of romance in its historical articles. Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker has come upon a treasure of material concerning the French Revolution and a plot whereby the French royal family was to find refuge in the United States. Her paper is entitled The Marie Antoinette Houses in the United States, and contains portraits and views of New England houses associated with the name of the unfortunate queen. In The Amistad Captives Miss Ellen Strong Bartlett recalls the story of an old conflict between Spain and America some sixty years ago when the escape of a band of negroes from the Spanish schooner *L'Amistad* involved our nation in one of the most famous lawsuits in its annals. Portraits of some of these negroes still exist and are reproduced in the article. English History in Winchester Cathedral is the theme of Professor Marshall S. Snow's scholarly work. The Rome of Tacitus is admirably pictured by Miss Bessie Keyes Hudson. . . . . . There is an interesting description by Mrs. Pauline Carrington Bouve of the town of New Ipswich, N. H. The illustrative views include pictures of notable old home and portraits of well-known residents. The subject of The Education of the Feeble-Minded is treated at the hands of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells with rare judgment and sympathy. The Package of Old Love Letters, copied and edited by Miss C. Alice Baker, are from the famous Prince collection, comprising several amatory epistles written at the period of Philip's War by Rev. Richard Bourne of Sandwich to a certain widow of Marshfield whom he afterward married. There is a bright little story entitled The Bomb of an Anarchist, by Miss Alice Ames Winter, while several of the poems are particularly note worthy The Editor's Table deals with Grotius's great book on The Rights of War and Peace, which was a work of such commanding influence among the pioneer efforts to establish international law and organize the world WARREN F. KELLOGG, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Chief of Police McIntosh has had another hard time with the grip.

The condition of Charles E Sanderson is reported as greatly improved.

The Epiphany Circle met Monday evening at Mrs. Johnson's, Fenwick road.

The thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero Monday morning in the centre.

The question of 8 hours for a day's work will be voted on at the Town Meeting. It will probably win.

At the meeting of the Fortnightly, Monday, papers were read by Club members on "Holland, the Garden of Europe."

At the Bethany chapel, Monday evening, the Rev. George H. Gutterson spoke on "The Religious Customs of India."

Many members of the French-Canadian Club of this town attended the ball given Monday evening in the Woburn Auditorium.

The Democratic Town Committee consists of: John T. Cosgrove, Chairman; W. L. Tuck, Secretary; M. E. O'Leary, Treasurer.

Wedgemere Colony 134, U. O. P F., gave an entertainment and dance last evening, which were largely attended. The principal attraction was the Klondike minstrels of Woburn.

Tramps are thick and annoying. During January and February over 500 of them have had lodging by the town authorities. If the Town would refuse to lodge them, and the people to feed them, the tramp nuisance would soon disappear.

The dancing party given Monday evening by Wedgemere Colony, 134, U. O. P. F., was managed as follows: Floor Director, Thomas J. Holland; Assistant, A. J. Mullen; Aids, J. F. McNally, Harry Brodeur, I. R. Libby, J. H. Holland, Harry Kelley, Mary Sullivan, Mary Holland, Nora McNally.

The following are the regularly nominated candidates for town officers: Selectmen, Lewis C. Pattee, Nathan H. Taylor, James J. Fitzgerald, James P. Boutwell, Edward F. Jones; Assessors, three years, John T. Cosgrove; Cemetery Commissioner, five years, Henry J. Winde; Park Commissioner, three years, Allen C. A. Chamberlain.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth —D S. MEARKLE. General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by Huntley & Co, Druggists.

They have made Jefferson Davis's birthday a legal holiday in Virginia "Men of all parties in the Legislature voted for it."

THE TIME TO TAKE A BLOOD PURIFIER

Is Now.

THE KIND TO TAKE IS

Woburna

75c, PER BOTTLE.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Mr. Van Wyck, the Mayor of New York, has discovered that the "Government is now advocating a treaty with England which will make us subordinate to the Queen and the British Empire." Oh!

From the St. Louis point of view, the trouble with the Chicago Drainage Canal is too much sewage. But for the purposes of navigation of the Chicago River the trouble seems to be too much water.

That Spanish criticism of Admiral Sampson's handling of the sinking Cristobal Colon would be more impressive if the officer who makes it had not been forty miles away when the crack cruiser surrendered.

To judge from the present attitude of several Senators on the Quay case, precedents do not count for so much in the Senate as has been generally supposed.

New England congratulates Senator Frye on the successful reporting of the great shipping bill which bears his name.

Representative Overstreet of Indiana, who has just been nominated for a fourth term in Congress, well deserves the honor.

Kansas City seems to think that a Fourth of July celebration and a Democratic convention are too much to swallow at once.

It seems likely that the beautiful Washington Monument opened to the public in Methuen last week will be an irresistible attraction to visitors.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Gordon Parker's drug store.

Looking Out For Alma Mater.

No doubt the casual observer has often noticed how unceasingly bequests flow into the treasuries of certain universities, but he may not know that the alumni of those institutions, particularly the lawyers, have it always on their minds to secure, or at least to suggest, bequests.

One of these men, a prominent corporation lawyer of this city, was speaking of the custom the other day. He explained that a lawyer and his client usually sit down to talk over the general subject of a will. If the client has more than enough money to meet the actual needs of his family, he commonly says something of charitable or educational institutions, generally in a vague way, which makes it quite natural for his lawyer to suggest as a definite object his own alma mater. The lawyer referred to had himself secured several bequests, one of them for the sum of $500,000. "But," said he, smiling, "a young lawyer in my office has just cut me out of $100,000, which he put in a will for his own alma mater. It was a very good stroke on his part, the more so because our respective universities have been bitter athletic rivals for years."—New York Mail and Express.

Rather Cold Blooded.

Of the tactics of infantry there is no end, but there are some simple rules for the individual foot soldier to remember when lost in the chaos of battle. If you cannot bayonet your enemy, shoot him. If he goes away, aim at the base of his spine. But do not let your attention be distracted from business by the consideration that other people are making a mark of you. It is your duty to kill the highest possible number of those opposed to you, not to save your own skin.—"How Soldiers Fight," by F. Norreys-Connell.

Good Cheer.

"Now tell me, doctor, candidly, is there anything really the matter with my wife?"

"Yes. Her vocal cords are sadly affected. I'm afraid she may lose her voice."

"Say, drop in on your way back from the office and chat awhile, will you? Things have been going badly with me lately and it's so comforting to hear you talk."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Russian does not become of age until he is 26.

Do You Agree with This?

Healthy, happy children are a delight to the home in the same degree that sickly ones cause anxiety. Every child is entitled to everything his parents can do to give him a healthy start in life. This is a duty which does not sufficiently impress itself upon the majority of parents until the child of weak constitution is attacked by some acute malady and dies. In the care of our children there is no physician whose advice will help so much as that of Dr. Greene, the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervura, nor which can be so easily secured. Dr. Greene may be consulted free of all cost, either by personal call at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by letter through the mail. All who have ailing children, or children not robust from any cause, should take them to Dr. Greene for his advice, or write to him without delay. This eminent specialist has had such wide experience with the ills of humanity, discovered so many curative remedies, that his advice and skill are valuable beyond price. Yet his advice is free.

THE QUEER CRUSTACEAN.

Interesting Characteristics of Lobsters and Turtles.

Lobsters, when young and frivolous, change their shells several times a year, but as they grow older and, presumably, more sedate they are content with a new suit every summer. The lobster is his own tailor, and persons who have watched the process say that the difficulty seems to lie in getting rid of the old garb and not in fitting the new. First he is attacked by a series of convulsions lasting for several days. During these a faint line of breakage appears down the middle of the back, which gradually grows broader with every spasm. The headpiece is the first to break entirely, and suddenly a violent effort enables the lobster to withdraw his head, leaving the larger part of his eyes in the shell. After a rest of a few hours the struggle begins again, and the shoulders, or large claws, emerge, with effort so exhausting that nearly a day is required for recuperation.

During this time he presents a curious spectacle, with head and body completely out of the shell and only the tail inclosed. Then the convulsive movements are resumed, and shell by shell the tail covering is loosened, until, with violent struggles, the tail is free, and the lobster, looking as if he had been boiled, lies down for a sleep of two or three days.

The new suit grows with great rapidity and fits in perfect tailor made style, literally molded to the form.

Like the crab, which is most esteemed when "soft shelled," that is, at precisely this period, which is similar in both, the lobster is regarded by epicures as especially delicious when thus denuded of his shell covering, but as he hides carefully among the rocks he is seldom procurable.—New York Tribune.

AN EXAMPLE OF NERVE.

Warden McClaughry's Experience With an Almost Escaped Prisoner.

"Speaking of nerve," said one of the detectives at headquarters, "reminds me of Chief McClaughry of Chicago. He used to be warden at the state penitentiary down in Joliet, and he had the reputation of being the coolest man in Illinois. He was as shifty as any of the men he had to handle and as quick and calm about it as a regular Sherlock Holmes. Nothing could feaze him.

"One day McClaughry was sitting in his office at just about the time the men were being marched back to their cells from work. He was alone. There was a sound behind him, and, whirling round, he saw a convict who had passed the guard in some way creeping toward him with an ugly looking iron bar in his hand.

"'Don't you stir!' the man whispered. 'I'm going to get out of this if I have to kill you to do it.'

"'Oh,' McClaughry said, 'I thought you were going tomorrow!' The man stared at McClaughry and grunted, 'Wot?' McClaughry simply looked at him as though he didn't care much and said: 'They sent up your dismissal papers this afternoon, that's all. You've been such a model prisoner all the time that they decided to commute your sentence. You can go all right enough if you want to. You're not my prisoner any more. If you want to see your papers—why, I think—they're here in—in the drawer'— And before the poor fool could lift the bar to strike McClaughry had snapped a revolver out of the desk and leveled it at his head."—New York Sun.

Neither Saved Nor Earned.

Railroad people have an arrangement by which they can register the speed of a train. It looks like a steam gauge and is connected with the axle, so that the pointer registers the number of revolutions every minute. There are so many revolutions to the mile, and by an ingenious arrangement the number of miles an hour is shown upon the dial. The apparatus is expensive as well as delicate.

The late Jay Gould was one of the first to adopt it, and shortly after a register was placed in his private car Russell Sage was making a journey with him and inquired what it was. Mr. Gould explained the mechanism and the usefulness of the machine with great care. Mr. Sage was silent for a moment and then, looking up, inquired:

"Does it earn anything?"

"No; I think not," said Mr. Gould, with a smile.

"Does it save anything?"

"No."

"Then I would not have it in my car."—Chicago Record.

The Road to Success.

There is a mistaken notion that success in life is achieved only by hard effort. An "education" is not necessary to become successful in life, beyond thorough familiarity with the rudiments. An education comes to an industrious man as naturally as age. Ability to deliver orations is not necessary. Industry and honesty, which are easier than idleness and dishonesty, will achieve success for any man of ordinary ability. Success is easier than failure. Success seldom comes at once; it is a matter of years of good conduct and intelligent work.—Atchison Globe.

Shooting Stars.

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, once told an audience that any one who took the trouble to lie on his back on the ground and gaze at a clear night sky would, as his eyes became accustomed to the heavens, soon perceive numbers of shooting stars.

Jerrold's Wit.

The English have been accused for so long of dullness in their humor that several stories related of the eminent wit Douglas Jerrold may not be out of place as showing that the charge is sometimes untrue. It appears that at a dinner one gentleman who had been eating a dish of sheep's head with great gusto exclaimed as he laid down his knife and fork, "Sheep's head forever, say I!" "There's egotism," said Jerrold.

Sometimes, through a joke, Jerrold conveyed good advice or a word of warning. He was enjoying a drive one day with a jovial spendthrift behind a pair of grays. "Well, what do you think of my grays?" asked his impecunious friend. "To tell you the truth," replied Jerrold, "I was thinking more of your duns."

When He Turned Jap.

A humorous touch in connection with Lafcadio Hearn's naturalization as a Japanese was the reduction of his professional salary from 150 to 50 yen a month. As a foreigner he drew a larger salary than the native instructors, but at the dinner in celebration of his change of nationality the president of the university rose and observed that now that Professor Hearn had become one of them the last insidious distinction would be removed by cutting down his salary. And the American born professor tried to look as though he enjoyed it.

Easy to Beat Hotels.

"Hotel men give out that they warn each other by circulars about deadbeats," said the slick looking man with the high hat, "but don't you let that stop you if you want to live high for a week. Few men like to publish the fact that they have been done up. It's the easiest thing in the world to beat a first class hotel. All you want is a good suit of clothes and plenty of cheek. A grip with a few shirts and collars is as good as a trunk.

"You drive up in style; you register to get the best room in the house; you bulldoze the clerks and threaten the servants. A checkbook is a good thing to show, but you pay for nothing. You talk in a loud voice, you make plenty of kicks, and you order the best wines for dinner. Lands, but the whole staff of the house will fall over each other to make it pleasant for you! You don't pay the first week's bill. On the contrary, you are indignant and demand an apology. When the second week is due, your drafts have not come.

"You will be worked out of the house, but with gentleness and apologies. They don't want a row, and they don't want notoriety. You'll be forgiven if you'll only go, and if you take up your quarters for the next two weeks right across the street no one from the hotel will give you away. When a man beats us, we like to see him beat our neighbor, you know. It's nice and genteel work, with no kicks or hard times, and there is always room for one more in the profession."—Detroit Journal.

Carried Her Point and Pet.

It is said by a cynic of the masculine gender that a man never yields when he knows he is in the right nor a woman when she is equally certain she is in the wrong. In an Amsterdam avenue car the other day, while the conductor was forward collecting fares, a woman, followed by a large English bulldog, entered and seated herself.

"Madam," said the conductor, "dogs are not allowed in these cars."

"I am going to Fifty-seventh street. Here is my fare," was the answer.

"I cannot take it, madam. It is as much as my position is worth to let that dog ride in this car."

"Here is my fare."

"I must enforce the rule. It would be better to get off quietly; otherwise I shall have to call an officer."

"I've taken the dog in these cars before."

"Only dogs that can be carried are allowed to ride in these cars."

"Come, darling, get in mother's lap," she said to the beast, and after considerable effort she succeeded in dragging "darling" upon her knees. She flashed a look of scorn at the conductor and exclaimed, "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"—New York Herald.

A Question of Clocks.

Which is the best, a clock that is right only once a year, or a clock that is right twice every day? "The latter," you reply, "unquestionably."

Very good, reader; now attend. I have two clocks; one doesn't go at all and the other loses a minute a day, which would you prefer? "The losing one," you answer, "without a doubt."

Now observe. The one which loses a minute a day has to lose 12 hours, or 720 minutes, before it is right again; consequently it is only right once in two years, whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to come round, which happens twice a day. So you've contradicted yourself once. "Ah, but," you say, "what's the use of its being right twice a day, if I can't tell when the time comes?"

Why, suppose the clock points to 8 o'clock, don't you see that the clock is right at 8 o'clock? Consequently when 8 o'clock comes your clock is right. "Yes, I see that," you reply.

Very good; then you've contradicted yourself twice. Now get out of the difficulty as you can, and don't contradict yourself again if you can help it."—"Lewis Carroll Picture Book."

How He Discovered Her.

"Yes," said a noted detective, "I have seen a great many queer things in my experience."

"Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer.

"Well, I should say so," was the reply. "But, between you and me, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman, young, pretty and, I would have sworn, an angel."

"But she wasn't?"

"I should say not. She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets wild the very earth seems to shake."

"Good gracious! And how did you manage to discover her true character?"

"Well, I—ahem! The fact is, I married her!"

They Marry Young.

The Boer youth weds extremely young. His education is over and he is considered a man of business when he is 16. His bride does not come to him portionless, but usually with a dowry consisting of cows, goats and sheep, a span of oxen and a quiet riding horse. To each child that is born a well to do Boer likes to assign certain farm stock as a "nest egg" for a future dowry or as a start in life.

He Craved a Favor.

"Say," called the victim from beneath the bed coverings.

"Well?" asked one of the burglars, gruffly.

"Would you fellows mind carrying off that ornamental watchdog of mine in the front yard along with the rest of your swag?"—Philadelphia North American.

Soldiers Avoid the Bean.

"I have noticed," said the old soldier, "that there is one vegetable which the veterans of the civil war religiously avoid. That is the bean. It proved a very staying article, but after we had campaigned on it from Shiloh to Nashville and from Antietam to the Wilderness we were ready to cry 'Enough!' I understand it is used but sparingly in the kitchens of soldiers' homes. It will take another generation to rehabilitate this vegetable in the affection of the American people."—New York Mail and Express.

A Question of Grammar.

"Ain't you got any sense?" asked the 4-year-old daughter of the man who doesn't believe in corporal punishment.

"Why, my dear," said the father reprovingly, "aren't you ashamed to talk to papa that way?"

"Excuse me, papa," she answered. "I meaned to say isn't you got any sense?"—Indianapolis News.

A Peculiar Plant.

There is a species of plant growing in New South Wales whose showy flowers contain a large proportion of mucilaginous juice of a glossy varnishlike appearance. Chinese ladies use the juice for dyeing their hair and eyebrows. In Java the flowers are used for blacking shoes.

What Ails You?

Is It Your Kidneys? Try This Test and See.

Why ask a physician to find out whether your Kidneys are diseased. Take a glass tumbler and fill it with urine. If there is a sediment after standing twenty-four hours, your Kidneys are sick. If you have a desire to urinate often, a pain in the back, or if your urine stains linen, you should at once take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, as delay is dangerous. There is no question about its being the best and surest medicine in the world for any and all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and of the urinary passages, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, constipation of the bowels, and the sickness peculiar to women. It quickly relieves inability to hold urine, and the necessity of getting up often during the night. It stops that scalding pain when passing urine and corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer.

It is sold by all druggists at one dollar a bottle. You can have a trial bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice sent free by mail postpaid, by mentioning this paper and sending your address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y. The publishers of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this liberal offer.

Proud of His Labels.

A distangy looking young man boarded a Fourteenth street car at Massachusetts avenue the other night. He was carrying a leather suit case. Pasted all over the suit case were labels indicating much foreign travel—steamer pasters slapped on at Dieppe, Havre, Ostend, Bremen, Cherbourg, Liverpool, Yarmouth, Naples, and railroad labels that bore the names of all lines all the way from Constantinople to St. Petersburg. The young man of distangy appearance put the suit case down between his legs, and all the people in the seats opposite began a fascinated sort of inspection of the labels. A stout man with several of the component parts of a jag who sat next to the young man seemed to regard the labels with particular interest. He stooped over and deciphered them carefully and elaborately, and then he looked up at the owner of the suit case with a leer.

"Been around right smart, hain't you, podner?" he inquired.

The young man regarded him with a smile.

"Never been farther away from Washington than New York in my life," he replied, without any hesitation whatsoever. "I got that whole bunch of labels for half a dollar at a little money exchanging joint, down near the Battery, in New York. Hot scheme, isn't it?"

The frankness of the statement so dazed several of the passengers who overheard it that they got off at the wrong theater.—Washington Post.

The Stag Beetle.

As you walk by the hedgeside a strange noise suddenly arrests your attention. It is the buzz of an insect, but loud enough to startle you. It might be mistaken for the reeling of a night jar, but it is perhaps more like the jarring hum of a fastly driven motor car.

The reason of the noise is that the beetle has with great pains climbed up a certain height from the ground, and in order to ascertain whether he has got far enough, he erects himself on his stand, lifts his wing cases, shakes out his wings and begins to agitate them violently, turning this way and that to make sure that he has a clear space.

If he then attempts to fly—it is one of his common blunders—he instantly strikes against some branch or cluster of leaves and is thrown down. The tumble does not hurt him in the least, but so greatly astonishes him that he remains motionless a good while; then, recovering his senses, he begins to ascend again. At length, after a good many accidents and adventures by the way, he gets on to the topmost twig, and, after some buzzing to get up steam, launches himself heavily on the air and goes away in grand style.—Longman's.

A Strong Hint.

Harry wanted to give Lucy a birthday present, but could not make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring.

"Want to make me a present, Harry?" exclaimed Lucy in well counterfeited astonishment. "Why, Harry, you forget yourself!"

Harry took the hint and offered himself on the spot.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Francis J. McPartlin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, dated December 27, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2016, Page 469, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to John W. Johnson of said Woburn, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

Monday, March 26, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the westerly side of Prospect street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises at land now or formerly of Samuel Butters; thence the line runs southerly on Prospect street sixty feet, or more, to land now or formerly of Timothy Driscoll; thence turning and running westerly on land last named about one hundred thirty-eight and 8-10 feet to the centre of a brook; thence turning and running northwesterly in the centre of said brook about sixty-two feet to land of said Butters; thence turning and running easterly on last named land about one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning; said lot containing about 8,745 square feet, more or less.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes, and $200 in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 1, 1900.

All the Time

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Fresh Butter and Eggs.

406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 144.

Low Rents.

HOUSE, No. 660 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents. Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

J. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Fine Watch Clock and Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday March 15, Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Daniel Lynch, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Elizabeth Lynch, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of March, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Sarah Olive Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

NELLIE D. RICHARDSON, Admx.
Woburn, Mass.
February 21, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Anna B. Colburn, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

SIDNEY S. COLBURN, Adm.
90 Federal St., Boston.
Feb. 27, 1900.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate not already administered of Margaret Farmer, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY M. ALDRICH, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.
Feburary 14th, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Dexter Carter, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN W. SCRIBNER, Admr.
86 Marshall St., Somerville.
Sept. 26th, 1899

WOBURN

Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREOWNERS.

A Meeting of the Shareowners will be held on

Thursday, March 8, 1900,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for Officers and Auditors for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting

GORDON PARKER, Clerk.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

TEST YOUR LUNGS

He Can't Believe It.

He's blowing with all his might and can barely stir the recording hand from zero. There's many a big, healthy looking man who is weak in the lungs. Probably half or two-thirds of his lung surface barely knows the contact of oxygen. He's the kind of man, who, when a cough attacks him, goes galloping down the road toward consumption. Many such a man has found strength and healing for weak lungs and tissues lacerated by coughing and drained by hemorrhages, in the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The healing power of this medicine in pulmonary diseases seems little short of marvelous at times, so extreme are the conditions which it cures. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol, and no narcotics.

"When I started to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mr. A. F. Novotny, of New York, N. Y., Box 1437, "I had a regular consumptive cough, of which I was afraid, and everybody cautioned me and warned me concerning it. I was losing weight rapidly, was very pale and had no appetite, whatever. Now my condition is changed entirely. I do not cough at all, have gained eight pounds in weight, have recovered my healthy color, and my appetite is enormous. I can recommend your medicine to everybody who may be in need of the same, as it is a sure cure."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

Whither away? What road, my friend?
It has full many a turn.
The flight of the eagle is without end,
But the wood thrush seeks the burn.

Over the sea the white sails fly,
The herons they wander far,
The song lark soars in the azure sky,
And the petrels cross the bar.

Whither away? What road, my friend?
The rover is full of fire,
But the peaceful vale where the willows bend
Is the nightingale's desire.

—Harper's Bazar.

MISS FAITH'S ADVICE.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastly out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic beauty held as flotsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier as silver than it had ever been as brown, and her eyes, though they had lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenderness had even extended to the crocheting in her hand and imparted something to that usually very impersonal object that her fancy had fretted into thinking a response. She passed her hand affectionately over it now, as the figure of a pineapple, much conventionalized, repeating itself like history again and again, fell in scallops to the floor. "It's most done," she thought. "I can go back to the oak leaf pretty soon."

A change in the crochet pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the tune of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its sips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crochet. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrelevant substance. There were rows of spools upon it, drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive an attack, hooks of various sizes lying like weapons by their side and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare. Faith regarded them with approval, but her hand that had lain upon the table fell away from the accustomed task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet and listening to the clatter that Mary, her maid of all work, was making as a part of the dishwashing.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith regretfully, "a sleight of hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will break." But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household divinities that she had served so deftly and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own innocent fashion.

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting had come to mean so much to her and could not think for the instant, then half remembered, saddened a little, lost the thread of memory again, recovered it and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her palm. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must have belonged to some other and wandered willfully into her own, for there was no home for them in hers or likeness unto anything they brought. Was it so? They had gone so utterly, so completely, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the fire when her doorbell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side.

"Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremulous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."

Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid her hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the suffering.

"What is it, Grace?" she asked.

"Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more. He's taking Jennie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to bear such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to forget."

"Yes," said Faith slowly.

Then it came back to her, all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own longing to forget.

"Poor little girl," whispered Faith, stroking the beautiful mass of tangled hair. "How was it I learned to forget? Let me think. Yes, I remember now. Wait a minute, dear. I will show you." Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace.

"Can you crochet, Grace?"

"Not very much," said Grace, wonderingly.

"Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began, I couldn't see the needle—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. These are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for each. They're yellow now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man, I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it, and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married, but I was afraid it would some way make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one—and this is the second's and this the third's. There's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace.

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking, "to forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There," she said after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, aunt?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle when there came a ring at the door.

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recreant lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There were shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace. Then seeing her aunt's half dazed expression, as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and they went out chatting merrily.

Faith listened till the last footfall on the crust had died away, then carefully rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happier," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a crochet needle," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

Nursed His Wrath.

He was a Bath boy, who, when 13 or 14 years old, went to sea as cook on a fishing schooner. One morning he had the misfortune to burn some mackerel which he was frying, and the captain was so angered at this failure of his breakfast that he took one of the burned fish from the platter and slung it across the table into the boy cook's face.

The boy nursed his wrath until with full fare the fisher boat was tied to her pier in the home dock, when he packed his kit, went ashore, and from the wharf made this little speech to the captain:

"Cap'n, you've insulted and abused me on this trip, and sure as I'm alive, when I grow up to be a man, I'll lay for you and lick you if I'm able!"

Years rolled on, and the boy cook became master of a ship and could thrash almost any man of his inches and weight. In Portland one day he was passing by the Falmouth hotel when he encountered, face to face, his former Grand Banks captain and accosted him by name. The captain, surprised, allowed he had not the pleasure of the other's acquaintance, but the former Bath boy refreshed his memory with the circumstances of that fishing trip and added:

"I told you after you had struck me with that fish, cap'n, that I'd whale you if I ever grew big enough, so look out for yourself. I'll keep that promise right off."

With these preliminaries the Bath boy "sailed in" right on the principal street of Portland, and, sure enough, satisfactorily to himself, redeemed his boyish threat.—Butte Independent.

A Thorough Job.

A Philadelphia housekeeper tells this story in The Record of that city: "We had at one time in our employ a very green young woman whose nationality is typified by an emblem of the same verdant color. This young woman came to us through an intelligence (?) office. She showed her intelligence on the first day of her service in our family. She was told to go out in the yard and take down the clothesline, which was stretched among a half dozen posts set up for that purpose. She was at the job for so long a time that we began to wonder what on earth was the matter with her. We went out to see what she was doing, and there we found her working away vigorously with a spade. She had already dug up three of the posts and had almost completed the work on a fourth when we found her. She didn't stay with us long."

The Price of Admission.

Mrs. Smyth (looking up from her paper)—What does it mean in the Washington news when it speaks of "the lower house?"

Mr. Smyth—That means the house of representatives. The senate is higher.

Mrs. Smyth—How is it higher? Do you mean that it costs more to get there?—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Pinkham's Friends

are everywhere.

Every woman knows some woman friend who has been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. What does this friend say about it?

Read the letters from women being published in this paper. If you are ailing, don't try experiments. Rely on the reliable.

Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine has stood without a peer for thirty years.

Puzzled women write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice which she gives without charge. The advice is confidential and accurate. It has helped a million women. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

More Than He Bargained For.

One evening when a traveling circus was on its way to a large town the proprietor resolved to make a halt for a few hours at a village some two or three miles from the town. So an agent was sent on in advance to the village to secure a favorable field for the rest by the wayside.

Noticing a large and suitable field, he sought out the owner and told him he would like to turn something out in the field for an hour or so before going on to the town and concluded by asking how much he required for the use of the field.

"Well," said the farmer, "I suppose half a crown won't hurt you."

"That," was the ready reply, "will do very well. But perhaps you don't mind taking a crown," an offer the somewhat astonished yeoman was only too glad to accept.

Fancy his surprise when, a few hours afterward, a herd of elephants, a dozen dromedaries and about 200 horses and ponies had not only been turned out into the field, but were fairly wiping the herbage out of existence.

That the farmer was furious goes without saying, but the circus proprietor pointed out that he had received twice as much as he had asked for something to be turned out for an hour or two.

"But," roared the farmer, more irate than ever, "do you think I bargained for a Noah's ark?"—Tit-Bits.

A Queer Transaction.

"A casual observer might suppose that our business was intensely prosaic," said a Poydras street commission merchant, "but such is far from being the case. All sorts of queer things happen in it, not the least of which are occasional consignments we receive from nowhere in particular.

"For instance, back in 1896 or thereabout we got a load of fine onions one day by boat. No directions accompanied them, but we took it for granted they would arrive by mail. When the expected letter failed to put in an appearance and we instituted inquiries, we could get no clew to the identity of the shipper, and all we could do was to sell the lot and deposit the money in bank, waiting on a claimant.

"Fully three years had elapsed when, to my surprise, another load of the same kind of onions came to hand, accompanied by a letter from the sender saying that he had forwarded a similar consignment at such and such a date and that his 'business relations with the house had been so satisfactory' he wished to repeat the transaction. We sent a check for the lump sum, but what the dickens he meant by his business relations being satisfactory when he had had only one deal with us, and didn't get his money on that, I never found out. I suppose he just forgot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Makeshift Wedding Rings.

Curious instances have been cited where makeshift substitutes for the conventional wedding ring have been utilized during the marriage ceremony. One such instance occurred some time ago in a nearby town, where the ring was missing. Nothing better being available as a substitute, a curtain ring was used, and on still another occasion the ring handle of the church key was utilized. A couple in this state used in such an emergency a ring formed from the outer edge of a coin and which had been carried by some one present as a curiosity.

A gallant best man came to the rescue at a recent wedding, when the ring was not forthcoming at the right time. He drew from his tie the slender stickpin that had been adorning it, and, bending the wire into ring shape, handed the improvised wedding ring to the distracted groom.

A horseshoe nail bent to the shape of a ring is said to bring a great deal of luck to the owner, and the lead cramp ring worn six centuries ago has given place to various rings now worn to prevent and cure rheumatism.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Polite Lie In Embryo.

A little child has given us a peep into the process by which the polite lie is developed. Mamma was talking to Effie about the absence of Edith from the children's party.

"You are sorry," said mamma, "that Edith could not come?"

Effie replied, having enjoyed herself, "Oh, I don't mind much."

To which mamma rejoined: "But Edith is ill. That is why she couldn't come. You must be sorry." Effie considered. "Yes; of course I'm sorry," she said, "but it doesn't hurt me—inside."—London Chronicle.

Dear Little Mary Jones.

At the great exposition in Omaha it was the custom for the people to register or sign their names in the different state buildings. People who registered were asked to give their occupations, so that the book read like this: "John Smith, farmer;" "Thomas Brown, carpenter," and so on.

A little golden haired girl asked that she might register. She was told to write her name and occupation, and this is what she wrote: "Mary Jones; I help mamma."—Kansas City Journal.

A THRILLING SIGHT.

CATCHING AND KILLING THE MONSTER TUNNY FISH.

They Are First Driven Into Enormous Nets In the Mediterranean Sea and Are Then Stabbed and Slashed to Death With Spears.

One of the most thrilling and wonderful sights in the world is that of the tunny fisheries of the Mediterranean sea. The pursuit of these great and swift fishes is not a mere tame operation of netting. It is a fight between man and sea creatures such as is duplicated nowhere except in the whale fisheries. The tunny is a huge mackerel. He is a predaceous fish, and his course through the seas is that of a destroyer without parallel. So deadly is the tunny to the schools of herring and similar food fishes that he is called the herring hog. In our waters he is known more generally as the horse mackerel.

The tunny fisheries are distinctly European, and they are the oldest industry that is known in the Mediterranean sea. To capture them men must band themselves together in large bodies, for fishermen singly could do nothing with these fishes, which grow to a length of ten feet and weigh over half a ton sometimes. Therefore there is a system of co-operation on the coasts that are visited by the tunny, a system which dates back to the Phœnicians, who were great tunny catchers in their time.

The perfection of this system is due, among other things, to the fact that the big fishes have absolutely regular habits. In normal times they can be relied on to make their appearance at certain periods almost to the minute. When they come, it is in huge schools that can be seen afar, for they scour the waters like ships of war, and the leapings of their prey and the leapings of their own bulky bodies beat the deep into white foam and lather.

Since they are so exact in their habits, the fishermen prepare for them always before they arrive. At some designated spot are spread enormous nets, exceedingly deep and made of the strongest of line. These are not designed to catch the tunnies. They are spread out merely to force the fishes to edge in and in until they are led to the real prison net, which is a vast contrivance set in an immense square and powerful enough to defy anything that swims.

As soon as the last of the school has entered this boxlike inclosure the sides of the great net are raised at a signal. At first the imprisoned fishes do not show any signs of alarm, but as the net rises, inch by inch, from the water depths gleaming, swordlike backs appear here and there above the surface, darting with incredible swiftness from side to side of the net. Each instant more of these living blades appear above the surface.

Then the fishes begin to leap. Here one launches himself straight out of the water—500 pounds of glorious life—toward the sky, to crash back into the sea with a flaillike blow of sides and tail that makes the ocean echo. Another and another rises and falls back. Soon the scene is as if the abysses of the sea were spouting their inhabitants, for hundreds of immense silver flashing fishes rise everywhere at once within the net.

But now a new element enters. Long, narrow fishing boats push into the inclosure. In them stand brown men with lances and spears and big knives lashed to poles. Then begins a fight that is terrible to see. The men thrust madly into the struggling masses of fishes. The fishes leap and roll and dive and leap again, hammering the sea with tails that churn like the screws of steamships and whiten the waves with foam. Before many minutes boats and men are drenched with bloody water. The surface of the ocean is red. Out of the smoking spray peer faces now and then that are dabbled with blood till they look scarcely human.

Now and then a man slips and falls among the harried fishes. Then there are loud screams from his companions and cries of supplication from him as he calls to his patron saint, for it is no joke to fall among those mighty bodies that are dashing around in their death throes.

So the fight continues till in that inclosed space of sea there is not a fish alive. Every boat is half full of water and loaded down with living silver, where the slim, piratical bodies of the beautiful fishes lie. The inhabitants of the towns near the scene of this fishing make a fete day of the arrival of the tunny, for it means food and employment for many hundreds of men, women and children. The fish is a favorite article of food, especially when salted, and the roe is a great delicacy, which brings fancy prices. The tunnies that are caught off the Italian coasts have to be passed through the custom house when they are landed, like any other merchandise, and the streets there present a strange appearance then, for on all sides are wheelbarrows full of the shapely, monstrous creatures.—New York Press.

The Doctor Prescribes.

Jimson—Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice.

Doctor—Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

After a Battle.

In the first aid that is rendered on the field after a battle nothing is attempted beyond the arrest of hemorrhage, the application of temporary splints for fractures and antiseptic dressing. There is no washing or exploration of wounds. The clothes are merely slit up with scissors, not removed, thus insuring protection to the patient's body and saving unnecessary disturbances. The sergeant in charge of the collection station has a field companion, a water bottle and a small reserve of bandages and first dressings in his care to replenish the surgical haversacks with which the bearers are supplied.

Triangular bandages are chiefly used on the battlefield, made from a 38 inch square of linen or calico, cut diagonally into halves. Almost anything that comes to hand may be used as improvised splints—sticks, telegraph wire, bark of trees, straw, rifles, bayonets, lances and so on. The splint, if necessary, is padded with straw or leaves or grass and is fastened with straps torn from the soldier's equipment or with strips of a shirt, securely bound with the triangular bandage. Bound up with the rifle splint, a wounded man is made so secure that he can hardly move a muscle. One leg is firmly bound to the rifle, and the ankles are tied together, so that the injured limb is almost as rigid as the rifle at its side.—London Standard.

A Cheerful Liar.

"I have followed trout streams ever since I was a boy," said a Providence crank, "and have tried to solve for many years the cause of the apparent decrease in brook trout. Recently I think I discovered the cause of the extermination. I was fishing along a brook near Oakland Beach, R. I., when I saw a large snake with a half masticated trout in its mouth. The action of the snake interested me, and, standing quiet, I studied the snake closely.

"On the end of the snake's tail was a sharp bony growth shaped like a hook. After a few moments my watching was rewarded by seeing the snake glide over to some bushes growing along the bank and catch a grasshopper in its mouth. The snake then placed the grasshopper carefully on the hooklike thing on the end of its tail.

"By this time my curiosity was thoroughly aroused," continued the fisherman. "The snake crawled up on a log that extended from the bank into the brook and let its tail hang into the water. In a moment up came a trout and snapped at the grasshopper. It was short work for the snake to transfer the fish from its tail to its mouth, and I had solved the problem of the extermination of brook trout."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tempering Copper Not a Lost Art.

The allegation that ancient Egyptians tempered copper and bronze to carry a razor edge is not borne out by investigation. Thomas Harper of Bellevue, Pa., challenges any one to produce a piece of metal tempered by the ancients that cannot be more than duplicated by any metal worker today. He says that in examining hundreds of specimens alleged to have been tempered to the degree that steel is tempered he failed to find any, nor had he discovered any one who had seen such work, and the fable which has been implicitly believed for centuries is being shattered in the light of modern research.

This is not the only story believed for centuries tending to belittle the man of today, to make him the inferior of his forefathers, which failed under the searchlight of inquiry and science. The ancients were children in mechanical knowledge as compared to the people of today, and if there was a demand for any particular building or piece of work such as was produced by the ancients it could be duplicated and improved on by the skilled artisans of the nineteenth century.—American Manufacturer.

Not Self Made.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, young man," said the great railway magnate to the reporter who had called in for the purpose of writing him up, "but I did not begin at the bottom and work my way up. I never blacked the boots of the engine wipers and never carried beer for the janitor of the roundhouse. I was kicked through college by my father, inherited a fortune, which I invested in railroad shares, and I hold this job because I have votes enough to control it. It is too bad, my young friend, but we can't all be self made men. We would become tiresome." And he bowed the caller out.—Chicago Tribune.

Without Regard to Expense.

The king assembles the royal architects.

"Build me a temple," he commands, "so costly that no smoker will ever be told he might have owned it had he let tobacco alone!"

Ah, this was aiming high indeed! But when was true art ever known to falter?—Detroit Journal.

Honest Confession.

"Young man," said the careful father, "if I consent to you marrying my daughter will you furnish her the luxuries to which she is accustomed?"

"Well," said the young man, "it is more than likely that I won't be buying her as many theater admissions as I have been doing for the past year."—Indianapolis Press.

Niagara power was used as long ago as 1725, when the French erected a sawmill near the site of the present factory of the Pittsburg Reduction company. It was used for the purpose of supplying sawed lumber for Fort Niagara.

When a man is hungry, he doesn't waste much time reading the bill of fare.—Chicago News.

Red Paint In New England.

As one drives through the country towns all over Maine one can hardly fail to notice the frequent old red barn and oftentimes a whole set of farm buildings painted this conspicuous color. Query was made as to the reason therefor. It seems red paint is cheapest, far cheaper than white lead paint, and so far as serviceableness goes lasts as long and sheds the rain as well. Long may the little red farmhouse brighten our New England landscapes.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

In all contentions between wit and violence, prudence and rudeness, learning and the sword, the strong hand took it first, and the strong head possessed it last.

"Mac," the Scotch prefix, means son, so Macpherson means "son of a parson," and Macdonald is the same as Donaldson. Fairfax means "fair of face."

The wild white sheep is found nowhere in the world but in Alaska, and few specimens for mounting whole have ever been obtained.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 4.

Text of the Lesson, Mark i, 21-34. Memory Verses, 32-34—Golden Text, Mark i, 34—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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21. In our last lesson we saw Him in the synagogue on the Sabbath day teaching, and it is thus we see Him in this verse, but then it was at Nazareth; now it is at Capernaum. When Peter and Andrew, James and John, came to Him in John I and accepted Him as the Messiah, they evidently did not leave their occupation to follow Him fully, so in verses 16 to 20 of this chapter and in Math. iv, 18-22, there is the record of a call to fuller service, while Luke v, 1-11, describes another occasion and a still later call. Then in John 21, after the resurrection, they are taught still more fully that He can provide without their labors, and Simon hears his last "Follow thou Me."

22. "He taught them as one that had authority." Every true messenger of God should speak as an oracle of God (I Pet. iv, 11), how much more our Lord Jesus, who was God in human form. Out of the abundance of His heart His mouth spake that which His Father told Him to say (John xii, 49; Math. xii, 34). We are to receive our message only from God, be filled with His word and Spirit and speak as sent by God, whether men will heed or not (Ezek. iii, 10, 11).

23, 24. A man with an unclean spirit was present. Luke says, A man who had a spirit of an unclean devil (iv, 33). How any demon can be clean we are not told, but this one may have been specially vile. There is but one devil, the father of lies and a murderer from the beginning (John viii, 44), but there are hosts of demons or evil spirits, his followers, who seem to take pleasure in doing his bidding. They do not hesitate to testify to the divinity of Christ and to His power to destroy them. Those in Gadara said, Art thou come hither to torment us before the time? (Math. viii, 29.)

25, 26. "Hold thy peace and come out of him." Thus said our Lord, and the demon obeyed Him. In the last verse of our lesson (34) we read that He cast out many devils or demons and suffered them not to speak because they knew Him. It was His word that did it. He cast out the spirits with His word (Math. viii, 16). He rebuked the demon, not the man. He hates sin, but loves the sinner. We are apt to dislike the sinner without taking so much notice of the sin. Ask the Lord to cast it out, and we must not receive all who talk good, for there are those who show love with their mouth while their hearts are full of covetousness (Ezek. xxxiii, 31). The more we are filled with His word the less room there will be for any demons in us, for next to God Himself there is nothing they hate as they do His word. His word in us sanctifies us and keeps us from sin and from evil ways (John xvii, 17; Ps. cxix, 11; xvii, 4).

27. They were not acquainted with power like this. They did not know that this man had all power in heaven and on earth and that He could give to others power over all the power of the enemy (Luke x, 19). If people who are troubled with peevishness, fretfulness, temper, anger, jealousy and such like would recognize these as the work of evil spirits and look to Him, saying trustfully, "Thine is the power," who can tell what wonders might be wrought to the glory of God?

28. "Immediately His fame spread abroad." If all the redeemed would tell of Him, how quickly His fame would spread. Why not let every believer take as a motto: "My mouth shall show forth Thy righteousness and Thy salvation all the day. I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only" (Ps. lxxi, 15, 16)—and obey the command in Isa. xii, 4, 5—"Declare His doings among the people; make mention that His name is exalted; sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things," thus remembering that we are here to show forth His praises who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light (I Pet. i, 9).

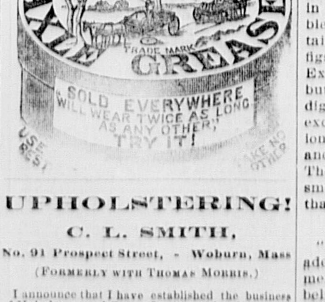
29. Happy are those who take Him home from the public worship with them, for many seem to bid Him goodby when they leave the church and expect to find Him there when they come again, but between services they seem to have no use for Him.

30. It does not seem to have been a good time at Simon's home to bring company home from church, and it might be interesting to know how Simon's wife took it, her mother being sick, but it certainly turned out all right. They at once tell Him of her. The word "anon" in this verse and "forthwith" and "immediately" in the two preceding verses are all the same and in the revised version translated by the word "straightway," a word used about 80 times in the whole New Testament and about 40 of those in this gospel and 11 of the 40 in this first chapter.

31. His hand takes hers, the fever is instantly gone, and she takes part in the household duties. She ministers unto them. Was it not a good thing that He came home with them? How much they might have missed if Simon had said, "Lord, I would like to take you home with me today, but my wife's mother is sick, and it will not be convenient." Oh, how much we miss if we are not continually with Him and in fellowship with Him.

32, 33. At even, when the sun did set, all the city came together with their sick, and He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them (Luke iv, 40). We sometimes look at the evening sky and say, What a beautiful sunset, but how often do we think of this sunset, with its lifegiving Lord, bringing joy to so many hearts and homes? He is our sun and shield.

34. In Math. viii, 17, it is written that all this was done that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by Isaiah, the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses (Isa. liii, 4). He came as the King, preaching the kingdom as at hand, and all these healings were samples of kingdom blessings (Isa. xxxiii, 24; xxxv, 5, 6); but, the King being rejected and the kingdom postponed till He shall come again in His glory, these characteristics of the kingdom are in a measure in abeyance also. He does work wonders for both the bodies and souls of His people even now, as it seemeth good to Him, but we may not expect the fullness of kingdom blessings till the kingdom comes.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THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
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WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER
TRY IT!
USE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

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BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY.

The Most Wonderful Spring Remedy to Restore Health.

The world cares only for youth and vigor. It has no use for weak nerves, exhausted bodies, tired limbs, dull eyes, sunken cheeks. We have learned that youth lies only in health. The sick man or woman is already old. Ask them. They will tell you how dreary they find the world, how weary they find life.

The secret of youth is health—the secret of health is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which gives to all glowing, bounding health, vigorous strength—the strong nerves and pure blood of perfect health. It was prepared by Dr. Greene after years of study and practice among the sick. He discovered just what the nerves and blood need when they become run down, weakened and exhausted, and the result was Dr. Greene's Nervura, the world's greatest remedy.

It awaits every weak, weary mortal. Creep out from the dark shadow of Disease into the pure, life-giving atmosphere which comes with the Sun of Health. Dr. Greene's Nervura will make a new being of you. It is the most magnificent spring tonic and restorative and in all diseases of the blood, nerves, stomach, liver and kidneys, it has no equal.

Miss M. HARTUNG, 230 Central Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:—

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ICEBERGS.

No port lamps gleam along our sides,
No banners float on high;
No human lookout raises glass
To scan our sea or sky.

No admirals above our decks
Mid guns and gunners stand,
In hidden sheath to send the sound
Of warlike, stern command.

Yet all the navies of the world
Our bows in vain assail;
We fear no smoking battle tower
That thunders through the gale.

By captains gray our path is marked,
By sailors white and old;
For us the phantom rockets glare,
And phantom bells are tolled.

In misty, unremembered ports
Our beacon lights were set
By hands long gone from mortal view,
By forms that men forget.

And we may wander on our course
Till time at end shall be,
For in our breasts are locked the hulls
Of ships once lost at sea.

—John James Meehan in Criterion.

CHIEFS OF THE SULUS.

Each Has the Power of Life or Death Over His Subjects.

The social system among the Moros is much more primitive than it is among the greater part of the other Philippine races. A chief, or dato, controls a district. He has his own particular followers and his slaves. Besides these he may command all the men of his own district in time of war. He also has the right of life and death over his subjects. For instance, a few weeks before we arrived in Jolo, Data Jokanine had occasion to execute one of his followers. The man had been intrusted with money belonging to the dato. The first time he came to his chief and said:

"Oh, great and benevolent dato, I have gambled away the money! Forgive me!"

"Very well," said the dato. "See that it does not happen again."

Once more the retainer came, saying: "Oh, great and benevolent dato, again have I gambled away thy money, and again I beg thee, in thy great mercy, to forgive me!"

"This is the second time I have forgiven thee," said Jokanine, "but the third time, I warn thee, thou shalt die."

Yet again the unfortunate man returned without the money he had collected for the dato.

"Oh, dato," he cried, throwing himself at the feet of his chief, "I have sinned again and taken thy money! Mercy! Mercy!"

"Cut him down," said the dato to one of his men-at-arms. The man offered no resistance and was cut to pieces with one of the great knives of the natives.—Harper's Weekly.

Getting Acquainted.

The family had occupied the dwelling about a day and a half, and the mistress thereof was putting a carpet down in the sitting room when there came a ring at the doorbell.

She hastened to the front door and opened it. A smiling woman greeted her.

"Good morning!" said the caller. "This is Mrs. Murkley, I presume."

"Yes."

"I am Mrs. Pergallup, your next door neighbor."

"Glad to see you. Will you come in?"

"Thanks. I believe I will step in for a little while."

"You will find us all torn up, of course. We haven't begun to get things in shape yet."

"Now, don't you apologize, Mrs. Murkley. I know all about this thing of moving."

"It's an awful job, isn't it?"

"Terrible. I sometimes tell Mr. Pergallup I'd almost rather have a spell of sickness than to move. Two moves are about as bad as a fire. Well, I thought I'd drop in and get acquainted. Could you lend me a cupful of coffee?"—Chicago Tribune.

Food Elements In Fruit.

Sugar, starch, gum, dextrin, pectine, saccharifiable cellulose, organic acids and other extractive matters are, together with water, the chief elements in pulp fruits. The sugar is assimilable and is a food. Fruits which contain most of it, as bananas, dates and figs, are true hydrocarbonated foods. Extractive matters are also nourishing, but in a less degree, as they are not so digestible. With these and other rare exceptions, however, fruits, in the opinion of M. Balland, are little nutritive and cannot be considered as foods. Their juices, which please us by their smell or acidity, are condiments rather than foods.

Caused a Slight Family Jar.

"Maria, did you read about that Philadelphia woman who was cured of her mental troubles by fasting 45 days? I believe such a treatment would cure that unhappy temper of yours."

"Yes, it would make an angel of me. Is that what you would like, John Billus?"—Exchange.

How Kaffirs Bank Their Money.

The natives of that part of South Africa which to a great extent is inhabited by bushmen and Hottentots have a peculiar system of banks and banking.

These Kaffirs among whom this curious system of banking obtains live near Kaffraria, in the south of the Colony country. The natives come down south from their country to trade in the several villages and towns in large numbers and then return to Kaffraria.

From those who trade of their own number they select one who for the occasion is to be their banker. He is converted into a bank of deposit by putting all the money of those whose banker he is into a bag, and then they sally forth to the stores to buy whatever they want.

When an article is purchased by any of those who are in this banking arrangement, the price of the article is taken by the banker from this deposit money bag, counted several times and then paid to the seller of the article, after which all the bank depositors cry out to the banker in the presence of the two witnesses selected:

"You owe me so much!" This is then repeated by the witnesses. The general accounting comes between the banker and his several depositors when all desired purchases have been made, after which all the natives depart for their northern wilds.

Teaching Etiquette.

"Madam," he began as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are," she responded. "Go down there and clean the mud off your feet!"

"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am, I am sel"—

"Take off your hat. Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying"—

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on 'Eti'"—

"Throw away your pipe. If a gentleman uses tobacco, he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable"—

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair in the future. Now you look a bit decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.' Very well. I don't want it. I am only the servant girl. Go up the steps to the front door and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a downright, outright, no-doubt-about-it idiot this morning, and I think the book you're selling is just what she requires."

Two Answers.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest eyed, weather beaten person of seafaring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman.

"No, sir," she replied with equal promptness, and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once she added, "I never had a chance!"

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride with a twinkle in his eye that it had been a privilege to officiate which he would have been sorry to miss.—Youth's Companion.

Odd Albanian Customs.

An Albanian woman expects to be beaten if she misbehaves, this being the prerogative of an Albanian husband. He must be careful, however, not to draw blood during the castigation, or the wife can complain to the authorities, who will fine the husband and give his property to his wife.

When an Albanian marries, he is bound to provide his wife with food, clothes and a home in keeping with his station and means and cannot require her to earn money for herself or him by her labor.

Divorce is quite common. Excessive corpulence on the part of the husband is considered quite sufficient excuse for the wife to divorce him.

Bottles of perfume, still fresh, and jars of pomade that had not lost its fragrance have been recovered from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.11, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

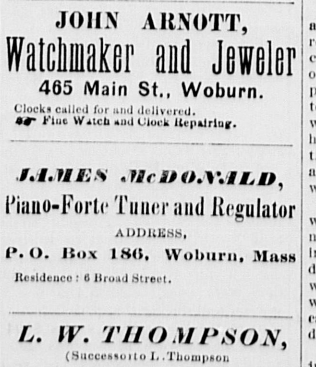
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass
TELEPHONE 109-7.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn Mass.

OUR HOME COMMANDER.

With laudations elate you may prate of the great
Of mankind that were born to command,
Sing your lustiest chant to Napoleon and Grant,
To Lee and our Washington grand.
But your loudest acclaim will be tame when the same
Is compared with the name on the leaf
Of our history's page that presents to the age
Our little commander in chief.

He's a midget of men that has ne'er wielded pen
Or a sword in fierce battle's array,
And though martial affairs are no part of his cares,
Yet a conquest is his every day,
For no foe to his whim braves a contest with him,
But the struggle's decisive and brief,
For there's none in the list can the power resist
Of our little commander in chief.

You may call him a tyrant and try to decry
Our submission to rule such as his,
But there's that in his eyes that resistance defies,
Be it craft or whatever it is.
And e'en when in sleep he seems deep, and we creep
From his thralldom for needed relief;
If he move but his thumb, we do dumbly succumb
To our little commander in chief.

Ah, would that the might of all rulers were quite
Of the sort I have pictured above,
Where the victor were he that was destined to be
So crowned through concession of love,
And would to each home might the influence come—
We muse of all others with grief—
That would cause to espouse the pure motive that bows
To a little commander in chief.

—Boston Courier.

THE SLEEPING CAR ROBBERIES OF '83 AND '84.

A Detective Yarn
By J. P. Barnitz.

We had returned from the dining car to the smoking compartment of our sleeper. There were five of us, all bound for Pacific coast points, and, having occupied the same car since leaving St. Paul, we had become pretty well acquainted with each other.

There was but one other passenger in the car, an elderly, taciturn man, who, although exceedingly polite and gentlemanly in his deportment, rarely joined in the conversation when we all gathered in the smoking room.

"Porter," one of us asked when the darky brought some cigars we had ordered, "can you tell us the name of the gentleman in section 10?"

"Yes, sah; his name is Mr. Shortwell. He trabels a heap, he does, on dis yeah line. He's de company's chief of detectives an de only one of 'em we knows by sight. He's a-goin eb'ry place an no place all de time. But he's de whitest man on tips I'ze eber seen—'deed an 'deed he is, sah!" he replied insinuatingly.

We were passing through the great wheat district of North Dakota. The immense expanse of ripe grain glistening in the slanting rays of the fast sinking sun seemed a vast golden sea stretching away to the northern horizon. In the southwest a heavy thunderstorm was raging, the lightning vivid and grand. The thunder rolled across the plains like the distant rattle of musketry, and the sun, dipping behind the bank of black clouds, left a lurid glare athwart the sky.

"Gentlemen, have you ever seen a finer sight than that?" remarked Mr. Shortwell as he came into the compartment and took a seat by the window. "I've seen such storms frequently in this section," he continued, "and each time I imagine I'm looking at battling armies, the victorious forces sweeping on, leaving fire and destruction in their wake. The forces of nature are truly marvelous, are they not?"

From the subject of storms the conversation drifted to personal experiences of a more or less remarkable nature, and we noticed Mr. Shortwell brightening up and listening intently to the accounts of our various adventures.

Just as Fred Hardy, a traveling salesman for a New York jewelry house, finished relating how his trunk of valuable samples had been mistaken by a lot of train robbers for a book agent's outfit from the heft of it in a hold up on the Santa Fe two years before, Mr. Shortwell straightened up from his lounging position on the heavily upholstered seat and said:

"I presume, being traveling men, you all remember the series of mysterious robberies that occurred on the sleeping cars of various lines during the winter of 1883-4? At that time I was an employee of one of the best known detective agencies in the country, and when the sleeping car company which had suffered most from the depredations of the wily thief requested our agency to take hold of the matter I was given the case.

"When I took up the scent, the thief was operating on this line, and my first move was to be employed by the sleeping car company as one of their conductors. For six or seven weeks there were no robberies reported, and I was working along in the role of a sleeping car conductor as completely in the dark as when I took hold of the case.

"One night in the middle of June, just after leaving a station, where we changed engines, I walked out upon the platform of the rear sleeper in order to catch the breeze, as the air in the car was stuffy and hot. I lounged over the brake wheel, watching the lights of the town grow fainter and fainter until nothing but a pale white glow on the sky marked its site. Suddenly some one touched me lightly on the arm, and an agitated voice said:

"'Conductor, I've been robbed of all my money! Even my watch is gone!'

"My detective instincts were aroused in an instant. The opportunity for which I had been waiting had at last presented itself. I swung quickly around and followed my scantily clad passenger into the dimly lighted body of the car.

"He was a short, stout man, probably 40 or 45 years of age, and was ticketed to Butte, where, he said, he was going for the purpose of looking at a hotel property he desired to buy. He claimed to have had $22,000 in treasury notes and drafts in a wallet which he had shoved in the pillowcase with the pillow, pinning up the open end and putting that end against the side of the car. He occupied the drawing room, but, owing to the heat, had left the door open.

"The pillowcase was torn where it had been pinned and was found on the floor beside the berth. While we were discussing the matter in excited undertones in the drawing room, so as not to disturb the other passengers until certain the wallet had not worked out among the bedclothes, we were startled by a yell, or, rather, whoop, from a berth about the center of the car, and the occupant, a wealthy Montana cattleman, sprang out, shouting:

"'Thieves! Murder! Conductor, I've been robbed! Where's my gun? Stop the train!'

"Of course the car was in an uproar in a minute, and I ran forward to have the train conductor help me subdue the excitement and search for the thief.

"On my way to the front of the train I roused the porter, who was dozing in the toilet room, and ordered him to lock the rear car door and then stand guard at the forward end, allowing no one to enter or leave the car until I had returned with the train conductor.

"When we came back, the lights had been turned on, and all the passengers were up dressing—no women were in the car that trip—each one looking carefully through his belongings to see whether anything was missing. Beyond the loss reported to me by the passenger for Butte and that of the cattleman, which, he said, was a little more than $3,700, all in paper money, nothing was missing.

"Although the loss of the prospective hotel buyer was seven times more than that of the cattleman, the latter was the most excited. He declared the money had been in an envelope which he had pinned to his undershirt, and a long slit cut in the side of the outer shirt showed how the thief had secured his booty.

"The same passengers were in the car as were there when we left Minneapolis, and I was positive no one had got on at any of the stations that night, as I had locked the rear door at each stop, and either the porter or myself had stood at the front door until the train had started, when it, too, was locked. This precaution I had taken every night since assuming my position as conductor. Every nook and cranny of the car was searched for the missing valuables, but to no purpose

"After much talk it was finally agreed that the two men who had been robbed should search the rest of us so that no suspicion might be fastened on any occupant of the car. When the man from Butte had divested himself of his clothes, it was noticed that his chest presented a curious appearance. Across the breast was a long, livid scar, resembling a heavy welt, and the cuticle below it hung in thick folds to the waist, with here and there queer, knotty protuberances. This condition, the man said, had been caused by an accident, he having been caught between a belt and a rapidly revolving shaft in a factory where he worked in his earlier life.

"It is hardly necessary for me to say that this search was as fruitless in results as was the search of the car, but it had the effect of easing each one's mind. No one now looked upon the other with distrust, except that the cattle dealer, I noticed, frowned rather malignantly upon the porter, which class of individuals, as you well know, are usually suspected of being the perpetrators of all sleeping car robberies.

"I took the names and addresses of both men who had suffered losses and made a full report to the sleeping car company and the detective agency, also sending messages to the foremen of all repair gangs as far east as Minneapolis to hunt along the track for any wallets that might have been thrown from the train by the thief.

"Despite all efforts to clear up the robbery, it remained as deep a mystery as had the preceding ones. The last I heard of the incident was that the stockman had entered suit against both the railroad and sleeping car companies, while N. O. Curlin, the name given by the man, who, when I came to think of it, rather complacently lost a small fortune, had dropped out of sight.

"The more I thought of him and of his actions the more it grew upon me that the man was crooked and must have been in some way connected with the theft of the stockman's money and had really never been robbed himself. But then, again, if he was the guilty party, what could he have done with the money? Ah, that was the mystery! And I then and there resolved to go on the track of Curlin, if possible, and have him shadowed.

"Two weeks after this experience I received a telegram from the agency to report at the head office in Chicago without delay. Upon my arrival there I was told of a robbery which had occurred in a sleeper on one of the southwestern roads and was ordered to the office of General Manager Sterling of the line at St. Louis.

"In looking over the report made to that officer relative to the case and from the description given by one of the passengers who had been robbed, of another passenger whom the victim claimed he had seen by the dim lamplight peering through the slightly parted curtains into his berth, I recognized Curlin.

"The man had been searched; but, as in the case when he was my passenger, there was nothing found on him, and he was allowed to go, loudly protesting against the treatment he had received and vowing he would secure reparation through the courts.

"I wrote up as good a description of the fellow as I could from memory and had several hundred circulars printed. These were sent to heads of detective departments of all the large railway lines in the country, with instructions to have Curlin arrested on suspicion of being the thief in this latest robbery and, in case of his apprehension, to notify General Manager Sterling, who would take steps to have him brought to Kansas, in which state the crime had been committed.

"A little more than a month afterward the gentleman was captured in New Orleans as he was about to purchase a ticket for Atlanta. In due course of time he was taken to Topeka, where he was identified by the passenger who had accused him of theft and was committed to jail for the action of the grand jury.

"Upon my advice a photograph of the man stripped to the waist was taken and forwarded to me. Sure enough, it was Curlin. Our agency had half tone cuts made of the photographs, and another set of circulars were printed, which were sent to our correspondents in Europe.

"Within six weeks a reply came from London saying the party referred to in the circular was undoubtedly F. S. Lashby, a notorious car and hotel thief, known as 'Franklin, the Kangaroo Man,' from the fact that he had been exhibiting himself in museums, having a pouch of skin on his breast similar to that found on the female kangaroo.

"We were advised to have him examined by a physician, when he would likely give in and confess his crime, as he had done in Leeds, England, some years previous.

"This advice was acted upon, and the rogue really did confess. He stated that after robbing a victim he had spotted he dropped the plunder in the pouch he had caused to grow on his breast and that before being tripped up in England had secured quite a snug sum of money.

"He was careful not to exhibit his peculiar formation in this country and had hoped to pick up a fortune, when he intended to go to his home in Australia. I believe the fellow would have succeeded, too, had it not been for the 'tip' we got from the English authorities. Nothing could ever be found on him, and it would have been an extremely hard matter indeed to convict him.

"Upon being pressed for an explanation as to how he had caused the growth of the pouch on his body he said that while studying medicine in Melbourne he had seen in a side show of a circus an elastic skin man, which condition, the freak had told him, was brought about by a continual pulling and stretching of the cuticle.

"He began to experiment upon himself, and, finding how loose the skin was getting, the novel idea of producing a kangaroolike pouch on his chest took possession of him, and, being of a roving disposition, he determined to become a freak, if possible. By traveling about and exhibiting himself he could easily earn enough money to defray expenses.

"After getting the skin thoroughly loosened up over his chest he made an incision in length about five inches directly across the breast bone in line with the fifth rib. Pulling the wound apart, he packed it with antiseptic gauze, each day pulling more and more upon the skin at that point and at each renewal of the gauze forcing a greater quantity into the aperture.

"Finally, after over a year's tedious work, more or less suffering and several narrow escapes from blood poisoning, his will power triumphed. The desired result was obtained, and he set out to exhibit himself as the 'Great Australian Freak, Franklin, the Kangaroo Man.'

"As may be imagined, his success was phenomenal, and he became wealthy beyond his fondest dreams; but, like many other people, money was his ruin.

"He soon became so addicted to drink that he failed to fulfill his engagements, and his managers forsook him one after another. It was not long until he took to thieving, and had it not been that he was known as a freak in England it is hardly likely that he would ever have been convicted in that country.

"Like others, too, of the criminal class, he chose that life after he once entered it in preference to an honest pursuit of wealth partly from the excitement connected with it and partly from the loss of self respect.

"It is strange, but unless he distended the pouch no one would have thought the appearance of his chest due to anything but the accidental cause he stated. The upper part of the wound hung over the lower edge and seemed simply a great, horrid scar.

"Well, friends, we're getting to my destination, and I'll bid you goodby. By the way, Lashby's term in the Kansas penitentiary will expire in a few months. If any of you want to go into the show business, there's a chance."—Philadelphia Press.

A Hasty Shave.

"The quickest shave I ever got," remarked the buyer for an oil mill, "was while I was in Texas a couple of years or so ago. I was wearing a full beard at the time and got a clean shave in less than a minute."

An incredulous smile stole over the countenance of more than one of his listeners and was breaking into a laugh, when the oil mill man continued:

"You see I was caught in one of those terrific sandstorms they have down there, and the thickest of the swiftly moving sand caught me full in the face. That sand blast played the barber act on me, and instead of my being the possessor of a Vandyke beard my face was as devoid of hair as a boy's.

"It cut my whiskers off as clean as a razor could, but did not injure my face in the least."—Memphis Scimitar.

Wisdom of the West.

"We find," said the foreman of the western jury, "that if, as the prisoner says, the shootin was accidental, then he ought to hang, fer in these gun affairs a man oughter know his own mind. It oughter be shoot to kill or no shoot. A man who has accidents happen to him with a gun is dangerous to our society an oughter be put out of the way fer the safety of respectable folks."—Philadelphia North American.

The most ancient dictionary and glossary in the world is of the Chinese language and is the lexicon of Pacutshe. This first known glossary was compiled more than 1,000 years before Christ.

All the emery in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

Life In a Flat.

"Where is my folding pipe?"

"I don't know, James, but the folding matches are on the folding mantelpiece."—Chicago Record.

Keystone
SILVER WHITE
Gelatine

Possesses every quality that gelatine should have. Its perfect purity and cleanliness are apparent as soon as you open the package. Its convenience is evident the minute you dissolve it (dissolves readily and quickly in *hot water*—making a clear, firm jelly). The most prominent chefs praise and have written many recipes for Keystone Silver White Gelatine. Leading cooking authorities indorse its purity and convenience; experienced housewives appreciate its great economy—package makes one-third more jelly than the same quantity of any other gelatine.

Ask your grocer for Keystone Silver White Gelatine. If he does not sell it send us his name and we will mail you a free sample package and recipes, by famous chefs. Full size box mailed for 15 cents.

MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.
Largest makers of gelatine in the world.

A Tobaccoless Tobacco Heart.

"You have," said a physician, "the tobacco heart." The patient made answer, "Doctor, I never smoked but once, and that was when I was a boy." This happened in Germantown. Both men laughed, and the physician prepared to examine the patient again, so as to make another diagnosis.

After a half hour of hard work the tobacco heart still seemed to resemble the man's disease, and the physician said, "What do you do for a living?" The man replied, "I am a tobacconist."

"Well, then, of course, you've got the tobacco heart, whether you're a smoker or not," said the physician. "All day long you breathe in tobacco. The dust of it fills your lungs, circulates with your blood all over your body and is digested with your food. I have had a number of cases such as yours, and I prescribe eight hours a day in the fresh air. You'll find it hard to follow this prescription. Away from the tobacco laden air of your shop you will have the uneasy, restless longing to get back to it which the smoker, after a few hours of abstinence, has for a cigar. That is strange, but you'll find it true. You have unconsciously acquired the tobacco breathing habit, and it's a habit harder, I believe, to break than the smoking habit itself."—Philadelphia Record.

Old Maryland Superstitions.

Witch Killing.—If horses are so badly bewitched that one dies, the following will deprive the witch of her power: Take the dead horse out into a field and burn the carcass beside a tree. First cut a cross in the tree, then drive a nail in at the cross. Now take your rifle, which must be loaded with a silver bullet, choose a position so that the fire is between you and the tree, and shoot over the fire at the nail. When you hit the nail, the witch will lose her power, and you cannot miss with the silver bullet.

To Sell Oneself to the Devil.—Go to the crossroads at midnight alone and play on the banjo. If you really want to sell yourself, two black dogs will appear and will dance as you play. Then you promise something fearful. Any one who thus sold himself was said to be able to outplay and outdance any competitors.

A Method For a Girl to Try Her Fortune.—Put an egg to the fire and sit an hour. The wind will howl and the dogs bark, and the man you are to marry will come in and turn the egg around. If the egg bursts, you will die (or possibly, my informant adds, you will never marry).—Baltimore Sun.

Will You Live to Be Old?

"That man will not live to be old," remarked a scientific man to the writer, indicating a man who was standing near.

"Why, pray?" the writer queried wonderingly.

"Well, he has not a single physiological index of long life. His head is narrow; he has narrow eyes and nostrils and a long, delicate hand, all of which augur ill for length of days.

"If you observe carefully, you will find that, with rare exceptions, which only serve to emphasize the rule, men who live to be old have wide heads above the ears and wide foreheads. Large and wide nostrils are always evidence that those two important organs, the lungs and the heart, are good. The ears in old men are almost invariably placed low. Again, long lived people usually have broad and short hands—inelegant, it may be, but still an indication of long life.

"If, therefore, you see a man who answers these physical conditions, you may safely, barring accidents, of course, predict for him length of days."—New York Telegram.

One on Him.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed one of the first citizens of Chicago, that breezy metropolis on the banks of Lake Michigan. "When did you hit the town?"

"I have not hit it at all!" corrected the man from Boston. "The largeness of the area and the absence of a definite personality preclude such action."

"That's so," assented the Chicagoan, his cordial hilarity a little less marked. "By the way, where are you stopping?"

"I'm not stopping at all, my dear friend."

"Not stopping at all? Why, what the"—

"No, but I'm staying at the Palmer House. Deuced expensive place, I'll say."

"That's so! Well, it's too bad."

"Too bad! How's that?"

"Well, I was going to invite you to come on out and put up at my house while you were in town, but since you're staying at the Palmer House, I suppose it's no use."

And off he walked.—Kansas City Independent.

Varying Effects of Accidents.

"Years ago," said a Maine man, "I was standing beside a gun at a state muster at Augusta when a salute to the governor, who had just come on the field, was being fired. The cannon used was of the old fashioned kind, and it was prematurely discharged, with the result that the index finger of the right hand of the man ramming the load home was blown off. The shock, together with the lodgment of flying particles of powder, had the effect of driving the blood back from the wound, during which fragment of time the injured man calmly examined his mangled hand, but when the blood did come back it came with a rush and fairly bubbled out in a torrent. The man's calmness left him as if by magic at the sight of the blood, and, with a loud scream, he keeled over in a dead faint.

"They used to tell a story of two men who were working on opposite sides of a buzzsaw. The attention of one becoming momentarily distracted, he ran his finger against the saw, and the severed piece dropped on the other side, where his partner was working. That worthy picked it up and, with the casual remark, 'Bill, you've dropped something,' handed it back to its owner. Bill didn't faint, but it is only owing to the superior burst of speed developed by his partner that he is not doing time for homicide."—New York Tribune.

Cabs Not Admitted.

Americans visiting London for the first time are more than likely to hail a hansom the day they arrive and start promptly to see the row. Half the books, stories, newspaper articles, etc., treating of English life make prominent mention of this the smartest driveway in the world. London society circles largely about Hyde park, and naturally enough tourists regard it as a good starting place from which to study British manners and peoples.

Imagine, then, the indignation and the disgust of a pair of pretty girls, accustomed to traverse home drives in any fashion they like, warned back from Hyde park entrance by a six foot arm of the law. No tips, no remonstrance, no pleading, has the slightest effect upon the stern "bobby," who simply orders cabby to depart and tells his fares to get a more correct equipage if they desire to take part in the row parade.

It is livery or nothing, and if the visitor continues to long for a glimpse of the Hyde park show she must have boots and breeches to drive her, thereby having at least the semblance of a private establishment. No admittance is the standing rule for the ostensible cab.—Boston Globe.

A Bad Man to Interrupt.

"W'en Moses tell de sun ter stan' still"— began the old deacon.

"Dat warn't Moses," interjected a brother in the amen corned; "dat wuz Joshua!"

"Ez I said," continued the deacon, "w'en Joshua tell de sun"—

"Yoh didn't say dat at all!" said the brother who had corrected him. "Hit wuz me dat said hit! Hit wuz me dat tuck yoh up to hit!"

The deacon's patience was exhausted. He folded his brass rimmed spectacles, laid them carefully on the table before him, walked over to the amen corner, took the objecting brother by both arms from behind and, with the swish of a cyclone, swept him forward toward the door, landing him precipitately in outer darkness.

"Ez I wuz sayin foh dis little incident occurred," he continued, "w'en Moses tole Joshua ter tell de sun ter stan' still"—

Some of the older, learned brethren moved uneasily in their seats. They looked as if they wanted to correct him, but they did not. They let it go at that.—Atlanta Constitution.

Character In the Hair.

If your hair is fine, it denotes gentle birth. If the ends cling together, it is a sign of great intellectuality, and a tendency to curl shows inherent grace and a poetic nature.

These are some of the things set forth by the science of hair reading, yet undeveloped, but likely to "give us away" in a manner often more accurate than pleasing.

This science tells us, too, that the person with straight hair has a firm, positive and practical disposition. Color shows the temperament. For instance, it is well to watch out for the person with black, lusterless hair. He's apt to be treacherous and jealous. The lighter the hair the more sensitive and "touchy" its owner. Brown hair belongs to him who has common sense, good judgment and reason in high degree, which would indicate that humanity isn't even half bad. Red hair shows honesty and cleverness.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1900.

CIVIL SERVICE.

It seems that the Chief Engineers of the State have petitioned the Legislature to exempt their cities from civil service fire examinations, which is a step in the right direction and merits the support of everyone. Other City Departments should follow the excellent example set by the Fire Chiefs and move to free their operations from the odious Civil Service law, and still more odious exactions of the State Commission.

In a late issue of the Boston *Post* James A. Jones showed up the Civil Service law in its true character, and we can do our readers no better service than to recommend to them a careful perusal of his letter, which closes after this fashion:

"The cities of this State should have 'home rule' in this matter as in others. The best way to appoint firemen is to have the Chief Engineer nominate them as substitutes, then in due time as regulars subject to confirmation by the Aldermen. If the Aldermen can be trusted to expend hundreds of thousands of the city's money and run all other departments they can be trusted to do this. As the Commission has extended their classified service to include highway laborers shoveling gravel, why wouldn't it be a good idea to extend the same to domestic servants and give the public the benefit of their profound learning and discernment? They could have examinations in dish washing and ironing. This would serve to keep them out of mischief and give them an excuse for drawing their salaries and their clerks employment in massing statistics and tables."

NO LICENSE.

The Boston papers of Tuesday morning contained reports of 54 annual Town Meetings held the day before in this State. Of these 38 voted "No" on the license question, 6 "Yes," and the balance gave no figures. It was a good day's work for the cause of prohibition which the people of those towns did last Monday.

All of the Towns close to this city voted against license, the most of them by majorities larger than ever before. Winchester's vote was, for license 122 against 392. Reading cast 32 ballots for rum, and 472 against it, which entitles that sterling temperance town to the banner. Arlington went "Yes" 213, "No" 485. Lexington voted 290 for license, and 316 against it. Wilmington gave 102 majority against legalized traffic in intoxicating liquors.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Vick—Seeds.
License Com.—Notice.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Mrs. Mathews—Dressmaking.
Com. of Mass.—Pet. and Order.

— There was the least little sprinkling of snow Sunday night.

— The First Church people are preparing for their annual fair.

— Nason took a large excursion party to Washington this week.

— The Woburn Co-operative Bank nominated officers last evening.

— The City Reports for 1899 must be ready for delivery by April 15.

— Mr. Chauncy B. Conn is President of the Social Benevolent Society.

— Dr. Coburn has sold his residence, the Dr. Peck place on Pleasant street.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page. Telephone residence.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents At Leathe's.

— Ald. James R. Wood has been quite ill of pneumonia at his home on Salem street.

— Physicians tell us that grip is prevailing extensively and vigorously here at the present time.

— Only firstclass groceries are sold at the Boston Branch. That popular firm brag on the quality of their goods.

— Miss Marion Taylor of 23 Pleasant street will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for highly appreciated favors.

— The Mishawum Club gave the Towandas quite a severe drubbing at the rooms of the former last Monday evening.

— No pointed signs are apparent that indicate the presence of the Lenten season here, unless found at some of the churches.

— The officers of the Woburn camp of the Salvation Army report fairly satisfactory results from their work this winter.

— Towanda Club are entitled to a vote of thanks for keeping things in the amusement line right up to concert pitch this winter.

— The city schools, after a good and fairly long vacation, have resumed work, and presumably with renewed vigor and keener zest.

— Only slight precipitation, either in the shape of rain or snow, need be looked for this month. February did the business on that score.

— City snowplows went promptly to work cleaning the sidewalks Tuesday morning. Some city employees are useful as well as ornamental.

— Mr. E. C. Cottle, Manager of the Hide & Leather Company's great business in this city, has returned from a lengthy and pleasant Southern trip.

— The Innitou Canoe Club participated in the doings at the Sportsman's Show in Boston last Wednesday evening. Many friends accompanied them.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Rev. Ernest Bartlett, who lectured at First church last evening in behalf of the Social Benevolent Society, is a brother of ex-Ald. Bartlett, the marketman.

— In his report Mr. George E. Fowle, Commissioner of Buildings and Grounds, asks for liberal appropriations for the improvement of Parks. That's right.

— With the JOURNAL the Board of Public Works too believe in the necessity of widening Main street from the Winchester line to the proper point north of it.

— We are waiting for a report from some one or more of our observant readers of the appearance of "the first bluebird of the season." Don't all speak at once.

— Rev. William G. Puddefoot, the world renowned preacher and revivalist, will give a Chalk Talk in the vestry of First Church at 7.30 Thursday evening, March 15.

— Worthley, the optician, will visit this city professionally next Thursday and Friday, March 15 and 16. As usual he will be found at the jewelry store of Hanson & Co.

— Only as a harbinger of more lovely things is a real March day, with its strong winds and other features nearly as disagreeable, anything more than just barely endurable.

— We have seen none, but have been told that pussywillows made their appearance here some days ago. It is so early for them that we were strongly inclined to demand an affidavit to back up the story of their coming.

— There is a "drag" on the scheme for a new schoolhouse, but who is managing it no one seems to know. The fact is, the city is suffering for a boulevard and while in that condition it's no use to talk schoolhouse.

— Mr. E. C. Colman, proprietor of the best farm and finest stand of farm buildings in Woburn, dealer in horses, carriages, etc., Portland st., Boston, says this has been the worst winter for selling sleighs he ever experienced.

— That Burdett's Business College of Boston leads all other institutions of the kind in New England is doubted by nobody. It stands confessedly at the very head in size of attendance as well as in variety and quality of instruction.

— A bevy of Highland lassies, not the identical ones of whom Rabbie Burns sang so sweetly, but as well worthy of the poet's loftiest strains, were all carried away with the Sportsman's Show in Boston last Saturday.

— Some of these passing days it seems just as though the air and sunshine are surcharged with the Elixir of Life, laden with pure ozone, and abounding in perfect health. And then again they don't seem at all that way.

— We are glad to hear that growing business has compelled Harry M. Call, the artistic job printer, to move into larger quarters. He is now at 47-49 West Thirteenth st., N. Y., where he has a fine office and is doing a capital business.

— Rev. Mr. Jackson is local agent for the only authorized edition of the Life of Dwight L. Moody, the one of which the great Evangelist's son is the compiler. Mr. Jackson is meeting with good success in canvassing for the valuable work.

— The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church have issued an appeal asking that the week beginning March 25 be observed as a period of prayer and abstinence in order to develop a higher spirituality in the church. They say that not only their own but other denominations are declining in this respect.

— We call especial attention to the card of Mrs. Eunice L. Mathews in this paper and at the same time advise the women of the city to continue to give her their patronage. She is the widow of the late Veteran William H Mathews, the letter carrier, and a worthy woman. Note her change of location.

— Then the light snow turned to rain on Tuesday afternoon and continued at a steady, but not delugeing, pace until quite far into the evening, when with a fine exhibition of thunder and lightning the wind veered into the west and there was fair weather once more. Wednesday, 7th, was a typical March day.

— There was a fine old fashioned country snowstorm last Tuesday, March 6, which was greatly robbed of its terrors by the late date of its appearance. Snowstorms immediately preceding planting potato time are regarded much more leniently and with less fear and trembling than the same sort of a visitation in December.

— Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector, gives out a hopeful and encouraging report concerning the spiritual and temporal condition of Trinity Episcopal church in this city. The church, which is composed of sterling men and women deeply interested in the advancement of the cause of religion, is making progress in the right direction.

— The Special Committee of the City Council chosen, on President Blodgett's motion, to confer with the Woburn Gas Light Company in relation to the reduction of the price of gas met representatives of the Company informally last Tuesday evening when the question was discussed by both sides. Nothing definite was disclosed concerning the conference.

— Miss Carter's annual ball by her juvenile pupils will be given at Music Hall from 3 to 6 tomorrow, Saturday, afternoon. There were 26 couples at the rehearsal last Monday afternoon, which was itself a fine dress affair. Miss Carter has taught juvenile classes in this city several years and is successful and popular. The annual ball by her scholars is always anticipated with pleasure by adults, as well as the little ones.

— Miss Isabel M. Wetherell of the Chestnut Hill School was unable to take charge of her school Thursday and it is feared that she has typhoid fever, which her pupils and friends in Reading sincerely hope will not prove true. Supt. M. A. Stone has engaged Miss Stratton of Watertown to take Miss Wetherell's place for a few days.—*Reading Chronicle*. She is one of the smartest and best of Woburn's young women, a graduate of our High School, and a successful teacher.

— A large number of our people should attend the Icecream Carnival to be given by the ladies of North Church this evening. Electrics will run for the convenience of visitors from the Centre. The entertainment is bound to be a good one and the vestries of North Church should be filled. Admission 15 cents.

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.
Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.
What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Stationery that is not Stationary.

That is, IT IS MOVING FAST. We are closing out our entire stock as we want the room for the Drug business. See our windows and ask our prices.

JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY & CO., Apothecaries,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

— Simon Doucette of 7 First st., one of the employees of Ellis & Buswell on a bridge job over Mousam River at West Kennebunk, Maine, died suddenly there Tuesday evening. His remains were brought here Wednesday. He left a wife and 7 children.

— The Chalk Talk of next Thursday is to be an entertainment; not a lecture nor a sermon, but a marvelous combination of skill and fun. If you have never laughed before you will then. For children, for tired mothers and weary fathers, and for everybody else, the evening will be a heaven of enjoyment. Don't fail to go.

— Now that the leather business in this city is under a single ownership and control, and has virtually become foreign, the time would seem opportune to plan for the establishment of other manufacturing industries here of a different character, and thus infuse new life into our business affairs. Enterprise and push, combined with good judgment and some money, would be able to work wonders for the material interests of our city that boulevards and parks and all that sort of a thing could not possibly effect.

— The next legal holiday in this State will be Patriots Day, due here on April 19 next. It will be the 125th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, and already the people of Lexington and Concord are making preparations for a celebration. As Woburn patriots participated prominently and heroically in the great event with which the Revolutionary War opened on April 19, 1775, it is fair to presume that many of our citizens will appear at the forthcoming celebration as they did 25 years ago at the 100th anniversary.

— Mrs. William Beggs held an "At Home" at her residence, 620 Main street, Thursday afternoon from 3 to 5.30. More than 200 invitations were issued, nearly all of which were answered in person. The house was beautifully decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, the mantles being banked with hyacinths and ferns. Mrs. William Beggs and Mrs. Daniel R. Beggs received and Mrs. William E. Beggs poured chocolate. A ladies' orchestra furnished music. Dainty refreshments were served in the beautiful dining room. It was one of the prettiest social functions of the season.

— Several pianoforte pupils of Miss Josephine Lang, assisted by Miss Ida Robbins, violinist, gave a successful recital Saturday afternoon, March 3, at her home, 25 Vinson street, Dorchester. The work of the pupils was excellent, and the various members gave great satisfaction to all present. At the close of the program the Misses Lang received their Dorchester and Woburn guests and light refreshments were served. The pupils who took part were Misses Mabel Lyman, Maude Eldridge, Grace Timberlake, Emily Sanborn and Edith Hall and Masters Harold Sweetser and Sydney Beggs.

— It is earnestly to be hoped that the several Irish societies in this city will patriotically unite and celebrate St. Patrick's Day in a manner honorable to the memory of that great Saint. There ought to be a grand street parade, with banners and flags, one or more bands of music, a Chief Marshal mounted on a superbly caparisoned steed, Aids, also richly mounted, with all the other adjuncts, accessories and belongings, that go to make up a firstclass St. Patrick's Day celebration. The wonder is, if there is the least possible show for this idea being adopted and acted on by our Irish fellow citizens.

— The law requires that gas companies shall furnish a 16-candle power light. The Woburn Company furnish 18-candle power. Now, if our City Council should follow the example of the Haverhill City Council and appeal to the State Gas Commissioners for a material reduction in price, possibly the Woburn Company may avail themselves of their privilege under the statutes and give this community a lower grade of illumination. We do not know that this would be the result of a movement for cheaper gas, but this all will agree to, and that is that a poorer quality of the article is not wanted. The question should be carefully considered.

— Hundreds of Woburn people have visited and enjoyed immensely the Sportsman's Show in Boston and brought back glowing accounts of its innumerable unique attractions. It possesses peculiar interest for natives of Maine, for a good share of the great Show comes from that grand State, and they daily flock to Mechanics Building by thousands where they see things that minister to their State pride and in many cases remind them of the years they lived there. From every point of view the Sportsman's Show of 1900 has beaten its predecessors out of sight. The attendance has more than kept pace with the introduction of new and attractive features—in fact, there hasn't been an hour when the Show was open that it has not been jammed to the walls with deeply interested humanity. The public have only two more days in which to see and enjoy this wonderful exhibition of the products of the forests, rivers and lakes of extreme Northern New England—today and evening, and tomorrow, Saturday, and evening until 10 o'clock. We give this notice that no one may have grounds of complaint if, peradventure, he or she should fail, through negligence, to see the great Show.

— Rev. Ernest Bartlett's illustrated lecture given last evening in First Church on "What a Tramp Saw in Ireland" was very entertaining and a large number of people improved the opportunity to hear him. Ireland is the most picturesque country in Europe and a bright man, with eyes and ears open, and camera on the cock, would be able to pick up more good things there for the canvas and story than anywhere else under the canopy.

— The next dancing party in the series which the Rifle Team of the Phalanx have been giving at Armory Hall this winter will take place on next Wednesday evening, March 14. The series has afforded a great deal of pleasure to voteries of Terpsichore, and put quite a bunch of money in the treasury of the Team. The final dance will be given on March 28.

— On Friday evening, March 16, Chaplain R. R. Hoes, U. S. N., will recount his experiences on the S. S. Iowa in the Santiago naval battle, at First church, under the auspices of the Men's League, E. H. Lounsbury, President. It need not be affirmed by us that the recital will be intensely interesting. Chaplain Hoes is a popular orator.

— We had a pleasant call from Mrs. Wilson of the Winchester *Star* yesterday. The paper is under her full control and management (aided by Price) during the absence of the proprietor on an Editorial Association jamboree in the South and West.

— One week from today a hearing will be given at the State House on the petition of William F. Davis and others of this city for a boulevard on the backside of Horn Pond.

— James P. Ried of Providence, R. I. will speak in Concert Hall Sunday at 2 30 p. m. The subject will be on "What is Socialism."

— Commodore William H. Russell, Treasurer of the Russell Counter Company, returned from a business trip to Baltimore, Md., yesterday morning.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The pastor delivered a lecture at Manchester, N. H., last Friday, two solos were also given.

At the last rehearsal of the choir, the leader was presented with a beautiful baton-timepiece, someone said.

Next Thursday evening the choir will give a concert in the church, when the following program will be rendered:

Ring, Beautiful Bells. Choir. Lowry
Violin Solo. Romance. Jean Becker
Mr. Gunnar Ekman.
Song. Selected.
Male Choir.
Psalm CXXXIX. Wennerberg
Choir.
Baritone Solo. Credo. Faure
Rev. N. E. Kron.
Piano Solo. Selected.
Mr. Arthur Johnson.
Recitation. Herrens hus
Mrs. Esther V. Kron.
Violin Solo. Air with Variations. Henry Farmer
Mr. Gunnar Ekman.
Psalm CL. Wennerberg
Choir.
Piano Solo. "Chanson Russe." Sydney Smith
Miss Gertrude Heartz.
Voice, Violin and Guitar. Till friden hem Prins Gustaf
Rev. Kron, Messrs. G. Ekman and Ernst Anderson.
Farval. Wetterling
Choir.

Extracts From a Letter Written by Captain Linwood E. Hanson.

We give below some extracts from a letter from Capt. Hanson of Company B, 43d U. R. V., dated in Southern Luzon, P. I., January 21, 1900:

It is hard to realize that we are so far away from home, but when I notice the dates on letters and papers received it leaves no doubt about it.——I did not enjoy Christmas very well; had been slightly under the weather for several days; but I am all right now and never felt better physically in my life. We were at Singapore on Christmas; it was very hot; everybody dressed in their lightest clothing; not much like home weather.——There is but very little sickness in the Regiment; in my own Company 5, 4 of measles, and one from a bad tooth.——We reached Manila on the last day of 1899. Next morning were ordered out to the "North Line" about 5 miles from Manila to Block House 5 on the Balic Balic Road, for outpost duty. Relieved 29th Infantry. It was just in front of our line that General Lawton was killed. We remained here two weeks, and on Sunday, January 14, were ordered back to Manila to occupy Nipa Barracks for, as we supposed, one week. On Tuesday it was intimated that we would move in a couple of days, which we did, and are now here in Sorsogon Bay. An expedition has been formed to sail south and occupy the Province of Sorsogon and the Islands of Samar and Leyte, south of Luzon. These places have never been occupied by American soldiers, and we are all pleased at the prospect of seeing some scrapping, as no doubt there will be when we attempt to land our forces. The expedition consists of the 43d and 47th Infantry, a Troop of Cavalry, and of Artillery.

We left the Barracks at 4.30 p. m. Wednesday, marched down to the boat, but could not land until 10 p. m. when the baggage was on. We steamed out of Pasig River into the Bay and next day, at 5 p. m, the expedition started out, consisting of 9 vessels, including 2 convoys, the gunboats Nashville and Helena. This is the order of sailing, odd numbers in left column; even numbers in right: 1 Nashville, 2 Mendez Numez, 3 Venus, 4 Hancock, 5 Salvadora (our boat and very clean), 6 Aeolus, 7 Castillano, 8 Garvine, 9 Helena. Arrived in the Bay and cast anchor at 9 a. m. The 47th are to go ashore here at Savsagos, two Battalions of our Regiment are to occupy Samar Island, and one Battalion go farther south and occupy Lyte.

It is simply beautiful here. The water is very warm in which we go swimming 2 or 3 times a day; cool breezes blow over the Bay making it comfortable on deck all the time. At night we all sleep on deck. The scenery is grand. There are mountains around the shore of the Bay on all sides which are covered with growth of fine large trees. Off to the north is an immense active volcano which is obscured from view a part of the time by clouds. We get up at 6 a. m.; have coffee and crackers; breakfast at 11; dinner at 5 p. m. I can put up with it because I have to; but the good old New England style of three "squares" a day suits me better.

JANUARY 22. We are still lying in the Harbor. There seems to be trouble in getting matters straightened out here and I don't know how long we may be in the Bay. It is tiresome lying around here doing practically nothing; but I can stand it as long as the government can.

We are going to have a boatrace tonight between the officers of the Second Battalion and ours. I expect it will be hot sport except for those who take part. Lieuts. Johnston, Dutton (of Maine) Thayer (of Stoneham) and myself, are the crew from our ship. We were out for practice this morning and got along very well together.

From indications and reports it is safe to say that we will not get back to Manila for at least a year. All our mails will have to come from Manila by boat, once a week, I believe. Gen. Kobbi is our regular Commander and has been appointed Governor General of the places named above in my letter.

LINWOOD E. HANSON.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philidelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they have saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed, at Parker's Drug Store.

Puddefoot of The United States.

This expansive name fits the man, for it would be hard to find a more versatile genius in the ranks of the American pulpit. Few men are more widely or solidly read; it would be hard to find one who can so at will move an audience first to laughter, then to tears, and anon to laughter and tears together; his acquaintance with different types of life is as extensive as his personal knowledge of the various sections of the country; as a conversationalist he has no superior, while his artistic power as a water color painter is so great that by means of it he has earned and given to the Home Missionary Society which he has served so long a small fortune. A Chalk Talk by Mr. Puddefoot once heard is a thing never to be forgotten. By great good fortune he has been persuaded to give one at the First Church, Thursday evening, March 15, at 7.30 P. M. So as not to disappoint the children the price of admission for those under 14 has been fixed at 10 cents; adults must pay 25 cents. The house will be crowded. Get your tickets early.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

THE BEST
Clothing
is that which best meets these five requirements:
Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St., BOSTON.
Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

Constitutional Questions.

The point on which all legislation for the new possessions of the United States turns is, of course, the constitutional question whether these islands are a part of the United States in such a sense as to bring them directly and automatically under the Constitution, or whether they are territory belonging to the United States, to be dealt with as Congress may elect.

A thorough examination of history and precedents has convinced the majority of Congress that the latter is the true view—that it is, in fact, the only view consistent with national development and with the policy which has prevailed in the past. But the minority in Congress, influenced in part, perhaps, by conviction and in part by the necessity of finding ground of opposition, have chosen to hold that the Constitution applies of its own force, without legislation, to the islands recently acquired. As the minority has no responsibilities of government, it is not embarrassed by the paralyzing consequences of accepting this view.

Ultimately this question must be decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. Nothing short of such a decision will end controversy or afford a basis for a stable policy, and it is for the interest of all concerned that such a decision should be reached at the earliest possible moment. The case of A. S. Lascelles & Co. of New York against Collector Bidwell of that city, brought in the United States Circuit Court, involves the point at issue in the general contention over the constitutional status of the islands and may afford a basis for a conclusive judicial interpretation.

The suit is brought to recover about half a million dollars which have been paid in duties on Porto Rican products since that island became the property of the United States, and the attorneys for the firm claim that "by the conclusion and ratification of the treaty of peace the island of Porto Rico became part of the United States," and that the firm had therefore the lawful right "to transport goods therefrom to the port of New York without the payment of any duty whatsoever."

If this contention were to be maintained, it would be conclusive on the whole question.—*Boston Journal*.

Well Represented.

The Innitou Canoe Club has been well represented at the Sportsman's Show this week. On Monday night the Club Four paddled Wawbewawa and beat them in a most dramatic manner; Innitou was a foot or two behind up to 45 seconds, one of the crew having lost foothold; the "rooters" then came out with the Club yell and the Four responded, coming to the front and winning handsomely, duplicating the performance of two years ago. The crew was A. V. Dimick, F. W. Fowle, O. M. Wade, Jr., and F. T. Hovey.

In the hand paddling contest Dimick and Knowlton won places in the heats; Dimick and Fowle won the first heat in the tournament, and fought to a tie in the 2nd.

The Four did not do as well against Lawrence as on Monday night; was it on account of the lask of a cheer from the rooters? But there was a strong fight put up, and the margin was only 3 feet, whereas the space between Innitou and Wawbewawa on Monday was the tank.

Let it be remembered that all of the Innitou crew were bona fide members of the Club and of the American Canoe Association and as such were good winners and sportsmanlike losers.
—W. W. C.

Board of Public Works.

The annual report of the Board of Public Works for 1899 makes good reading This is the gist of it:

The use of gas instead of electricity in the Public Buildings Department netted a saving of $700. The Board, in referring to highway construction, urges that Main street be widened and reconstructed from Richardson to High street; that Salem street be macadamized from Winn Park to Beach street; Winn street, from Pleasant street to the railroad; Main street, from Mishawum Road to the railroad; Pleasant street, from North Warren street to Burlington street. Broad street is also recommended for repairs. During 1899 there were constructed 5,169 feet of sewers, and during that period the total costs of the Water Works was $594,205. There were 48 services added and 62 services abandoned last year. The income was $39,915, and uncollected rates, $2,500. The water pumped amounted to 405,029,120 gallons, and 716 tons of coal were consumed.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

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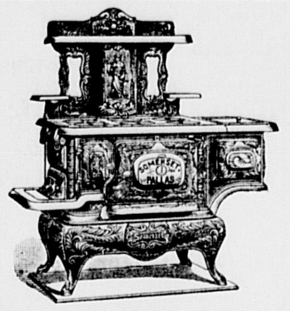

If You Want the Best
BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS

One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Important Business Chance

THE OLD BOSTON CARPET FIRM OF JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO. BECOMES A CORPORATION.

Altogether the most important movement in the business world of Boston since the year came in is the change of the great carpet firm of John H. Pray, Sons & Co. to a corporation known as the John H. Pray & Sons Company. The real estate owned by the firm changed hands at the valuation of $1,010,000, while the new corporation has a capital of $825,000 fully paid in.

The Pray corporation, as it now exists, is the result of a beginning made in the carpet business as long ago as 1817 by Mr. John H. Pray. The growth which succeeding years have shown has been due to the exercise of those qualities of economy, foresight and intelligent effort which are invariably associated with all conspicuous business success.

For many years past the old firm handled vastly more carpets and rugs than all other Boston establishments combined, and from the very fact of its extensive business has been enabled to keep selling prices always at the most moderate point—since it is well known that the larger the amount of the transactions of any firm the smaller is the percentage of profit at which the business can be successfully conducted.

In changing its form from a firm to a corporation, the house is simply following the accepted line adopted by the best business judgment of the day in all large enterprises. Undoubtedly the new corporation will impress itself upon this community more forcibly than ever before, and will extend its already high reputation for straightforward dealing with its customers.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

With every detail of original magnificence, and the services of a stellar cast to interpret the delicious music and delightful humor, the Augustin Daly production of the comic opera, "A Greek Slave," will be presented at the Tremont Theatre, for one week, beginning Monday, March 19. Since the first representation of this piece in Boston, the company has been re-organized, and a much stronger cast selected. Miss Minnie Ashley, whose success here was instantaneous, is still "Iris," the Naughty Girl, and will be found as magnetic and captivating as ever. "A Greek Slave" was originally produced at Daly's Theatre, London, and for nearly two years enjoyed a most flattering patronage. The libretto was written by Owen Hall, the music was composed by Sydney Jones, the lyrics are the work of Henry Greenbank and Adrian Ross, and the introduced numbers were contributed by Lionel Monckton. Elaborate stage settings, skilful mechanical devices and electrical effects, and magnificent costumes, embellish the story and provide a brilliant frame for a company of clever players. "The Greatest Thing in the World" will run at the Tremont until March 17th, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

A. R DeFluent, editor of the *Journal*, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

The sudden interest which one or two European Powers are taking in the discovery that two or three of the smaller Philippine islands were not included in the treaty of cession will naturally prompt the United States to be a little slow about admitting the claim. If an error was made, it was due to defective Spanish maps, and neither Spain nor any European Power should profit by it.

Yale and Harvard have planned to make this the subject of their next debate: "Resolved, That Porto Rico should be included within the customs boundaries of the United States."

The British income-tax payer is already paying eightpence in the pound, which is four times the rate paid under Mr. Gladstone in 1874, and it is likely that he will have to pay fourpence more.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

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you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Did You Ever?

No! I never have been so overwhelmed with acres,—yes, acres—of simple grandeur as when our train passed the Vick flower farm at Despatch, N. Y. Before us were immense strips of beautiful clear pink,—sea shell pink they call it, —reminding one of the charming tint on the lip of the conch shell of the Florida Keys; the most pleasing tint in the whole range of color. These huge strips were alternated with similar strips of white, and this great garden of the acres represented the leading Asters of the day, Vick's DAYBREAK and PURITY. Make a note of this, for you want these asters sure. Write for the Garden and Floral Guide. Describes in full the new departure in seed selling, and mention what you intend to plant, to JAMES VICKS SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

Almost every other person met nowadays has a "cold." "Cold" is a pretty broad term, ranging from laryngitis to tuberculosis. This is the time of the year when good health demands uninterrupted care. We all know this, yet not many of us practise what we preach. It is peculiarly human to point out another's danger while inviting our own. Every one owes it to his family, as well as to himself, to be healthy as well as honest.

That annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers, which meet in Boston on April 24, 25 and 26, grows steadily in magnitude. President Search of the association now says: "I feel quite certain in my own mind that President McKinley will be present at the final meeting and will make the address of the occasion."

In view of the reasonable certainty that the United States would hit back, and hit back rather hard, Germany may well think a second time before imposing arbitrary discriminations upon American food products.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Born from Above." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter." All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Dr. Calkins of Newton. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Looking Right On."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M. Friday, at 4.30 P. M., the Minister's Class.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Bishop W. F. Mallalieu at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Services during Lent: Wednesdays at 4.30 and Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—2d Sunday in Lent. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Deaf and Dumb Spirit."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Fifth in the series of Lenten Sermons: "Gethsemane."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Subject: "The Seizure."
Thursday, Sacred Concert by the Choir.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Demoniac Child Heald by Christ."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5 P. M., Holy Communion.
At 7 P. M., Sermon: "The Sabbath."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Friday, at 7.45 P. M., Preaching at Congregational church, Winchester.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Married.

In this city, March 1, by Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, John A. Porter and Prudence McKee, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Feb. 25, by Rev. H. J. Madden, James E. Cogan and Annie M. McDonough, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 1, Margaret Hayes, aged 59 years, 8 months.

In this city, March 2, Pherollia Stockenburg, aged 80 years, 5 months, 9 days.

In this city, March 2, Lawrence W., son of Daniel and Mary Towse, aged 1 month, 12 days.

In this city, March 4, Beatrice, daughter of George and Laura Laugill, aged 10 months.

In Boston, Feb. 25, at Mass. General Hospital, Martin T. Kelley, aged 43 years.

In Springfield, March 5, Herbert G. O'Brien, formerly of Woburn, aged 27, years.

Do you intend making a Wrapper or Shirt Waist for the coming season?

If you do we would call your attention to our lines of Percales, Calico, and Ginghams. Pretty styles are always desirable in these goods and we have a variety in the best quality of wash fabrics. The prices are as low as the quality will allow.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Innitou Club.

The best drawing card at the Sportsman's Show this week has been the canoe contests. The Show is composed largely of wild animals of the great forests, of game fish and fowl of the waters away beyond the confines of white habitation, of Indians whose homes are mostly in those remote regions, and whose horse is the birch canoe, therefore its canoeing exhibitions this week have been right in line with the spirit of the grand affair and extremely popular.

A team of stalwart young men represented Innitou Canoe Club of this city who by acquitting themselves handsomely in every situation achieved personal honor and secured credit for the Club and town. The Innitous are accomplished watermen and paddlers and having been in active practice many years what they do not know about canoeing is hardly worth trying to find out. The following report of Monday's contests is taken from the Boston papers: Lance contest—First heat—Won by Dimick and Fowle, Innitou Canoe Club, over Smith and Coulson, Tatasit Canoe Club, Worcester. Second heat—Won by May and Pratt, Wawbewawas over Hovey and Wade, Innitous. Third heat—Won by French and Daniels, Quinobiquin, over Smith and Conant, Quinobiquin. Semi final heat (May and Pratt drew the bye)—French and Daniels won from Dimick and Fowle by drawing, the contest being a tie. Final heat—Won by May and Pratt over French and Daniels by drawing, the contest resulting in a dead heat.

The club-four tugs of war heats produced furious paddling. There were two bouts. The summary: Tug-of-war, club fours—First heat—Won by Innitous (Dimick, Fowle, Hovey and Wade) over Wawbewawas (Pratt, Conant, Wolte and May). Distance—10 yards.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, March 2. Miss Marion A. Brazier read an entertaining paper on the subject: "Are we growing older gracefully?" To grow younger rather than older should be the aim of those who would possess perpetual youth. This can be gained, Miss Brazier said, by cultivating beauty of the soul and mind rather than beauty of the body. The value of a good laugh was emphasized. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore were mentioned as eminent examples of women who were growing older gracefully.

Next meeting will be held Friday afternoon, March 16. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead will lecture. Subject: "John Ruskin."

L. B. B., Clerk.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Right You Are, Neighbor!

If Congressman McCall is sent to the Republican National convention, the Eighth District, and not the State, should bear the responsibility. He was opposed to the War, opposed to the Philippines, opposed to the tariff, and on general principles opposed to whatever the Administration stands for. Massachusetts is with the President, and desires to uphold him. The Republicans of the State desire his renomination and re election, and they do not wish to have the National Convention an inharmonious body.—*Lynn Item.*

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. MEARKLE, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

That was an illuminating review by "Coolidge" in last *Sunday's Journal* of the career of Pettigrew of South Dakota, the Senator who is ashamed of his New England birth. Those Boston men who lately addressed a gushing testimonial to Mr. Pettigrew will live to wonder and their children to blush for it.

The New York movement for a fund for the widow of Gen. Guy V. Henry is in good hands with Cornelius N. Bliss as Chairman. Gen. Henry was a splendid fighting officer of the Civil War, and his service was well rounded out by his work as Military Governor of Porto Rico.

Both Lexington and Concord are reported to be making elaborate preparations for the forthcoming celebration of April 19.

Literary Notices.

Dr. John Watson gives us in the March McCLURE'S an impressive account of the beginning of Christ's earthly ministry—a beginning so unpretentious, as Dr. Watson's account brings out, that only the few who could appreciate its divine exaltation at all apprehended its universal import. In illustration of the paper there are color pictures of The Testimony of John the Baptist, Cana (the scene of the first miracle), a Nazareth wedding party, and The First Purification of the Temple, besides a number of other pictures in black and white. Mr. Walter Wellman tells of the Arctic icequake that narrowly missed destroying him and his party when they had sledded 140 miles toward the Pole and began to have high hopes of getting very near to it, if not actually reaching it. Cleveland Moffett tells how Rostand wrote Cyrano de Bergerac, and gives an account of him in his own home and at his work. Captain Joshua Slocum tells how he sailed the torpedo-boat, the Destroyer, from New York to Brazil through a succession of storms. And Cy Warman describes his ride on a locomotive over the new railroad through the White Pass into the Klondike. Add to the contributions named, a story of New England life by M. Grace Pope; a remarkable rescue from prison, by Tighe Hopkins; a story of snow bucking on the frontier, by Frank H. Spearman; of an adventure in a Kentucky cave, by George Reno; and of a great reaping contest between Judy Brady and Anne Daly, by Shan F. Bullock, and there is scarcely any kind of attention or interest lacking to this number of McCLURE'S. All of the articles and most of the stories are fully illustrated, and the pictures divide interest very evenly with the text. The S. S. McCLURE Co., 141-155 East 25th St., New York City.

In the March number of DONAHOE'S there is a complete compilation of evidence bearing on The Alleged Coalition of the European Powers against the United States during the Spanish American War. The compiler quotes extensively to prove that England did not seek to influence the European Powers in favor of America. A Sunday in Dublin is an entertaining description of the Irish Capital as it appears today. The Drama of Yesterday and Today reviews the work of the English stage during the last half century. Mrs. Mary Nixon-Roulet writes of historic Montreal and within the space allotted her manages to impart a fund of information that will help readers to a better knowledge of the quaint Canadian city. Rev. James J. O'Mahoney contributes a study of the Brehon Laws, and Thomas Walsh writes of Villiers De L'Isle-Adam. Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's charming serial, The Hand of the Crusader, approaches an interesting crisis in the lives of Meg, the brave young girl, and the whole-souled Irish gentleman, Captain Fitzmaurice. There are four short stories, all bright and entertaining, and some very pleasing poetry.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has a flavor of originality that holds the reader's attention to the last page. It is one of the few magazines that a person reads rather than glances through. In Affairs at Washington, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, one catches glimpses of the men and affairs upon which public interest is centered. Home Life in Porto Rico is illustrated with the best collection of Porto Rican views ever published. Joseph Chamberlain's Visit to America sets forth some views of a possible Anglo-Saxon alliance, and The Birth of the Munroe Doctrine embodies three history-making letters. Mrs. Fiske in Old Novels in New Plays will interest all theatre-goers. Webster Davis and His Trip to the Transvaal, and A Letter from a Soldier in South Africa are important in their bearing on the condition of affairs from an American standpoint. In Federal Control of Trusts Hon. John J. Jenkins sets forth his views on the momentous question with clearness and emphasis. Mrs. Booker T. Washington contributes Teaching School with a Broom. Another instalment of The Knave of Conscience deepens the interest which the first chapter aroused. The Artist Hofmann and His Paintings is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of this famous artist's most celebrated paintings. In Recollections of P. T. Barnum Maitland Leroy Osborne contributes a strong character sketch of the great showman. Julia Ward Howe and Her Club Work will interest all the ladies. In Budapest, a Modern City, one obtains a panoramic view of The Pearl of the East, while the News From the Future, gives a forecast of the great world movements during the next forty years. The fiction of the number is bright. What to Wear and How to Wear It attracts the feminine eye and solves some vexed problems in miladie's wardrobe. The regular departments overflow with good things. When such an amount of entertaining and elevating literature may be obtained for ten cents, surely there is no excuse for dull moments. If your newsdealer's supply is exhausted, send direct to the publishers, at 91 Bedford street, Boston, for a copy of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and be assured that you are obtaining the best periodical of the month.

THE TIME TO TAKE A BLOOD PURIFIER

Is Now.

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75c. PER BOTTLE.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

WINCHESTER.

The Town Meeting Monday passed off pleasantly and satisfactorily, showing the wisdom of thoroughly cutting out the work beforehand by a competent committee. It is a good practice. The regular committee nominees for Town Officers were elected, and liberal appropriations voted for the use of the Departments.

The citizens of Winchester certainly have reason to be proud of their town for more reasons than one. It is doubtful if there is another place of its size in the Commonwealth that can record (as does the town report just out) only four deaths from contagious diseases in the whole year past. And when, in addition, the police announce that they have made only four arrests this year since the first of January, the two facts speak pretty strongly for the health and character of the town.—*Boston Journal.*

A Frightful Blunder

Will often causing a horrible Burn, Scald Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

The announcement that neither Nicaragua nor Costa Rica has any objection to the Hay-Pauncefote convention, with its provisions forbidding the fortification of the proposed canal, is not a surprise, but it removes one of the arguments most fluently urged against the ratification of the treaty.

Russia is busily engaged on the new railway to Bander Abbas on the Gulf of Oman, which will give her the long-desired seaport on the Indian Ocean, and Russian agents at Teheran report that the Persians are eager for a Russian protectorate.

This is certainly an interesting dispatch from San Juan:

"Porto Ricans are jubilant over the news of the passing of the bill in the House returning the Porto Rico duties. The people generally are satisfied, and approve the 15 per cent measure."

"There can be no imperialism," declared President McKinley at the Ohio society dinner. "Those who fear it are against it. Those who have faith in the Republic are against it. So that there is universal abhorrence for it and unanimous opposition to it."

A peddler appeared at Yale the other day and tried to sell copies of a book that is sorely troubling New Yorkers. Students rolled him in the mud, destroyed the books and advised him to leave town.

The most picturesque feature of the argument made by Senator Carter in favoring the seating of Mr. Quay was that it was in flat contradiction of the arguments with which he opposed the seating Mr. Corbett.

For fat-witted stupidity the Canadian member of Parliament who professes to believe that the Transvaal is spending money to stir up treason among the French Canadians is certainly entitled to the medal.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Lourenzo Marques says that "Mr. A. S. Hay, the new American Consul at Pretoria, is earning the respect of the Uitlanders and Boers."

British merchants are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get their goods out of bond before the new war taxes go on.

Dr. Washington Gladden, the celebrated minister and writer, has been nominated for Alderman in the Seventh Ward of Columbus, O.

If our British cousins wish to preserve a degree of American sympathy they must bottle up Cecil Rhodes.

One of the heights in the range on which the Boers who opposed Buller have taken their stand is Majuba Hill.

Virginia is to experiment with the liquor dispensary system which has worked so ill in South Carolina.

"A Dukedom for Roberts?" England had better wait until he has entered Pretoria.

Senator Lodge delivered Wednesday his long-anticipated speech on the Philippines.

Spain has appropriated fourteen hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of quick-firing guns.

Swinburne's lines on Lord Roberts's victory over Cronje are entirely empty of vigor and grace.

Gen. Joe Wheeler believes that there will be more fighting in Congress this year than in the Philippines.

A BRAVE LITTLE ANT.

WILLING TO LOSE HIS OWN LIFE TO SAVE HIS FELLOWS.

A Naturalist's Interesting Story of the Heroism Displayed by One of These Tiny Creatures in a Moment of Extreme Peril.

The sun was just setting, writes a naturalist, when I returned, slightly fatigued, from several miles' ride on my wheel. As is my custom on returning home, I took the garden hose and turned water into a great trench which had been dug around a maple tree for the purpose of holding water a sufficient time to permit the dirt adjacent to the roots to become thoroughly soaked.

Sitting down near the tree to rest, my attention was soon attracted to a group of small ants rushing hither and thither in an endeavor to escape. The bottom of the circular ditch being covered, about 20 of the ants sought safety on a large clod of earth. At first they were scattered about over the highest part of the little mound and to all appearances were indifferent as to their surrounndings.

After a little one of the number proceeded leisurely around the little island, and after finishing the circuit it hurried back to its companions. It appeared that they then for the first time realized that they were surrounded by water. The survey was repeated several times in quick succession. The group of ants gathered more closely together and seemed to be in a state of restless anxiety.

As the water rose the circuit grew less, the vigil more earnest and the excitement more intense with each return of the sentinel. They rushed about over each other in a terrible state of agitation, for the water was rapidly approaching. There was now hardly room for them to stand on—just a little white, and that would be soon under water. They ceased struggling, settled down into motionless inactivity and seemed entirely resigned to their fate.

I picked up a little stick and laid it across the water to the point where the ants were. They seemed dazed and did not instantly take advantage of the means of escape afforded them. One then crawled hurriedly up on the stick and went its length out and over the blades of grass on to the dry land. Without a second's hesitation he turned and retraced his steps back to his companions. Now the smallest one of the group returned with him to dry land. They both retraced their steps, and the work of rescue began. The rest seemed passive, entirely subservient to the will of these two. Each, with a companion, hastened out to a place of safety.

The small one was much the more active, she rescuing about three to the larger's two. Time was precious, as the water was rapidly rising. It would soon be running around the outer end of the stick, and the island was melting away. One by one they were taken out, the guide accompanying the rescued one each time to a place of security. Why they did not all follow the first one out when he returned puzzled me, but they did not. The smaller ant now hurried forth with the last one. Still he was not content and rushed back in search of others.

The little hillock was now melted away, and he turned to seek safety for himself. He did not seem as much concerned as before. He did not hasten on as when conscious of rescuing others. The water was running around the stick. The last avenue of escape seemed closed to him forever. He went to the highest point and settled down perfectly still. His previous conduct convinced me that he now fully realized that the case was hopeless as far as he was concerned.

Must the bravest of them all thus die when he could have easily made his escape long ago? He willingly risked his own life that he might save others. Could a more genuine example of heroism be found in human annals? Could a more striking example of brotherly love and unselfish devotion be shown? Could a more earnest solicitude for the life of others be instanced? I think not. Within his own power this little insect had no possible means of escape. He did not fear death; neither did he die, but he was last to escape.

I lifted the stick from the water and laid it on the ground. He crawled hurriedly away to his companions, whom he had so recently torn from the grasp of death. Whatever I may have done for them, I can but feel that in this example the little hero ant did much more for me.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Where We Get Caviare.

Caviare is consumed in large quantities all over the Russian empire. It is also sent to Italy, Germany, France and England and is largely eaten in this country. Caviare is a shining brown substance in little globules, looking exactly like little bramble berries. It is obtained from sturgeon in March by millions on their spawning beds in the mouth of the Danube, the Dneiper, the Don and the Volga rivers, where both nets and hooks are used to capture the fish.

After the membrane of the roe has been removed the grains are washed with vinegar or the cheap white wines of the country. Then they are dried in the air, salted, put into bags and pressed and packed in casks. It is one of the most important articles of Russian trade, the sales reaching annually over $10,000,000.

The Wretched Newspaper Man.

In every city of the land the newspaper man is an outcast. He knows more people to be a stranger to than any other being in the world. He has no holidays. His Christmas is the record of other men's joys. His Thanksgiving is a restaurant. Even the Fourth of July and Sunday, servants of the commonest man, refuse him their cheer. The Fourth of July is the day he must be in every place at once, because everything is happening, and Sunday is the day he must make things up, because nothing is happening.

His labors are our pleasures. He gets his vacation by doing another man's work and earns his living by watching other people live. The very days and the nights turn their natural backs upon him. The lamp is his sun by night, and the curtain is his night by day, and he eats his supper in the morning. His business is the reflection of life. He is the spirit behind the mirror. What is left to us is right to him, and right is left. Sometimes right side up is upside down.

The world is all awry to the newspaper man. It whirls across the hours in columns, now in one edition and now in another, but it heeds him never in return. He is a spectator. The show passes before his face—a shut out, unsharing face. He lives as the years go on, a notebook under the stars, and when the notebook is scribbled out he dies.—Gerald Stanley Lee in Atlantic.

A Difference of Opinion.

The fat man is sure he has paid his fare to the conductor. He is positive on this point, because he had only a nickel, and it has passed from his possession.

The conductor is also positive, with no actual proof therefor, that the fat man has not contributed his mite to swell the coffers of the corporation. He demands the fare.

The fat man for obvious reasons refuses.

He announces in a bleat of rage that he'll see the conductor and the corporation elsewhere before he yields.

The other passengers are wild with joy. They have no particular love for the corporation, they do not know the fat man, and if they met the conductor again they would not look at him. Passengers seldom do. They are loyal Americans.

Behind the fat man's underlying principle there is knowledge of a six mile walk, an angry wife, a cold supper and a neglected euchre party. He announces again that he will see the conductor elsewhere. He does.

He sees the conductor in the street. The fat man is with him.

The fat man's hat is in the gutter, his coat is torn and myriad packages are strewn over the field of battle.

The car and the conductor fade from sight, and the fat man gathers up his bundles for the six mile walk.

Will he sue the corporation for $500,000? He will not. He remembers that he spent the nickel for a Queen of the Backwoods cigar.—Chicago Democrat.

The White House Mail Box.

"An amusing thing that we frequently see at the White House," said one of the attaches there, "is the mailing of letters in the White House letter box by visitors to the city. All visitors to Washington go to the executive mansion, and many of them notice the letter box in the vestibule just before entering the east room. Some of them decide to mail letters there, believing that these letters will contain the stamp of the White House. Of course it would be a great thing for a distant relative to receive a letter postmarked at the White House.

"The other day an intelligent looking woman, accompanied by several grown daughters, asked me to lend her a pencil. I heard her say, 'Won't it be lovely to mail them a letter from here and let them see that we've been to the president's home?' She proceeded to write for some time, secured an envelope, addressed it and then proudly dropped the epistle in our letter box. She went off with a radiant face. She was sure that all her neighbors and friends for miles around would hear of that letter mailed from the White House, and she would be besieged with inquiries on her return. She'll learn her mistake. The letter box here does not differ in any way from those on the streets."—Washington Star.

Made It a Burlesque.

Franklin Fyles recalls some amusing first night experiences in his article on "The Theater and Its People" in The Ladies' Home Journal. One he relates is of Laura Don, now dead: "She had the role of an Egyptian princess in 'Fresh, the American.' It was intended that she should be seriously and sentimentally impressive, while the late John T. Raymond, the star of the company, should be contrastingly comical as the lover. But the audience would not have it so. Nor was it anything in Miss Don's appearance, for she was beautiful, nor in her acting, for it was clever, that made the people laugh. It came of a miscalculation by the author. The quick witted woman, seeing that she could not control the audience, resolved to humor it. By an exaggeration of speech and manner she turned the part into burlesque, and it was always after acted in that way."

Mr. Fyles also tells that "in 'Cleopatra,' as produced by the late Fanny Davenport, a general should have given to his queen an impetuous account of a battle which he had won. But he stood wordless, silent, stuck fast. 'You have come to tell me,' Miss Davenport said and then went on with the narrative which he should have spoken."

The Iceland Dinner.

In Iceland the native's dinner usually consists of dried fish and butter. The fish is ling or cod, which, when caught, is split open and then hung on the lines by the seashore to dry in the cold winds and hot sun. When thus preserved, they will keep for years, being as hard as the nether millstone. When wanted for dinner, the fish is well hammered by a stone mallet and then cut up into strips. In this state it is eaten, but it is said that it needs an Icelander's teeth to get through the meal. The butter is not spread on the fish, but the two are taken alternately, first a mouthful of fish, then a mouthful of butter. It may easily be supposed that the Icelander is thankful to have his jaws well greased after every mouthful of the tough morsel.

Spoiled His Doze.

A town that has played its part in history for more than 100 years ought to be forgiven for being a little sleepy by this time, although its new neighbors may be inclined to poke fun at it.

It is told that a Bladensburg merchant was dozing in his store one day when a little girl came in with a pitcher and asked for a quart of molasses. The merchant yawned, stretched himself, opened his eyes and then said in an injured tone:

"Well, ain't there nobody what sells molasses in Bladensburg but me?"

Trust.

Hoax—I believe everything my wife tells me.

Joax—On general principles?

Hoax—Yes; I think every man should believe about half he hears, and I prefer to believe the better half.—Philadelphia Record.

The Modern Acceptance.

The Man (teasingly)—I'll wager you don't know the "Rule of Three."

The Maid—That's easy; "Three's a crowd."—Kansas City Independent.

It's a Mistake If She Don't.

Who does not admire the lovely tints of health in a woman's face, the unmistakable evidence of serene nerves and pure blood? How much less frequently are such faces seen than those that indicate worry, weakness and disease. Discontent comes from weakness and disease. Female troubles breed nervousness, and the result is ruin to health, happiness and sweetness of disposition, unless the right treatment is used to cure. Dr. Greene, the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervura and many other wonderful remedies, offers free counsel to all such women at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., either by letter or personal call. He understands the conditions and diseases from which they suffer, and will give them advice that will make them well and happy. It is every woman's duty to preserve her looks and her health, and Dr. Greene has shown thousands of women how to do this. Don't let your beauty and health vanish without a struggle. Tell or write your troubles confidentially to Dr. Greene. He will help you.

Are Your Kidneys Sick

Here is an Easy Way to Find Out.

Be sure you need medicine before you take it, but having once found out that you need it—lose no time in getting the best. If it's for the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder or Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation, or the sickness peculiar to woman, the best is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and a very simple way to find out if you need it, is to put some urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it then has a sediment or a milky, cloudy appearance; if it is ropy or stringy, pale or discolored, you do not need a physician to tell you that, you should take Favorite Remedy at once. It speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, burning scalding pain in passing water, the staining of linen by your urine and all the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer. All druggists sell Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at $1.00 a bottle or 6 bottles for $5.00.

By a special and particular arrangement with the manufacturers, our readers can try this grand medicine absolutely free. By simply sending your full name and post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation Rondout, N. Y., mentioning this paper, when a trial bottle of Favorite Remedy, together with a pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be sent you by mail postpaid.

The publishers of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

They have been hunting whales outside Southampton, L. I.

Krueger is an inveterate smoker.

We advise our readers to buy Vick's Seeds

THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES.

The handsomest and most complete Catalogue the house has ever issued sent free, provided you state in what you are most interested — Flowers, Vegetables, or Small Fruits. Address

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Office of the License Commissioners, Woburn, Mass.

At a meeting of the License Commissioners held March 6, 1900, the following prices were established for for the year ending April 30, 1901:

INNHOLDERS.

First & Fourth Class,		$1,700
COMMON VICTUALLERS.		
First Class,	- - -	$1,100
Fourth Class,	- - -	$400
DRUGGIST.		
Sixth Class,	- - -	$1.00

No fourth class licenses will be issued except in conjunction with a first class license.

All applicants applying for Liquor Licenses as innholders of the first and fourth class or as common victuallers of the first and fourth class will be required to deposit with the Board of License Commissioners the sum of $200 when presenting applications, which sum will be turned over to the City Treasurer and credited in part payment of the license fees on all applications granted. The said sum will be refunded to all applicants not receiving a license.

Notice is also given that all communications from applicants, remonstrants or interested parties, must be submitted in writing, addressed to the License Commissioners.

The License Commissioners hereby notify all persons who contemplate applying for licenses that they will be at Room 8, Municipal Building on March 17th, 19th and 20th between the hours of 7 and 9 P. M., to distribute and receive applications. All applicants must file their applications on or before March 20th, 1900.

All persons who contemplate applying for a license as a common innholder or as a common victualler are hereby notified that their application papers will also be ready on the above dates and above notice will also apply to them.

ALBERT F. BLAKE,
W. FRANK FOWLE,
WILLIAM C. KENNEY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Peter J. Carpenter, formerly of Woburn, in said County, an absentee whose whereabouts is unknown, and to Arthur E. Gage of said Woburn, as you are receiver of all the property of said absentee,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Elizabeth M. Carpenter, wife of Peter J. Carpenter, has presented to said Court her petition praying the Court to make such order as it deems expedient concerning her past, present, and future support, and to direct said receiver to apply the property of said absentee, in his hands, to the payment of such charges as may properly have been incurred or hereafter may be incurred in her support;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of March, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to said Arthur E. Gage fourteen days at least before said Court, and by publishing the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing a copy hereof to said absentee at his last known address fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, March 7th, 1900.

The Committee on Metropolitan affairs will give a hearing to parties interested in the petition (with accompanying bill, House No. 585) of William F. Davis, Mayor of the city of Woburn, and others, for legislation to authorize the Metropolitan Park Commission to construct a boulevard from Pleasant street in Woburn to the Mystic River Parkway in Winchester at room No. 436, State House, on Friday March 16, at 11 o'clock A. M.

A. A. MAXWELL, Chairman.
A. P. RUSSELL, Clerk of the Committee.

Mrs. Eunice L. Matthews

desires to inform her customers that she has removed her Dressmaking rooms from 83 Winn street

TO 333 MAIN STREET,
Putnam's Block, Woburn.

Sincerely thanking them for their patronage in the past she will be pleased to receive them at her new quarters on and after Wednesday, March 14, 1900.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

Thursday and Friday, Mar. 15 & 16.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges o New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday March 15, Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Reduction Sale of Winter Goods

Before Stock Taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

All the Time

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Fresh Butter and Eggs.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Francis J. McPartlin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, dated December 27, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2016, Page 469, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to John W. Johnson of said Woburn, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

Monday, March 26, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the westerly side of Prospect street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises at land now or formerly of Samuel Butters; thence the line runs southerly on Prospect street sixty feet, or more, to land now or formerly of Timothy Driscoll; thence turning and running westerly on land last named about one hundred thirty-eight and 8-10 feet to the centre of a brook; thence turning and running northwesterly in the centre of said brook about sixty-two feet to land of said Butters; thence turning and running easterly on last named land about one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning; said lot containing about 8,743 square feet, more or less.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes, and $200 in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 1, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Sarah Olive Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

NELLIE D. RICHARDSON, Admx.
Woburn, Mass.
February 21, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Anna B. Colburn, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

SIDNEY S. COLBURN, Adm.
90 Federal St., Boston.
Feb. 27, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Dexter Carter, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN W. SCRIBNER, Admr.
86 Marshall St., Somerville.
Sept. 26th, 1899

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
341 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Tears

Many a woman has periodic crying spells. She meets her husband with eyes red and swollen and he cries out: "What has happened?" "Nothing" his wife replies. "I don't know what is the matter with me, but I just had to have a good cry." Men don't have crying spells. It would seem therefore that an affection confined to women must have its cause in the womanly nature. There is no doubt that a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs, is in general responsible for feminine nervousness and hysteria.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes women happy by making them healthy. There are no more crying spells. "Favorite Prescription" cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

There is no medicine "just as good." Accept no substitute.

"For three years," writes Mrs. Mary A. Sasser, of High, Lamar Co., Texas, "I suffered with falling of the womb, also ulceration of the womb. After using three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets,' I found relief. I am able to do my work with ease. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all my friends, for I truly believe it saved my life."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DEAD DRAP.

Dreep drap, dreep drap, i' the lang an lanely nicht.
Dreep drap, dreep drap, my heart is quick wi' fricht,
For ane is summoned frae dear hame an life an kindly licht.

They're sleepin a', they're sleepin a', as warm an peacefullie
As if cauld death was far awa' at wark upon the sea.
But oh, he's near at hand an tells a wearie tale to me!

An will he tak' the raven hair or will he tak' the gray?
Or will he wag a finger bare at lauchin, lint white May?
Oh, let him mak' a sign to me, for gladly I would gae!

Dreep drap, dreep drap, in a nicht without a mune.
Dreep drap, dreep drap—it draps a loo'ed life dune.
I sit an shiver by mysel'—God send the daylicht sune!

—Nimmo Christie in Black and White.

MERE SUSANNE.

When I first saw her, she was standing in her cottage doorway, leaning both hands on her stick. The sunset was on her face, glorifying the cottage windows and the little garden, and there was a noise of singing birds about her. Her eyes were turned westward. She was a little old woman, with gray hair and a small, determined face. Her lips were thin and her eyes bright and deep set, with penthouse brows.

I lingered, wondering a little. From inside the cottage there came the continual cheep cheep and twitter of birds. There were cages hung up outside near the door, and one even on the doorstep. The old woman looked straight across the flat fields to the sunset. She had a colorless wrap about her head, and she wore a colorless dress and a blue apron. The sunset glorified them all.

I thought she did not see me, but as I went by she called to me, and I turned back. She came down to the little gate and said, "Monsieur is a stranger?"

"Yes, madame."

"And he has traveled perhaps?"

"In many lands."

"Has he ever met a tall lad, a soldier, very fair and handsome, with blue eyes?"

"I have met many soldiers, madame."

"But this one! Think, monsieur," she urged. "You could never have forgotten him. His hair was like the sky yonder"—she pointed to the ruined gold of the sunset—"and his eyes danced, danced always. He was always merry."

"I am very sorry, madame, I do not remember him."

She seemed a little saddened and was turning away when I said, "You keep many singing birds, madame?"

"They call me Mere Susanne," she said. "Come in, monsieur, if you will, and see them."

The cottage was two roomed—one room where she lived and slept; I learned afterward that the other was a shrine—empty—where she went to pray when her heart and hope were numb.

The little kitchen was filled with birds in cages. She had to put one on the floor to offer me a seat. As for herself she sat down on a stool in the midst of them. Then she took up the cage from the floor on to her knee, and, putting in her hand, captured the songster. It was a chaffinch. She stroked its wings and laid it against her face. It did not try to escape, but nestled contentedly against the wrinkled cheek.

"It knows you," I said.

She gave a contented little laugh. "They all do. But I won't need them when he comes home."

"Who is he?"

"He—my boy that I told you of. Some of them used to say he would never come back when they thought I didn't hear them. But I know."

The twilight was closing in. A gradual hush had crept over the linnets and finches, the canaries and the rest. She put back the bird into its cage and rose; I too. She did not ask me to go again. I went out into the little garden and the twilight and continued my walk; but, returning home the same way, I heard a strange sound through the spring darkness. It was Mere Susanne crouched up by the garden paling, crying to herself.

A few days later I came across her in the fields. She was plucking dandelion and herbs for salad and groundsel for birds. She told me that she went about selling them to those of the neighbors who had no time to come and look for their own.

The new green was springing up around us. The sky was blue. A spring wind wandered about and blew apart the old woman's hair on her forehead as she worked.

"You leave your birds alone all day?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, "but I hear them singing all the same."

"How, then, since your cottage is not near here?"

"How do I know?" she said, straightening herself. "It gets plainer and plainer as I go home in the evenings, and when I get in at the gate they all begin together." She stooped down again, smiling. "It's almost like having a child waiting for one," she said, out not to me.

I thought of her that evening when, looking out of my window, I saw that the sky in the west had turned primrose. I saw her trudging home with the light on her face and the singing of her birds in her ears growing nearer and nearer, till at last she turned in at the little gate.

Often after that I met her in the fields or going her rounds in the village. Sometimes when I saw her talking with the neighbors I fancied that the glamour of a spring evening had worked a spell and that after all there was nothing uncommon or evil about her, and then I remembered the eyes that had watched the sunset and the strange sound heard through the spring darkness.

If in the daytime I chanced to pass her cottage, which stood alone among the sad, cultivated fields, I heard her birds singing and chirping ceaselessly. "Monsieur," she said to me once, "when I am dead they will stop singing."

She went early to work in the mornings, giving them fresh food and water before starting. Often she went far afield for herbs. Once I met her coming home slowly and heavily, leaning on her stick. Dusk had fallen, and the east was growing tender for the moonrise.

She asked me in that evening. I noticed that she moved about feebly, as though she were tired out, and at last she sat down and was silent.

"Mere Susanne," I said suddenly, "when is your boy coming back? How long has he been away?"

By the movement she made I knew that she raised her head, for we were in darkness.

"Monsieur," she said, "he may come any day. Every night I say to myself, 'Perhaps he will come tomorrow, maybe before I am up, or he will meet me coming home in the evening.'"

"Why does he delay, Mere Susanne?"

Her fingers grew restless and plucked at her apron. "I cannot tell, monsieur. But it is not long since he went—only a little while ago."

"When did he go, Mere Susanne, and why? You have never told me. When was it?"

"It was during the war, monsieur. I do not know how long ago; I have no memory, but only a little while since. Monsieur will know. He went to fight."

Then at last I began to understand. It was 20 years since her boy had gone. She would not have known him now. He was a tall lad, fair and handsome, and blue eyed to her still, and she was waiting for him to come back from a battlefield which the plow had turned up a score of times since that last battle had been fought.

The little room and the darkness seemed to me to grow very sad. At times came a twitter from a sleepless bird, and then the moonlight stole in and found us. Mere Susanne rose up. "See, monsieur," she said, "I will show you his room." And she took me into the other chamber. It was very bare and spotless, and the white moonlight was glorifying it—nay, was hallowing it; for it was a shrine. There was nothing in it except a chair and a chest of drawers and the bed against the wall. The moonlight was streaming on to the pillow where should have been lying the head that had slept since on another bed of honor.

Mere Susanne stole up and kissed it, and then, kneeling, laid her own head there. And I stumbled out into the little garden and the soft moonshine and shadow, not seeing where I went.

Sometimes I fancy that her boy came home; that some early summer twilight he met her returning from the fields and came back with her through the little gate and into the cottage, his arm about her shoulders and she looking up at his face with pride and peace in hers.

Was it so, I wonder? I like to think that it was. For one morning when I passed by the little cottage stood with open door in the early sunlight. And the birds had stopped singing.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A German Cyclist's Brake.

"We Americans traveling abroad are apt to be very proud of our reputation for cleverness," said a tourist who went bicycling in Europe last summer. "And no doubt we have reason to be. But I am going to tell you how I had some of the conceit taken out of me.

"We were going through Switzerland and had reached the close of the first day's descent toward Geneva. The road had been too steep to coast without the aid of a brake, and as we were afraid to use our brakes for fear our tires would not last us through our trip we back pedaled all the way.

"As we were sitting after supper on the veranda of the lodge discussing the fatigue of our unusual exercise and dreading the morrow, which meant more of the same sort, our attention was suddenly called to a cloud of dust descending the mountain side. Then we saw a cyclist, coasting as nice as you please, towing a good sized sapling by a rope tied to the rear of his wheel, which acted as an effective brake without injury to the tires. One of the boys ejaculated, 'Well, why didn't we think of that?' The rest were simply dumb. That man was a German. I now take off my hat to our German brethren of the wheel."—New York Sun.

Teeth and Eyesight.

It is not a generally understood fact that the condition of the teeth has much to do with the health, beauty and usefulness of the eyes. That an ulcerated tooth will often cause extreme inflammation of the eyes is true, and a case is reported of almost total blindness caused by the teeth crowding together. A half grown boy, who had complained of almost incessant uneasiness in his jaws and had been visited with periodical attacks of the most violent toothache, retired one night in his usual condition, but upon awakening the next morning it was discovered that he was blind. The eyes presented a most unnatural appearance and the countenance was strained and distressed. After a good deal of investigation it was decided to remove some of his teeth and see if this would afford relief. Six teeth were extracted and the boy was given sedative treatment. After a few days the sight became normal and there has been no return of the difficulty. Children who appear to have too many teeth should be carefully looked after, especially if they complain of their eyes in any way. Sometimes the symptoms are only secondary, but an acute diagnostician will speedily detect the exact state of the case.—New York Ledger.

A Valued Tip.

"You want to be careful of Geezer. He doesn't pay his debts."

"Thanks for the tip. You see, I owe him money."—Philadelphia North American.

Experience.

Stage Manager—You say you have had some stage experience?

Miss Gush—Oh, yes, indeed! I took the leading part in our church cantata at home once, and—well, to tell you the truth, everybody said I just played my part too lovely for anything.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Women, Remember This Fact

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's ills is greater than that of any living person—male or female.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examination of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is unequaled.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only.

This is a positive fact—not a mere statement. It is certified to by the mayor and postmaster of Lynn and others whose letters, all in a little book, Mrs. Pinkham has just published. Write for a copy, it is free. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last few months.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Here are some of the cases we refer to:

Mrs. Pinkham Helps Two Women Through Change of Life and Cures Another of Sterility. Read Their Letters.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I feel that it is owing to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I am alive today. It has taken me out of a sick bed where I had lain for six weeks with a good doctor to tend me twice a day. My trouble was change of life, had frequent hemorrhages. Your medicine checked the flow right away. I am now able to do all my work, and backache is unknown. I am forty-three years of age and enjoying good health."—Mrs. Annie Foster, Cascade Locks, Oregon.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—When I first wrote to you, I was in a very bad condition. I was passing through the change of life, and the doctors said I had bladder and liver trouble. I had suffered for nine years. Doctors failed to do me any good. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my health has improved very much. I will gladly recommend your medicine to others and am sure that it will prove as great a blessing to them as it has to me."—Mrs. Geo. H. June, 901 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and could not become a mother, so wrote to you to find out the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy, the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby, thanks to your medicine."—Mrs. Minda Finkle, Roscoe, N. Y.

Two More Women Who Acknowledge the Help they Have Received from Mrs. Pinkham.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—The doctor says I have congestion of the womb, and cannot help me. There is aching in the right side of abdomen, hip, leg, and back. If you can do me any good, please write."—Mrs. Nina Chase, Fulton, N. Y., December 20, 1897.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I followed your instructions, and now I want every woman suffering from female trouble to know how good your advice and medicine is. The doctor advised an operation. I could not bear to think of that, so followed your advice. I got better right off. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used three packages of Sanative Wash; also took your Liver Pills, and am cured."—Mrs. Nina Chase, Fulton, N. Y., December 12, 1898.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—Have been suffering for over a year and had three doctors. At time of menstruation I suffer terrible pains in back and ovaries. I have headache nearly every day, and feel tired all the time. The doctor said my womb was out of place. Would be so glad if you could help me."—Mrs. Carl Voss, Sac City, Iowa, August 1, 1898.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the good your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I did everything you told me to do, and used only three bottles, and feel better in every respect."—Mrs. Carl Voss, Sac City, Iowa, March 23, 1899.

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty Thousand Such Letters as Above on File at Her Office—She Makes no Statements She Cannot Prove.

A Healthy Locality.

To all appearance Ardnamurchan, on the west coast of Scotland, is a great place for longevity. Whether it is because of the soft and salubrious climate or the remoteness of the place from the centers and the sins of population or something indigenous to the Ardnamurchan nature it would be rash to say, but certain it is that an Ardnamurchanite seems to have a good chance of becoming a patriarch. Within 30 years many of the inhabitants have been cut off at verying ripe ages between 100 and 112.—Scottish American.

His Distinction.

"Yes, sir," said Broncho Bob, "when I was east I was a regular literary lion. I got in with some people who are interested in dialect."

"But you can't write dialect."

"No, I can't write it. But I kin talk it great."—Washington Star.

According to The Hawaiian Gazette, there are ordinarily from 30 to 40 varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing.

There are no microbes on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

WHERE ONE HOBO RODE.

It Was Under the Locomotive Pilot, and He Became Sorry.

A St. Louis railroad man, while talking with a reporter, related a curious incident of his early road life which happened while he was braking on the Missouri Pacific out of St. Louis.

"In 1893," said he, "I was running on a freight between St. Louis and Sedalia, Mo., and it was during that winter that I ran across something that laid it over all I ever saw in the way of hoboing. Now, of course, I've seen bums riding in all ways and places imaginable, and to see a man hanging to the rods of a fast freight or perched on the pilot is not surprising to me, but this—well, let me tell you.

"We had been some time out of Sedalia, hitting a pretty good gait toward St. Louis. That winter the hobos along the line of the 'Mop' were a fright, and the whole crew was kept busy chasing them off the train. As far as I was concerned personally, they could have all had 'transportation,' for I have been on the road myself and believe that when a man is willing to take such big chances of life and limb to get over the country a fellow need not put himself out of his way to find him. But, then, the company had different views in regard to the matter, and we had to chase them or lose out. That night—and it was cold enough to freeze the whiskers off a polar bear—I made over a dozen poor fellows unload from the 'decks' and rods and felt sorry for every one of them when they hit the grit through the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a 'pipe,' coming from an old shack, but it's so.

"Well, it wasn't long before we pulled into 'Jeff' City, and while the engineer oiled around I started out with two of the crew to chase hobos. Just as we got to the end of the train Old Brennan, the finest 'eagle eye' who ever jerked a throttle, called to Dan Hines, his fireman, to back up, so that he could oil and wipe his links. Dan was cleaning his fire at the time; so, giving it a final swipe with his slash bar, he backed up; but, being a little careless, he pulled back too far, bringing the pilot half way over the pile of redhot coals he had just raked from the firebox.

"Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit, and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could let go the throttle it seemed to me bedlam had broke loose under that engine.

"'Lemme out!' yelled some one. 'Lemme out! Move her up! Oh, Lord, I'm burnin up!' The sounds came from under the pilot. Rushing round to the front, we saw a hobo, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces underneath it, yelling for all that was in him.

"In a moment Dan had moved the machine up so as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while he beat out with his dirty paws his blazing coattails he still cused, coughing all the while like an engine coming up a grade.

"'How in Sam Hill,' roared old Brennan, not relishing the dressing down the hobo gave him—'how in Sam Hill did you git under my pilot?'

"'I got here when dis bloomin teakettle was over de pit at Sedalia, but youse fellows needn' try to barbecue me for dat, need you?'

"Oh, but old Brennan was wrathy! 'Come out o' dat, ye dirty porch climber, or I'll set ye back over the fire.'

"'How c'n I git out wid dis track under me?' the hobo yelled back. 'T'ink I c'n dig t'rough it?'

"Brennan saw that it was impossible for him to come from under the pilot till another roundhouse was reached. This enterprising 'tourist' had crawled into the pilot while the engine stood over the pit in the Sedalia roundhouse and of course could not get out till another pit was placed under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit, it was a very hazardous place to ride, for in a wreck death would be certain. When we reached Chamois, 25 miles farther on, where there was a roundhouse, the poor devil was released. But he was a sight to see. His coattails were burned off, his whiskers and hair were singed, one of his 'lamps' was groggy from sulphur smoke and flying grit, and, on the whole, to quote old man Brennan, he looked like a 'raveled top spring on a rainy day.'"—Memphis Scimitar.

Facts About Compasses.

Much as the average schoolboy reads about the mariner's compass, when it comes to the point he knows very little about it. It is divided into 32 parts, of 11 degrees 15 minutes each. The needle is on its lower surface. The magnetized needle is fixed to the lower part of the card, which revolves with the needle and is usually suspended on a central cap of agate, the point of suspension being a similar hard material.

The compass is kept horizontal by supports on gimbols. In iron or steel vessels the needle deviates from the true north and south, but this is partially compensated for by placing steel magnets near the compass to overcome the pull of the ship. On the inside of the compass box is a vertical line, and the pivot of the card being in the same plane as the ship's keel the point on the circumference of the card opposite to the vertical line shows the angle the ship makes with the magnetic meridian.—Philadelphia Record.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Queer Jobs For Congressmen.

Recently an Illinois congressman, while at home, received a letter from one of his constituents who had secured a position in Washington. The writer was not at all modest in his request, but simply asked the congressman to go to the house of his constituent, get an old pair of shoes and mail them to him under the congressional frank.

The member was startled at the audacity of his correspondent, and, it is needless to say, he did not comply with the request. The same member received a letter from one of his constituents asking him to secure the voter a position as bartender in this city. As this is not in line with the work of a congressman and as Uncle Sam does not employ any one in this capacity, this request was also turned down.

One morning the same member was amused by finding in his mail a letter from one of his constituents who is in love with a young woman residing in the statesman's district. The writer said he knew the member had considerable influence and modestly requested him to exert it to bring about a marriage between the two persons in question. He went on to explain how much property the young woman owned, how charming and beautiful she is and the intensity of the love he had for her. While the congressman was willing to favor his constituent, he did not know just how to go about it, as he is not running a matrimonial bureau.—Chicago Tribune.

She Got the Pepper.

A certain well to do housekeeper in West Chester discovered one day last week that there wasn't a grain of pepper in the house. She always had her groceries sent to her from a big Philadelphia firm, but on occasions like this she was in the habit of patronizing a West Chester grocer whose store was near by. Therefore she condescended to call up the local grocer by telephone and place with him her order for a quarter of a pound of pepper, to be delivered at once. The grocer is a patient man, and he talked very politely over the telephone. Afterward, however, he swore; then he laughed. He laughed loud and long and remarked to himself occasionally: "Good idea! That's rich!"

About half an hour later the well to do housekeeper was somewhat surprised to see a great, clumsy dray drive up before her door and back up to the curb. In the middle of the dray was a tiny package done up in yellow paper. The drayman, after taking particular care to get his huge wagon in proper position, adjusted the board from the tailboard to the house steps and, with a thick stanchion, proceeded to slowly pry the tiny package off the dray. With infinite care he rolled it on to the step, the amazed housekeeper meanwhile watching the proceeding from the doorway. Then the drayman soberly presented the grocer's bill for the quarter pound of pepper and drove off.—Philadelphia Record.

Our Slandered Elevator Boys.

"I was over in New York the other day," said an official, "and I had an experience which rather inclines me to the belief that the elevator boys of that town ought to establish a spelling school fund for general and individual benefit. I was in a building occupied by publishers, and the elevator had a disk over each gate with a hand pointing to the different numbers on it showing where the cage was at any given time. The characters on the disk were 'S-1-2-3-4-5-6,' and I was stumped on the S.

"'What is the S for on the disk?' I inquired of the boy, or young man, when I got aboard.

"'S?' he repeated as if he were hearing of it for the first time.

"'Yes, S,' I said. 'I understand the numbers of the floors all right, but what's the S?'

"'Oh, yes!' he exclaimed as he caught the idea. 'The S—um—er—lemme see—of course the S. Why, that stands for cellar, of course. That's when you go down below the first floor, you know.'

"But somehow I didn't know, and later I was informed that the S stood for 'street,' or the street floor."—Washington Star.

Didn't Hurry the Train.

A railroad conductor on the afternoon train of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley road was staggered one day by the request of a very plainly dressed woman.

She approached the conductor while the train was waiting at the South Memphis station and said:

"Mister, I wish you would git an early start this evening, for I've got a heap of work to do when I get home. We just moved down into the delta from 'Alabam,' and we ain't got things straightened around yet. It will be a big accommodation to me if I git down home before sundown."

The conductor, polite as conductors usually are, promised the woman he would do the best he could, but the train left on the regular schedule time.—Memphis Scimitar.

White Men and Thunder.

In a paper read before the British association Captain Welby described a journey in King Menelek's dominions. He stated that in the Abyssinians there lay a mint of pluck, energy and intelligence which was merely waiting for development.

He noticed that those tribes who relied for food solely on milk and meat were of finer physique than those favored with cereals as well, while others dependent solely on fish and herbs were, as a rule, miserable individuals.

He came across one tribe who held the notion that whenever there was thunder a white man was born, and hence it was thought that he must be able to bring rain with him. The captain exhibited photos of Abyssinian giants over seven feet in height.

The Turkish Autocrat.

The sultan of Turkey rises at 6 and after devoting the whole morning to work with his secretaries breakfasts at noon. After this he takes a drive or a row on the lake in his vast park. At 8 he dines and amuses himself during the evening with his family, listening while his daughter plays on the piano. He is extremely fond of music. The sultan dresses like an English gentleman, but invariably in a frock coat, the breast of which on great occasions is richly embroidered and blazing with decorations. There are over 400 cooks and scullions employed in the imperial palace.

Suspicions Aroused.

Smith—What's wrong, old man? You look worried.

Jones—I am. You know I had my life insured last week?

Smith—Yes, but what has that got to do with it?

Jones—Well, the very next day my wife bought a new cookbook. Possibly it's all right, but it certainly looks suspicious.—Chicago News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 11.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 9-12—Golden Text, Mark ii, 10—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "And again He entered into Capernaum after some days." According to some harmonies Mark i, 39, describes His first general circuit of Galilee, which Math. iv, 23, states more fully in these words, "And Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." Between verses 39 and 40 of chapter i these harmonies tell us that there comes in the sermon on the mount and the draft of fishes of Luke v, 1-11, then the healing of the leper of Mark i, 40-45, after which Mark tells us that because of the healed leper's blazing the matter abroad Jesus could not enter the city, but was without in desert places. Luke says that He withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed (Luke v, 16). Our lesson begins with His return to Capernaum and its being noised that He was in the house.

2. "He preached the word unto them." A house full of people and crowds at the door, and He preached the gospel of the kingdom as He had done all through Galilee. He had but one great topic, the good news of the grace and the glory of God, revealing the Father's purposes and telling of the Father's great gift, even Himself, in whom all the grace and glory were made sure to each one receiving Him, and they might have remembered that it was written, "The Lord will give grace and glory" (Ps. lxxxiv, 11). The command still holds, "Preach the word" (II Tim. iv, 2).

3, 4. Four men come carrying on a bed a fifth who was sick with palsy. We are not told what distance they came, but they came with a determination that Jesus should see their sick friend and heal him. They had no thought of carrying him home again, for they fully expected to see him walk home. What their thoughts were when they saw that the house was full and that they could not even get near the door may perhaps be imagined, but perhaps not, for they were men of great determination. Many would have been utterly discouraged, but not so they. Soon they are on the roof and have broken it up and have lowered the sick man on his couch into the midst before Jesus (Luke v, 19). In Luke iv, 17, it is written that Pharisees and doctors of the law were present from Judaea and Galilee, and the power of the Lord was present to heal them. They did not know that they needed healing, they did not come to be healed, but God had planned that they should see something of His power to heal.

5. "Jesus saw their faith." The faith of these four interested and pleased Him. That the sick man had faith also we are not told. In Math. viii, 10, it was the faith of the centurion that brought health to his servant. In Math. xv, 28, it was the faith of the woman that brought health to her daughter. It was the faith of Rahab that saved her kindred. Consider what you may bring to others by faith in God. Faith is just believing what God says, taking Him at His word, fully persuaded that He will do what He says.

6, 7. "Who can forgive sins but God only?" Thus these self righteous scribes reasoned in their hearts, not knowing that the God who forgives sins was really in their midst, the same one concerning whom the nation will one day say: "Lo, this is our God! We have waited for Him, and He will save us" (Isa. xxv, 9). The only one who could forgive their sins and without whom their sins never could be forgiven, yet they knew Him not. It is not by reasoning that we obtain the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, but by receiving Him, putting our whole trust in His precious blood shed for us, then we can appropriate Eph. i, 6, 7, and Isa. xliii, 25.

8. "Jesus perceived in His spirit that they so reasoned within themselves." He knows all our thoughts and our words before they are spoken (Ezek. xi, 5; Ps. cxxxix, 4). We can hide nothing from Him, and the darkness and the light are all alike to Him. It must have been a surprise to them to experience such extraordinary mind reading. What a wonder that they did not perceive that God was in their midst! Why did they not say: Here is one who reads our very thoughts and who forgives sins. This must be our Messiah.

9. "Whether it is easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and take up thy bed and walk?" A physician might possibly be used of God to give health to this man's body, but no mortal man could blot out his sins. The more difficult, the forgiveness of sins had been accomplished in their presence and in their hearing, and He who did the more difficult could easily do the other. He who forgives sins will surely give a perfect body to all His forgiven ones in due time, for this body of humiliation shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body at His appearing (Phil. iii, 20, 21). If He wills that any of His redeemed ones should continue a longer or shorter time in a frail, weak, suffering body, it must be in the light of the kingdom and the glory, the very best that His infinite love and wisdom could plan. "As for God, His way is perfect" (Ps. xviii, 30).

10, 11. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." This was the main thing He sought to emphasize before them. Their bodies were in health, but their souls were sick, and He longed to save them, but they would not let Him. The power of the Lord was present to heal them, but they would not be healed. To speak if possible, more powerfully to them, He said to the sick man, "Arise and take up thy bed and go thy way into thine house." We may imagine the palsied man so rejoicing in the forgiveness of his sins that perhaps he almost forgot that he was palsied.

12. "We never saw it on this fashion." As they saw the sick man arise in health, take up his bed and go forth before them all they, with amazement, uttered these words. Both Matthew and Luke, as well as Mark, say that the people glorified God. Matthew adds, "Who had given such power unto men" (ix, 8). So, while one was healed in body and soul, and at least he and his friends had great joy and the confident expectation of the believing four was fully realized, these blind, self righteous doctors, and probably many others went away simply wondering.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

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It conquers all nervous weakness and exhaustion, spring debility, run-down blood, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, kidney and liver complaints, weakness and all diseases which accompany debilitated blood and weakened nerve force.

Mrs. E. J. Chenery, 1 Spring St., Woodford's, Me., says:—"Last spring my husband and myself were not feeling well, and I was suffering from a nervous difficulty. I did not sleep well nights, and having had sickness in the family, I had become exhausted. We heard Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy highly recommended by others. My husband and myself used eight bottles and we derived great benefit from its use. I can now sleep well and am better since its use. We think highly of Nervura."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.

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A BEAR FOR A ROOMMATE.

Funny Story About a Russian Beast Which Slept In a Bed.

Livonia is a part of our globe where fondness for pets coexists with love of sport. A Russian subject from that province tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her neighbors for the feelings of a bear. The animal had an odd fancy for sleeping indoors and in a bed. To humor him, a room in a tower was always left open for the animal. Some nights he came and availed himself of the hospitality, but often he staid out in the woods. If he arrived at his tower and mounted the long flight of steps which led from outside to his own door and found that anything prevented his entrance, the bear made a horrible noise, growling and battering the woodwork. In Livonia, during the brief northern summer, the local magnates visit each other without prior arrangement, and they arrive prepared to stop the night. It not infrequently occurs that many carriages converge at the same time on one country house, with the result that as many as 40 beds may be required. A large influx of visitors arrived one night at the house where the bear had his room. The last comer was a timid youth, a cousin of the house. The host met him, radiant:

"What a pleasure, Ivan! You'll find half the relations here. But, alas, you'll not have a good room. Every other corner is full. There's only the tower left. As you know, the bear comes there. But never mind! He does not put in an appearance every night." The young man would fain have gone farther, but the nearest country house was ten miles off, his horse tired, and the hospitable relations very pressing in their invitation to him to remain. He was greatly afraid of the bear, but still more afraid of offending host, hostess and all the other cousins and neighbors. He decided to stay, and at last retired to rest in a large, square room, with two beds in it. He inquired if he might not bar out the bear (the door had but a latch), but he was told that no fastenings might be used; the bear was too noisy if shut out. He "would not let a soul in the place have a wink of sleep." Besides, "he wasn't coming very likely." And, further, "there wasn't any means of altogether fastening the door." "It was left on the latch on purpose." The last words of a rather sleepy cousin to the newcomer were, "Better take the bed in the far corner, Ivan!"

The guest can hardly be said to have slept there. The terror of bruin kept him awake at first and then bruin himself, for in the small hours a shambling step and a sound of claws on the steps and balustrade froze the blood in the unhappy youth's veins. The noise came nearer. There was a fumbling at the latch. With great growling and grumbling, bruin entered and put himself to bed in the couch near the door. There the beast grumbled, grunted and seemed to sniff. That sniffing alarmed the other occupant of the room most of all, for he thought it meant that the bear scented him and might resent his presence. The wretch dared scarcely breathe. Dawn was breaking, but that was only another danger. The bear might see him. Bruin, a great, curled lump above the blankets, became in due time visible to his fellow lodger. Then the bear snored! There was comfort in that sound. But soon he rolled about and growled and groaned discontentedly. The heart of the watcher beat painfully loud. He dared not rise. He had not nerve enough to pass the sleeping animal and rush down the steps. Terror paralyzed the youth, and prudence whispered that inactivity can be sometimes masterly.

The slow hours dragged on. All the company had assembled down stairs at breakfast, but bruin still slept, and the timid cousin watched him with eyes that burned and throbbed. At last the host said: "Where's Ivan? Where's the bear, too?" And a messenger was dispatched to the tower, there to find a pallid guest and his uninvited companion. The messenger routed out the bear, who had been kept as a pet when a cub and who was really only half a wild beast, and helped the nerve shattered youth to dress and join the breakfast party.—London News.

Her Ambition.

After the youthful but powerful intellects of the observation class in a West Philadelphia school had devoted 15 minutes the other day to making known the results of their thoughts upon nature and surrounding objects the teacher diverted their minds by asking each of the dozen youngsters what they meant to be when they grew up.

One precocious girl of 7, looking up at the strong, but not overly comely, face of the teacher, whispered timidly, "If I'ze pretty when I gets big, I am going to be an actress, but if I grows ugly I'll be a schoolteacher."—Philadelphia Press.

The Mosquito of Russian Lapland.

"We had to force our way through long stretches of dense birch scrub under a burning sun and without a breath of wind to clear away the mosquitoes. They settled on every particle of exposed flesh, and the thousands who failed to find room [illegible]re covered our caps and backs till the color of the cloth was nearly hidden.

"We reached camp at 11 o'clock a. m. thoroughly done up, and even then we could not sleep, our blood being so feverish from the mosquito bites. My neck and wrists were swollen up with lumps the size of sparrows' eggs. Unfortunately, our mosquito nets had been left in camp, as we had quite enough collecting gear and guns to carry, and expected to be home hours earlier. Oil of lavender gives temporary relief from persecution, but its effects soon pass off.

"A mixture of half turpentine and half olive oil is also useful in ordinary cases, but when the enemy are brought into good working order by a hot sun and calm day nothing stops them except a veil. This desire of the mosquito for blood is a strange puzzle. Not one in a million nor any of his ancestors for generations in the arctic can have tasted it, yet all rush for the first human being or reindeer they meet. I have heard of the Samoyeds being driven mad by their bites."—"Around Novaya Zemlya," by H. J. Pearson.

Chinese Theaters.

The Chinese are remarkably fond of the drama, and consequently every village has its stage. In this way the people are educated in the past history of their nation. The stage arrangements are about on a par with those which existed in England at the time of Shakespeare. There is no scenery, and consequently the success of the piece depends entirely on the acting, which is remarkably good.

Actresses do not exist in China, for since, some centuries ago, an emperor married an actress they have not been allowed. Women's parts are taken by boys, who excel in their imitations of women's voices, gait and general deportment.

Perhaps it is their theatrical representations which render Chinamen so content with rural life. At any rate, instead of crowding into towns from the country they are happy to work on the land, which supplies them with all that is needful for food and clothing. There are no native factories, industries being still in the cottage stage, and agriculture employs more people than any sort of trade.—Collier's Weekly.

Thayer and Bryan.

When William Jennings Bryan first went to Nebraska, he was hired to take the stump against Thayer, who was running for governor, and said some hard things against the candidate. "Thayer was elected," Bryan is quoted as saying in the Chicago Times-Herald. "After he took the governor's chair he was called to be toastmaster at a banquet at which I was set down for a speech. I did not care to go to that banquet. I did not wish to meet the governor. I remembered all that I had said of him, and I felt cheap. But I went and sat there through the early proceedings quite uncomfortable.

"Finally it came time for the governor to call upon me. He rose from his seat, with programme before him, and slowly said, 'Mr. Bryan—Bryan.' Then he slowly turned his eyes upon me and addressed me, 'Do you speak or sing?'

"That is all I ever heard from Governor Thayer as to what he thought of my campaign speeches against him."

How Justice Was Tempered.

Tact in the management of your judge is a great thing. A certain well known British treasury counsel was driving over Blackfriars bridge one day on his way to Surrey sessions. Noticing Sir Peter Edlin trudging along in the mud and rain, he instantly stopped his hansom and offered the judge a "lift." It was accepted, and the pair proceeded to Newington in great amity. Arriving, the learned counsel hurried in, as he had an important application to make on the sitting of the court. To his horror and surprise, the said application was curtly refused. He was dumfounded at the sudden change in the demeanor of the judge until the usher in a husky whisper said:

"Do you know what you've done?"

"No! What is it?"

"Why, you ran in and left the judge to pay for your cab."

Human Nature.

"I can't understand Jenkins. When my salary was raised from $15 to $20, he was the first to pat me on the back and congratulate me."

"Well?"

"Now that I'm getting $30 he hardly speaks to me."

"Well, you know Jenkins is still getting $25."—Philadelphia Press.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.41, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m , then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
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No. 412 Main St. WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-8.

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— DEALERS IN —
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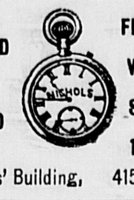

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from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
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Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
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Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

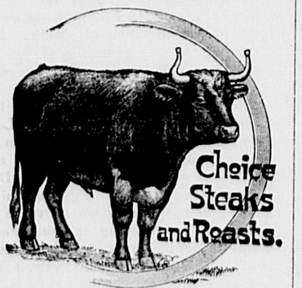
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

AN ASTONISHMENT.

There's a mighty curious feller who is livin out our way;
He never seems as anxious as the rest to have his say.
He listens to an argument as quiet as kin be
An never makes an effort to break in an referee.
An once upon a time—us folks is talkin 'bout it yet—
We asked him his opinion so's to help decide a bet.
It was on a general topic that excited high and low.
This feller thought a minute; then he said he didn't know.

We'd heard a lot of people who had struggled to explain
Each query. It 'u'd give you palpitation of the brain
To hear the way they figured. An their words were of such length
That tryin to remember them was jes' a waste of strength,
But the wisest of them never, with their great displays of wit,
Within my recollection made the memorable hit
That he scored when, after thinkin very carefully an slow,
He faced the situation an confessed he didn't know.

—Washington Star.

THE MERCY OF THE BOER

A SOUTH AFRICAN PASTORAL.

Night had just fallen upon the veldt. The short dusk had suddenly deepened into a heavy, thick obscurity, impenetrable for a space until there rose the rim of a full moon over the edge of the plain which showed hard and clear cut against the great disk. The ant hills, that alone broke the monotonous flatness, flung interminable inky shadows as the cold, white glare, electric in its fierce intensity, shone out level across the plains. The sense of loneliness, of utter isolation, was overwhelming. The heavens, sown with fire, seemed so remote, and the bare earth, stretching away into the dim, starry distance, so empty and limitless. It might have been the roof of some dead world.

By the edge of the marsh a transport wagon had outspanned for the night, and within the circle of firelight, where moon and flame struggled for the mastery, loomed the wavering outlines of the trek oxen tethered to the disselboom and now and again the figure of a man.

The only sounds were the crackling chirps of the bullfrogs in the vlei and the voices of two men who sat leaning back against the kaross of meerkat skins flung over one of the wagon wheels.

"No!" repeated the elder man, the transport rider and owner of the wagon, raising his voice. "With us they shall not come—either she or the brat."

"But look, Jakob," persisted the other, "it is now three weeks, four weeks, that we are on the trek, and she has followed all the time and carried the child too. How the poor girl lives I do not know. Take only the child, Jakob."

"How are we to eat? How is the vrouw to eat?" demanded the Boer querulously. "Are there not enough mouths to fill already? And God knows how much farther the span can go without water in this accursed country; they have enough to pull as it is. And why should I feed the wife and child of every black schelm that is fool enough to want them? Verdomte swartzkop!" And he spat angrily into the fire.

"But the child," persisted Piet. "That is small and eats but little, not a quarter as much as a dog. Besides, Klaus may run away if the girl falls sick, and he alone knows the road and the drifts across the river."

There was a moment's pause. "Well, the brat, then, in God's name," snapped the other. "The girl can walk, as she has walked these three weeks," he added and rolled himself in his rug to avoid further surrender.

Piet rose stiffly to his feet; the night breeze was growing chill. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, kicked some fuel into the embers of the fire, and went around to the other side of the wagon, where the three Basuto boys were lying.

"Klaus!" he called. "Here a moment!"

A grunt from one of the blankets answered him.

"Baas Jakob says the baby may ride with the vrouw in the wagon, but the girl must still walk."

There was a sudden movement at his feet and a dark figure rolled out of the blanket.

"No, boy; no! Not that!" His hand was being covered with kisses. Piet drew it sharply away and, taking a strip of biltong from his pocket, thrust it into the Basuto's grasp. "Here; this may help for the girl. It was all I could get," he said roughly. And, turning on his heel, he went back to where his brother lay sleeping. Baas Piet was as averse to being generous as the transport rider, though for other reasons.

For awhile Klaus lay still.

Presently, carrying the piece of hard sun dried meat and his own supper of boiled mealies, he crept, shivering, from his blanket and went slowly out on to the silent veldt in the direction from which the wagon had come, as he had gone every night to listen for the signal that told him Betta was there among the ant hills. Then he would cheer her up and sit beside her while she ate some of his poor rations, though they were not enough for her and the child.

Betta was a good girl. He knew that when he gave her father two oxen and some wethers, and took her away with him from the old kraal by the wagon drift across the Krei three years ago. She had been with him ever since, and now, when the trek began, Baas Jakob would not let her ride in the wagon or even come near it.

Klaus grasped the kerrie dangling from his belt at the recollection of the cut across the mouth that the drunken transport rider had given him with his sjambok when he had asked his permission. Besides, there was the baby, and he could not have left both of them behind, so far from the kraal and her own people. But Baas Jakob was a hard man; he did not understand such things.

Ever since they had left Burghersdorp, many weeks ago, she had walked after them, the baby slung at her back, and there were yet three weeks more and the desert strip to cross before they reached the great belt and the river. But the baby was to ride in the wagon now with the vrouw, and the girl would not be so tired.

Ah! Baas Piet was a good man, better than Baas Jakob. He would help, and later on he might even be rich enough to buy a few head of cattle and some ponies, and they would all go back to the old place on the Krei, and—

He started to his feet as the pipe of a honeybird came faintly out of the distance. Betta was there at last.

* * * * * * *

The wagon was creaking along under the burning noonday sun. The oxen stumbled lazily with lolling tongues, crawling at a snail's pace without fear of the flick of the lash, for every one was asleep except the little voerloper trudging in front of the two leaders, crooning an endless native song to himself. The wind, more burning than the sun, came in ceaseless gusts across the arid veldt, destitute of grass or tree, and, catching up great clouds of red dust, whirled them in eddying, choking masses about the wagon and then swept them away until they vanished in the shimmering heat haze. Now and then a tortoise dragged his black and yellow shell out of the way of the span and lumbered heavily off the track to a safe distance, there to retire within himself until the unwonted apparition had disappeared beyond his limited horizon, or a snake would shoot out a shining head from the shelter of some deserted ant heap as the rumble of wheels roused him from his nap, and far up in the clear, blue air floated a great vulture, without a tremor of his wide pinions, just as he had floated for many days past, watching and waiting.

Suddenly there was a stir under the tilt. The curtain was flung aside and Baas Piet stepped out on to the fore part of the wagon, yawning sleepily.

"Boy," he shouted, "onsaddle the mare. I shall ride on to the water hole beyond the drift. It cannot be far off now."

Klaus appeared from underneath the wagon, where his blanket was slung hammock fashion in the daytime.

"No, Baas Piet; the spruit should not be more than one hour's ride now, and the hole is only two, three mile farther."

Presently he brought the mare around from the back of the wagon, where she had been tied up, tightened the girths and rolled up the riem of the neck halter. Baas Piet swung himself off the edge of the wagon into the sadle.

"Tell the baas when he wakes up," he said, and with a shake of the reins cantered off through the dust.

"It cannot be far off now," repeated Klaus to himself, as he watched him until he became invisible in the midst of the vast brown expanse of sun scorched hillside.

It was now five days since they had left the last vlei, and he had given nearly all his share of the hot muddy water that the vrouw served out to the girl for the last few days, but that was very, very little, and she was sick too.

For a moment he stopped and looked backward. There, just topping the last rise, miles and miles away, his keen sight could pick out against the sky line the little black speck that had been behind them for so many weeks now, faltering on with parched lips through the heat and loneliness of the plains, always dropping farther and farther behind as evening drew in.

He heard the snores of the transport rider and his vrouw as they slept comfortably under the tilt. If they could only feel what Betta felt—yet it was easier for her now that she had not the baby to carry, and the water was close in front, and after that only two or three days' trek before the desert ended. And, comforted by the thought, Klaus walked on after the wagon and returned to his blanket.

The baby was certainly the most contented of all, lying in an empty sugar box under the shade of the tilt, engaged in coiling the soft end of the 18 foot lash round and round its chubby arms. It grew fatter and merrier every day. The vrouw rather liked it, black as it was, for she had no children of her own.

All at once came a warning shout from the voerloper. They were right on the edge of the drift, and the leaders began to pick their way slowly down the steep bank over the loose rocks and sand. Klaus was busy putting the heavy iron shoe drag under one of the hind wheels, while Baas Jakob, in a bad temper at having his sleep disturbed, sat upon the front of the wagon, swearing at him and the other boys for being lazy.

Now sliding sideways over a smooth shelving rock, now plunging down over a ledge with a jar that wrenched every bolt and wheel spoke, the heavy wagon crashed down the bank, only to come to a dead stop at the bottom, imbedded in sand up to the axles. The span were knotted in a tangled mob of clashing horns and twisted yoke reins, snuffing and pawing up the sand with impatient hoofs. Instinct told them that water was there, but it was far, far below, for the last rains had fallen many months back.

"Verdomte ruineks!" raged the angry baas, beside himself. "Twist their tails! Get that iron spike there, Hendrik. That will make the devils move!"

But it was of no use. The span only became more hopelessly entangled. In vain Klaus dashed in among them, sjambok in hand, kicking here and slashing there, while Hendrik and the voerloper called upon the beasts by name and urged them forward. Water they knew was there, and water they would have.

"The whip! Why don't you take the whip, you schelms? Where is it?" roared the infuriated Boer, rising and glaring about the wagon.

As he went forward he stumbled over the baby and its box, upsetting it and sending the child rolling across the floor of the wagon, where it lay in a ball on a heap of skins, crowing with delight. People so seldom played games with it.

The Boer thrust the empty box back against the side with his foot and snatched up the bamboo whip handle. Poising it carefully above his head in both hands, he gave a little preliminary flourish, but the end was caught in something—the brat again, curse it!

It opened wide eyes of pleasure at him, holding up its dimpled wrists, wound round with the end of the lash.

With a savage oath he kicked it off the end of the wagon into the midst of the struggling cattle and brought the great whip down upon them with all his force. Again and again it uncoiled and whizzed down with a crack like a rifle shot, cutting into the steaming flanks of the plunging mob until they bellowed again. Scarred and bleeding, deafened by the report of the whip and the hoarse yells of the men, the maddened beasts straightened out, and with Klaus and the voerloper tugging at the leaders' heads, strained, panting up the farther bank of the drift, the wagon creaking through the rocky river bed behind them and then trailed wearily forward into the dusk.

And when all was still the lizards came out of the crevices, only to scuttle back with a whisk of their tails. There was water in the drift now—red water, dripping softly down between the stones and sinking into the thirsty sand. Overhead sailed a vulture in ever narrowing circles. And then the night fell.

It was late that evening before Klaus crawled stealthily away from the wagon, taking a full beaker of fresh water from the pool and his supper. The baas was very angry with him because the wagon had stuck in the drift, though how could he help it if the oxen would not be driven, and he had forbidden him to leave the wagon to see Betta. But no baas could keep him from doing that, no matter how many hidings he got for it.

He walked back as far as the edge of the drift and sat there waiting. He could not see far tonight, for there was no moon, only the half light of the stars, and the bottom of the drift yawned black at his feet. A prowling jackal snarled close by, and at his approach a great vulture, gorged with the remains of some wornout trek ox that had fallen there to die, though he did not remember noticing it, had flapped heavily off into the night.

Klaus waited for many hours, but the girl did not come. Of course, having the baby to carry again would make her take longer, for Baas Jakob had told him how he had seen it roll off the wagon that morning trying to reach a big tortoise on the road and crawl after it unhurt, and how he had watched it there until Betta had picked it up when she came along. Still, she would catch them up next evening, and he left the water beaker and the food tied up in a piece of rag under a heap of stones in the middle of the road, so that the aasvogels could not get at them, and Betta might find them there in the morning.

But Betta did not catch the wagon up next evening or the next.

* * * * * * *

Four days afterward they had passed the edge of the desert and outspanned among the shady tamarisks and the willows by the banks of the Great river.

"Never mind, Klaus," said Baas Piet kindly, patting him on the shoulder. "Hunger is a bad death, but it is God's will. Besides," he added, with a smile, "there are yet many good girls in Basutoland. But you will stay with Baas Jakob and me yet a bit?"

"I stay with you—and Baas Jakob," answered Klaus simply. "He treats me as well as any other baas."—Pall Mall Magazine.

What the British Soldier Is Fighting For.

There was a residuum of horrid reality in the reply of the warrior at the front whose parents had asked him for help to keep them out of the workhouse. He told them, as we related, to wait till he returned, when they could all "go to the workhouse together." Writing from Modder river, a corporal in the Black Watch complains that out of 7 shillings a week he must pay 1 shilling for a small pot of jam and the same sum for 18 very small biscuits. Milk costs 1 shilling a tin, and then there is tobacco. No wonder the workhouse looms ominously!—London Chronicle.

A Marvel of Discomfort.

The monitor, which used to be the terror of the navy in the matter of discomfort to its crew, will have to yield that unquestionable distinction to the torpedo boat destroyer, in which the demands upon the officers and men are enormous. Comfort, as it is understood in a big ship, is unknown. Even in what is known as moderate weather cooking is almost an impossibility. The whole structure vibrates and trembles under the strokes of the engines and the kick of the propellers.—Army and Navy Journal.

A High Priced Man.

General Weyler's brutality to the country farmers of Cuba was the direct cause of the desperate insurrection in Cuba which led to the Spanish war. That war cost the United States £60,000,000. The cost to Spain was £35,000,000, exclusive of loss of territory. The cost to Cuba in the way of wrecked plantations and loss of commerce, especially of her tobacco trade, is roughly estimated at £20,000,000 more. So Weyler came distinctly high.—Answers.

Youthful Strategy.

"Harry," exclaimed the little boy's mother, "if you don't stop pulling that cat's tail I will pull your hair and give you a chance to see how you like it yourself."

Harry ceased for a moment and then said:

"Ma, please give me a quarter."

"What for?"

"I want to get my hair cut."—Chicago Times-Herald.

More Strict Than West Pointers.

It is commonly stated by army officers that men appointed from the ranks are the strictest disciplinarians in the service and more harsh in dealing with the privates than West Pointers. Probably they may recall their own experience and regard harsh conduct as necessary to compel respect.—Washington Times.

A mould of jelly made from **KEYSTONE** Silver White **GELATINE** retains its shape and firmness long after the jelly made from other gelatine has become soft and shapeless.

If your grocer does not sell Keystone Silver White Gelatine, send us his name and we will mail you a sample package and recipes free. Full size box 15c.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

Gambling Houses In London.

There were in 1724 in London alone 35 well known gambling houses. Nearly all our most respectable west end clubs were originally gambling houses, as the Cocoa Tree, which is still flourishing as a club. One night late in the eighteenth century there was a cast at hazard the difference of which was £180,000.

That present pink of perfection "White's" was perhaps the most appalling gambling den in Europe. "The young men of the age," says Walpole, "lose there £10,000, £15,000, £20,000, in an evening." The play of this club was only for rouleaux of £50 each, and generally there was £10,000 in gold on the table. The gamesters began by pulling off their embroidered clothes and put on frieze garments or turned their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather to save their lace ruffles and, to guard their eyes from the light and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high crowned straw hats with broad brims and sometimes masks to conceal their emotions.—Saturday Review.

Silk Spinning Spiders.

Consul Plumacher of Maracaibo reports that large silk spinning spiders are found in the palm trees of Venezuela. Some produce white and some yellow silk. The consul understands that the silk has been made into handkerchiefs. A copy of the report, together with a specimen of silk which accompanied it, was referred to the department of agriculture. The entomologist says that silk produced in this way cannot be made valuable commercially because of the troublesome necessity of keeping the spiders separated to prevent their devouring each other. Their food being insects, this also involves considerable labor in supplying them. Attempts to utilize the silk of a Madagascar spider of the same species some years ago resulted in the discovery that the product was more expensive than ordinary silk.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Town Named For Rats.

R. J. Sharpe admits that Rat Portage, the name of his home city in Ontario, is not euphonious.

"But it is unique," he adds. "The town was named for just what the words convey, a portage for rats. It is on the Winnipeg river, just below the outlet of the Lake of the Woods. Long ago, before the country was settled as it is now, there was a portage at the point where the town is built for the thousands of muskrats that passed from the river to the lake in winter and back again to the river in spring. At the outlet of the lake there is a waterfall 19 or 20 feet high that the rats could not pass over, so they went around, making the portage. Well, that was before my time, but I have heard old timers tell of seeing the rats by thousands taking days to the portage."—Denver Republican.

The Bighorn.

Among the wonderful stories of the bighorn that are current the most absurd is that of their pitching themselves headlong down precipices, striking the sharp rocks with their horns and thereby breaking their fall. Fremont (a great explorer) is, alas! one of the first to start this ridiculous rumor in the account of his travels (1842), when describing the "mountain goat," as he calls the bighorn. He says that "the use of those huge horns seems to be to protect the animal's head in pitching down precipices to avoid pursuing wolves." How history does repeat herself! Pietro Cirneo, the fifteenth century chronicler of Corsica, says that the moufion throw themselves down precipices head first and break the fall by their horns.—Baillie Grahman's "Game and Life In the Far West."

Her Papa's Stock In Trade.

The Rev. Joseph Whyte, a prominent Methodist divine, now stationed in northern California, has an exceptionally bright little daughter. One day himself and wife, with this little lassie, aged 4 years, were riding in the cars. Two little boys, the sons of commercial travelers, were talking to the little girls about their respective papas and what they did.

One little lad said, "My papa sells shoes," and the other said, "Mine sells paper, and," turning to the little girl, "what does your papa sell?"

For a moment the child hesitated, but, not to be outdone by boys, she replied with the air of a duchess, "My papa sells talk."—Los Angeles Times.

THEY LIKE THE COLD.

Animals That Hail Snowy Winter Time With Great Joy.

When the grip of frost tightens on the land and turns the soppy garden beds and clayey plow lands to iron, tender hearts are sorry for the song birds whose delicate beaks cannot pierce the frozen soil. And many imagine that all wild creatures feel the bitter cold and suffer alike.

But this is a mistake. For many of the furred, and some even of the feathered, tribes the frost and snow have no terrors. The hawks grow fat in snow time. The kestral finds the snow a capital background against which to view the small fry he feeds on, while the sparrow hawk soars over the clumps of underbrush, watching for the sparrows as they slip in and out of shelter. All the weasel tribe rejoice.

To none more than to the domestic pussy does the cold bring joy. It is her game season. Wild birds of many sorts, in the summer shy inhabitants of the woodlands, swarm into suburban gardens and prove easier prey than the sparrow.

Dogs revel in the clear, bright days of frost. Even short coated fox terriers never seem to feel the cold, but scamper madly over the stiff grass, and St. Bernards lose their summer sleepiness and roll delightedly in the powdery snow.

The short, dark winter days of Canada's great northwest hold no terrors for at least one creature. This is the wolverene, an ugly, bearlike beast, hated and feared by all the trappers. Unseen himself, he follows the hunters and watches them as they set their traps, which they do in a long line extending sometimes as much as 30 miles through the dense evergreen forest. These he visits before the gray winter dawn has broken and takes away the bait, himself far too cunning to risk capture. Or, if the trap already holds a captive mink or ermine, this, too, he tears away and devours at a safe distance. Many are the stories told of this, the greediest, most powerful and suspicious creature of its size known.

In the far north of the same vast solitudes the musk ox lives and flourishes all the year around. Fifty below zero does not matter to this quaint animal with his immensely thick, furry coat. His sharp hoofs are suited to perfection for scraping away the deep snow and laying bare the thick lichen and moss below it. Nothing but warmth worries the little musk ox. Mere freezing point is to him a Turkish bath.

Another victim to warmth is the llama, yet it lives in latitudes which maps mark as tropical. It seeks a nice, cold place high on the windy tablelands of the Andes, and there proves itself of great value to the natives. Water and food do not seem to worry the llama, which carries its burden easily where even mules pant with distress in the thin atmosphere of the giant mountains. The camel of the mountains, as the llama is called, small as he is, will carry a load of 100 pounds.

Dozens of different creatures happily doze the winter away—bats and bears, dormice and many others. One of the least known, and yet most interesting of these, is the hamster. This little brute is the most savage and unsociable creature known. Each in a separate hole far underground, the hamster alternately sleeps on a couch of dry grass or wakes to stuff himself almost to bursting with the great store of corn and beans he has laid up in his winter larder. Winter is for him the season to rest and grow fat.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

One Against the Mean Man.

A capital joke is related of a man who positively made a fine art of meanness. When traveling, as he very often did, he would keep railway porters busily attending to his luggage, and then purposely defer the much deserved perquisite till the starting of the train made its payment practically impossible.

One morning, however, when about to journey to Birmingham, he executed this maneuver once too often on the same man.

"Dear; dear, I am so sorry!" he said, as the train gave a lurch forward. "I quite forgot to get change."

"And I'm rale sorry, too, sir," was the porter's dry retort. "I quite forgot about that brown portmantay of yours —it's lyin on the platform."—London Answers.

Unappreciated.

"Another thing," said the street railway advocate in a tone of protest, "a slight thing, perhaps, but it all goes to show how we are discriminated against and how little our philanthropy is appreciated."

"Your philanthropy!" echoed the critical citizen, as he gasped and clutched a railing.

"Yes, sir. You hire dog catchers and secure high salaried people to control their movements and see that stray canines are properly slain. It costs a lot of money. Now, our cars have hit and slaughtered countless stray dogs, for which service we have never collected a single penny. And yet we have never had so much as a vote of thanks from a citizens' association."—Washington Star.

No One Nigh.

Mother — I'm surprised at you! Couldn't you tell he was going to kiss you?

Daughter—Yes, ma, but there was no one for me to tell except him, and he knew it already.—Philadelphia Press.

Sufficient Reason.

Fannie—If you are so positive that Harry loves you, why, for goodness sake, don't you accept him and get married?

Jane—He won't ask me.—Detroit Free Press.

She Persevered.

"Persevere, persevere!" said an old lady to her maid. "It is the only way you can accomplish great things."

One day eight apple dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared.

"Sally, where are those dumplings?"

"I managed to get through them all, ma'am," said Sally.

"Why, how on earth did you manage to eat so many dumplings?"

"By perseverance, ma'am."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1900.

A GOOD FIGHT.

On Thursday evening, March 8, the City Council were called together in special session to act on the following order from the Finance Committee:

"In the event of the passage of House Bill 585, now pending in the General Court, the City Treasurer is authorized to issue the notes of the City to an amount not exceeding $15,000, in such sums, and for such times as the Mayor may direct, the proceeds of same to be at the disposal of the Mayor and the City Council for highway or park improvement in association with the work contemplated in said bill."

The original order provided that the $15,000 should be expended on Pleasant and Canal streets and Lake avenue, the principal part, of course, on Canal street.

The friends of the boulevard scheme were anxious that this report of the Finance Committee should be accepted and adopted that evening that it might be used as a lever at the Legislative hearing today. Alderman James R. Wood objected to its consideration and moved a postponement. He hoped that if money was to be appropriated for highway work it would be used where it was more needed than in boulevard work. The people demand better roads, yet boulevards are hardly necessary just at present. He suggested that Woburn get out of the Metropolitan District. After warning the Council to move slowly, he moved that the matter be tabled.

Alderman Conn said the proposed boulevard is a way to go nowhere. At present such a way would be of no benefit to anybody, as it has no objective point. He thought Woburn is not ready for the expense. President Blodgett then pleaded for favorable action, but the order was tabled—yeas, Carroll, Dixon, Conn, Wood, Greaney, Golden; nays, Blodgett, Greydon, Brackett. Six members of the Council were not present.

It was a good standup fight and handsomely won by Ald. Wood, Conn and the sensible members who voted with them.

☞ Ethel S. Parsons writes to the New York *Observer* that Washington's Birthday was celebrated in a patriotic manner at Zurich, Switzerland. A reception was given by the American Consul General, which was followed by a dinner at the Hotel Baur Au Lac, where American Flags and portraits of Washington, McKinley and other statesmen were profusely displayed, and toasts drank. Hon. A. Lieberknecht, American Consul at Zurich, presided at the banquet board, at which were Minister Leishmann and Consul Frankenthal of Berne; Consuls Dubois, Ridgley, Morgan, and other Americans. At the house reception given by Consul Lieberknecht American National hymns and patriotic songs were sung by the Misses Lieberknecht, who also assisted the Consul and Mrs. Lieberknecht in receiving the distinguished guests of the evening.

☞ The Legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs give a hearing at 11 o'clock today at the State House on the petition of William F. Davis and others for legislation to allow the Metropolitan Park Commission to build a boulevard from the north end of the Winchester Parkway to somewhere in Woburn, and it is expected that quite a lot of our citizens will attend. A thorough canvass would show that nine-tenths at least of the voters of this city are strongly opposed to this scheme for a boulevard at the present time, and to urge it is wrong.

☞ It is reported that Presidents Krueger and Steyn have made peace overtures to Great Britain, but the story has not been verified, nor does it seem probable. There is a good deal of fight left in the Boers and should the fortunes of war veer round into their quarter they can continue to give the British a big heap of trouble. Just now they are in hard luck, but there is no knowing what the wheel of fortune has in store for them. At any-rate, Oom Paul shouldn't let up on praying quite yet.

☞ Superintendent French has been invested with more power and given a wider and more independent swing in the matter of road building and repairing than heretofore, which is as it should be. To make this arrangement effective the Superintendent should have an assistant in the purely engineering branch of his work, and otherwise relieved. This means better roads and more satisfactory all doings round.

☞ Mayor Davis is in dead earnest. Last Wednesday evening he appeared before the Board of License Commissioners and requested the revocation of Garvey's license to sell liquors. He told the Board in plain terms that if his request was not complied with he would find somebody to fill their places who would comply with it. He meant what he said.

☞ Our thanks are due to Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, for a copy of Part 2, Vol. 4, of the Census of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for 1895. It contains much matter of vital interest from which the JOURNAL will cull in due season.

☞ A cut down of $1200 on the schools appropriation and $15,000 for a boulevard is economy with a vengeance. And yet some people pretend to think it is business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Bowers—Photo.
Mrs. Howe—Visit.
Advertiser—To Let.
F. A. Locke—Pianos.
J. P. Feeney—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.

— Full moon yesterday.

— Read the ad To Let in this paper.

— Will Garvey get a license again this year?

— March winds and dust make a disagreeable mixture.

— Fancy bosom shirts very latest paterns at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Sons of Veterans held a delightful campfire Wednesday evening.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page. Telephone residence.

— Read the change in the card of Gage & Co. They have fine goods this spring.

— Hat bands in plaids, polka dots and stripes at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— J. M. Ellis will probably do the street watering again this coming season.

— A full line of hats are always to be seen displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents At Leathe's.

— Auditor Barrett's monthly report is out on schedule time and looks as neat as a pin.

— Charles Edward Sutherland is a good watch and clock repairer. He is doing well at it.

— Yesterday was as miserable a feeling March day as one is hardly ever called on to endure.

— It is said that Alderman B. F. Nichols is expected to arrive home from California today.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp S. of V. will hold a Whist Party on the evening of March 28.

— We call attention to Mr. Frank A. Locke's enlarged and illustrated advertisement in this paper.

— The Lynn & Boston appears to be gathering into their fold a number of electric roads round about.

— Sunday gamblers don't get much mercy shown them in the District Court, nor do they deserve any.

— Baker won by a narrow margin from Rogers in the pool tournament between them, Tuesday evening.

— Huntley & Co., publish a short address on "Huntley's Headache Powders" in the JOURNAL this week.

— Applications for liquor licenses will be published by the Board of License Commissioners next week.

— After one of the coldest snaps of the season the weather moderated Tuesday and a delightful spell followed.

— Word was received from Mr. Buxton last Wednesday which indicated that he is in a dangerous condition.

— Rev. Wolcott Calkins of Newton was the guest on Sunday of Miss Clara M. Langill of Frances street.

— Last Tuesday evening Towanda Club went to Melrose to participate in the games of the Inter-Club League.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Working men attention. Pants at 75c., $1.00, $1.25, are being sold every day at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The return of Mr. Winthrop Hammond, with greatly improved health, may be looked for in about two weeks.

— Have you noticed the display of new wool shirts and drawers in our window selling at 49c. at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Last Friday and Saturday were like summer days almost. Anyway the mercury crawled pretty close to 60 in the shade.

— Janitor John Connolly is still doing business at the old stand in City Hall. It looks as though he had got a life lease of it.

— Woburn Relief Corps, 161, held a pleasant season with the Kingsley Relief Corps 21, of Somerville, at Somerville last week.

— Relief Corps, 161, held a successful sale and supper last Tuesday evening in 161 G. A. R. Hall. There was a good attendance.

— It is expected that Towanda Club will get their new quarters on Abbott street into shape this season. The Club are in a flourishing condition.

— The Sons of Veterans of this city have received an invitation to attend a Camp Fire to be held at Reading on Thursday evening, March 22..

— We had a call from Mr. Frank A. Locke, the Boston piano tuner, the other day. He says his business in Boston and the suburbs is good.

— Mishawum Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, will produce "Pet of the Camp" in Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening, March 21.

— Commissioner George E. Fowle of the B. of P. W. expects to lay out considerable money on public buildings this season. There is need enough of it.

— Mrs. S. C. Howe, the chiropodist, will be at her rooms, No. 414 Main street, next Tuesday, March 20, without fail. Make a note of the date. See ad.

— Copeland & Bowser are filling up their elegant store in fine shape for the spring trade. Their stocks of dry, dress and fancy goods are as desirable as any in Boston.

— Water Registrar Wade is working hard to make this community unhappy. The shape which his activity has assumed is writing out bills against water takers, due April 1.

— Last Saturday was a hot one for March, Sunday breathed of the Arctic regions, and Monday morning it was only 7 above zero. Such changes are trying to the human system.

— The literary entertainment given by Relief Corps 84 last week Friday afternoon was a pleasant and profitable affair. The Corps are constantly doing good in this praiseworthy way.

— Burbank Woman's Relief Corps will give a whist party Tuesday evening, March 20, in Post 33 G. A. R. Hall. There are no pleasanter parties than those given by this Corps.

— We see by the newspapers that Maud Wood Park is still wasting her talents in efforts to promote the cause of Woman Suffrage. She resents the idea that its main supporters are "short haired women and long haired men."

Carpet Questions

Is your question one of PRICE?
We have the answer.

Is your question one of QUALITY?
We have the answer.

Is your question one of ASSORTMENT?
We have the answer.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including choice private patterns which we control exclusively.
What we cannot do to suit your taste and your pocketbook cannot be done by anybody—you may be sure of that.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31–2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Huntley's Headache Powders

Give instant relief in cases of Sick or Nervous Headache or Neuralgia.

25c. a Box.

JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY & CO., Apothecaries,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

— The last dance in the series engineered by the Phalanx Rifle Team will be given on Wednesday evening, March 28, at Armory Hall. The course has been successful in every way.

— Mrs. Matthews is nicely settled in Putnam's Block, Main street, and all ready to welcome her patrons, of which she has many. She is a skilled dressmaker and charges moderately for her work.

— Robins have made their appearance hereabouts within a few days, but do not appear to be happy. Their coming is regulated by dates and not by weather conditions, and it is so with all birds.

— Bowers's Photo Studio, corner of Main st. and Montvale ave., will be closed on Saturday, March 24, and reopen on April 2 under the management of Alfred Elson of Stafford Springs, Conn.—2.

— Mr. Mark C. Felch, the wholesale meat merchant, is slowly recovering from a severe fit of sickness. He got out as far as the barn last week, so Mr. Colburn said, and was in hopes to soon get to business again.

— The reappointment of Mr. Jonathan C. Ela to office of Sealer of Weights and Measures was a proper thing to do. The Mayor has also reappointed Henry L. Andrews a member of the Registrars of Voters.

— How forcibly the sudden death of Dr. Frank W. Graves, at breakfast time last Tuesday morning, emphasized the words of Notker, the monk of St. Gall, written in A. D. 911, "In the midst of life we are in death."

— Mr. Ervin Hatch of Button End, who everybody thought was going die a couple of weeks ago, was on the streets as bright as a dollars last Tuesday. His sickness seems to "come and go" like the old woman's soap.

— The small fry who attended Miss Carter's juvinile ball in Music Hall last Saturday were immensely pleased with the affair. A fine company of girls and boys were present, and many adults were witnesses of the fun.

— First Parish will hold their annual Fair three days beginning April 16. Their last year's one was a grand success, but Mr. E. G. Preston, a principal moving spirit in it, believes it will be far excelled by the one to be held next month.

— Wonder when that piece of street railroad between North Woburn and Wilmington is to be built, if ever? Its construction would be worth more to the business of Woburn than half a dozen boulevards on the far side of Horn Pond.

— We have received a full line of samples in percale, madras and cheviot goods from which customers desiring a custom made shirt can make a good selection. Come and examine samples and leave your measure at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The contest between the Towandas and Mishawums last Monday evening for points was a redhot one. Mishawum won whist and one game of pool and one of billiards. The standing now is: Towandas, 10 1-2 points; Mishawums, 7 1-2 points.

— Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist is quite sick with the grip. He recovered somewhat from the first attack, but suffered a relapse and is now in bed again. His pastor, Rev. Ludwig Akeson, informed us that Mr. Rosenquist was a little better yesterday.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 67 at 6 A. M., was for a fire in the chimney of the house Patrick Connolly on Kilby street. The alarm from box 44 at 8 15 A. M. on Tuesday, was for a chimney fire at the residence of Letter-carrier Young, Wood street.

— Mrs. Nancy P. Knights of 24 Sturgis street, widow, if she lives, will be 95 years old two weeks from today, she having been born on March 30, 1805, and is probably the oldest resident of this city. For a long time, up to about three years ago, Mrs. Knights made regular annual visits to the JOURNAL office, and every Sunday morning was seen coming over the hill to church. Of late she has been too feeble for such exercises.

— Reputable physicians report more cases of grip in this city at the present time than there have been at any period since the grip epidemic a few years ago. It is generally of a severer type too. We have been told that the same condition of things exists in Winchester

— John K. Murdock and wife and Miss Jennie Skinner, who were of the last Nason California excursion party, are expected to arrive home on March 26. It is said that Ald. B. F. Nichols will return at the same time, but Capt. J. P. Crane will tarry out there a little longer.

— This is the proper season of the year to have horses clipped. Mr. Charles P. Buckley has all the apparatus and stable facilities for doing this work in modern style and to the best of satisfaction. Mr. Buckley not only does the business right but his prices are moderate.

— Tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day. We have heard of no preparations on the part of our Irish fellowcitizens for a celebration and therefore presume the day will be spent in this city much as usual. Possibly there is to be a parade in Boston, and if so some of our people may attend, as has been their custom in years past.

— Last Friday a son of Rev. N. B Fiske, formerly the beloved pastor of the M. E. church in this city, had one of his arms badly broken at the elbow by a fall in a gymnasium at Somerville, his home. It is hoped the severe injury would not result in permanent loss of the use of his arm.

— There is no such craze on bicycling as prevailed here three years ago. There has been a dropping off in the number of riders, and the most of those who still retain and use their wheels do so from business motives, as a matter of convenience and money saving, rather than for sport. The bike is all right but the times have changed.

— We return our heartiest thanks to Mayor Davis for his exhibition of "backbone" in the case of the alleged delinquent police officer in the Sunday night gambling arrests. It is rumored that he will not stop with this one but that more suspensions may be looked for. All good people will sustain the Mayor in this action.

— Chaplain Hoes of the Iowa is to lecture on the Battle of Santiago under the management of the Men's League at First church meetinghouse this evening. Both G. A. R. Posts are to be guests of honor and will doubtless be out in full force. We can assure our readers that Chaplain Hoes's lecture will be highly interesting.

— According to Mr. Waterman Brown's records Russell and Crockett were hung in Boston 64 years ago today, to wit, March 16, 1836, for incendiarism. Theirs were the last executions for that crime in this State, the law making incendiarism punishable with death being repealed soon after the hanging of Russell and Crockett.

— Mr. H. Sydney Buxton was taken to Danvers Asylum last Tuesday. A little more than a week ago he suffered a severe attack of grip which effected his brain so seriously that he became raving Tuesday and attempted suicide by chewing up and swallowing the glass phial which contained the doctor's prescription. His physician thinks the attack only temporary and that Mr. Buxton will recover all right.

— Bright and early Saturday morning the JOURNAL received a response to its bluebird item of the day before from Master Arthur Dickson of Clinton st. who saw what was undoubtedly the first one of the season to appear here that morning, March 10. We would like to have Arthur write out what he knows and can learn respecting the bluebird for publication in the JOURNAL. There is no more fascinating study than that of birds.

— We understand that the successful Sunday night raid on gamblers on South Main st. has resulted in the suspension of a member of the police force. By the way, when one of the captured gamblers undertook to abuse Chief McDermott he caught a Tartar. The Chief does not talk a great deal, but when he speaks he says something, as the irate gambler found out to his sorrow. Charlie McDermott is the right man in the right place

— An entertainment, consisting of recitals and impersonations in costume by Mr. Charles T. Catlin, A. M., of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be given Wednesday evening, April 4, in the Montvale Congregational church, under the direction of the Montvale Social Workers. Mr. Catlin is celebrated as an entertainer and his recital is anticipated with great pleasure.

— The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Company was held at the officers of the Company on Lake Avenue on Monday last at which time the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William B. Littlefield; Vice-President, George H. Plummer; Treasurer and Manager L. R Wallis; Directors, W. B. Littlefield, G. H. Plummer, L. R. Wallis, H. E. Plummer, and John F. Hay; Clerk of the Corporation, L. R. Wallis.

— The grand Annual Exhibition of Spring Flowers, Plants, Fruits and Vegetables, by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, will be held at Horticultural Hall, 101 Tremont Street, Boston, from twelve o'clock Tuesday, the 20th, to nine o'clock p. m. on Friday, the 23d of March inclusive. Appearances indicate that the Exhibition will be of great magnitude, as over one thousand dollars will be awarded in prizes to the successful growers of the "Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

— The police made a remarkably successful raid on a lower Main street establishment Sunday night for which we congratulate them most cordially. Eight men were brought into the District Court on Monday morning and duly fined by Judge Johnson for gambling on the Lord's Day. Among the lot was an ex-candidate for Mayor, who talked of running again last fall. The police raid was an important one and may have a salutary effect in breaking up some of the vile dens on South Main street.

— This evening, if nothing splits, the grand St. Charles C. T. A. S. Minstrel Show will be given in the Auditorium by the best local talent that ever appeared in burnt cork on a Woburn stage. The cast has been made up with the utmost care, each man fitted exactly for his part, while the orchestral music will be the best that money can procure. Reserved seat tickets are 35 cents. The prospect for a bangup house is bright. That is the way the St. Charles Minstrels are always greeted by the public.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan returned from Rumford Falls, Maine, last Saturday night. He has been chief electrical engineer in constructing and equipping with machinery a large factory at that place on the Upper Androscoggin River, and completed the work last week. As we understand the matter this is the first establishment of the kind ever built in this country although some of them are in operation in Germany, and perhaps other European countries. Mr. Buchanan stands in the profession as an expert electrician.

— Mr. George C. Conn has lately been promoted to the office of Manager of the Soo R. R. line in the Northwest of which he has been Assistant for several years past. The action of the Company made it necessary for him to change his residence from Minneapolis, Minn., to Milwaukee, Wis., where he and his family are already nicely settled. He is climbing the ladder in good shape and rapidly approaching the top rung. His advancement and prosperity will please many friends in Woburn. George can get all the beer he wants in Milwaukee.

— Dr. Graves made his first professional visit in Woburn at the home of Mr. Jacob M. Ellis some 22 years ago, and his last visit was made to the same home at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning last. On Monday evening Edgar Ellis, son of Captain Jacob, fell from a load of hay and broke one of his wrists. It pained him severely and about 4 o'clock the next morning Dr. Graves was sent for. He responded to the call promptly and recommended that the injured man go to the hospital in Boston, and it was arranged that Dr. Graves should accompany him. At 7.45, while taking his breakfast, being in his usual good spirits, his head suddenly fell on his breast and he immediately expired.

— On Thursday evening, March 8, the Woburn Co operative Bank made the following nominations of officers for the ensuing year: Directors, James Skinner, Squire B. Goddard, Thomas Salmon, Lawrence Reade, Henry C. Hall, Frank W. Greydon, J. Henry Parker, Henry F. Smith, S. Franksford Trull, William F. Davis, Fred J. Brown, George Buchanan, John K. Murdock, Winthrop Hammond, John Maloney, Charles G. Lund, Thomas Moore, Gordon Parker. James Skinner was nominated President; S. Franksford Trull Vice-President; Gordon Parker Clerk; Marcellus Littlefield, Arthur E. Gage, Herbert B. Dow, Auditors. The nominations are equivalent to an election. The choice of Gordon Parker for Clerk and Treasurer settled the question of filling those officers and was the right thing to do.

— Mr. George W. Nichols, the watchmaker, writes the JOURNAL: "It was 38 years ago to-day, March 14, that the battle of Newberne, N. C., took place. We had stood up in front of the Rebel works and fired away all our amunition. Gen. Burnside called a council of war just in rear of the 24th Mass. Regt. It consisted of Generals Burnside, J. G. Foster, Renno and Parks. Gen. Burnside said loud enough for us to hear: 'Generals, we have used up all our ammunition; there is no possibility of our getting any more; what shall we do?' General Foster said: 'Let the boys alone, they will work out of it.' The next thing I saw was, every man was fixing his bayonet on his musket, and with fixed bayonet and empty muskets, without any orders, Gen. Burnside's whole Army were making a charge on the Rebel works, which they carried with 91 killed, 466 wounded."

— A few days ago Mr. Thomas Quinn received a letter from his son Alfred Quinn, who is a member of Company F., 43d Regiment, U. S. V., now in the Philippines. He also received a copy of *The Manila Freedom*, a newspaper published at Manila, P. I., which he kindly loaned the JOURNAL for inspection. It is dated Jan. 16, 1900, and makes interesting reading, especially the local market report. Bananas are 10 cents a dozen; large oranges 30 cents; cocoanuts 10 cents each; cucumbers 5 cents; beef, 40, 50, 60 cents a pound according to quality; chickens, cocks $1 20 each; hens $1.10 each; ducks, $1 00; eggs 30 cents a dozen. The prices of fish range about as they do here; and vegetables can be bought at fairly moderate cost. Although the subscription to the *Freedom* is $10 a year in gold, or $20 in Mexican money, it is typograpically rather a tough looking customer. It seems however to be well edited and contains considerable general news. Soldier Quinn writes to his father that he likes the Philippines firstrate, that his health is good, and that he is enjoying life. The tone of his letter is much like that of Capt. Hanson's published in the JOURNAL last week. Evidently neither of these soldiers are of the whineing kind. Alfred speaks in his letter of Miss McCarthy of Woburn who belongs to the Red Cross Corps, and not long before visited the 43d to see the Woburn boys.

— The concert given at the Swedish Lutheran Church on Montvale avenue last evening, was well attended, considering the stormy night, and each number was finely rendered. The choir of this church is doing fine work under the direction of the pastor Rev. N. E. Kron.

— Friday morning, March 16. Heavy rain in progress; 54 degrees above zero; snow last night; "No School" signal at 7.30.

THE BEST
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Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

It is impossible to buy better clothing, anywhere, than that which we make, or at a more reasonable price.

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Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

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24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
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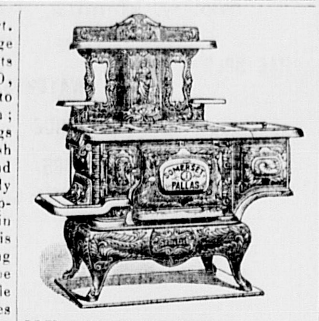

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BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS

One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Parker's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and $1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

In Memoriam.

At a Special Meeting of the members of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund held on the afternoon of March 13, 1900, the following memorial to the late Dr. Frank W. Graves was adopted:

For the first time in our history the Corporation of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund is called upon to assemble with our membership broken by the death of a beloved associate. DR. FRANK W. GRAVES this morning heard that voice, from which there is no appeal, and obeying its summons, instantly left the cares of a busy professional life, and the many varied interests with which that life was rounded out.

In none of the organizations with which he was connected will his loss be more deeply felt than in that of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund. For many years the close personal friend of the Founder, his counsel and opinions have always been of peculiar value to us. Unsparing of his effort when any of the responsibilities of the corporation were laid upon him, he gave us most freely of his best, and to his excellent judgment we owe many of the suggestions which have helped us most in the management of the affairs entrusted to us.

We desire, as a Corporation, to place on record not only our estimate of his character and ability as an individual, but as our associate on this Board, to bear witness to his enthusiasm and efficiency, and to express our belief that in his death, the loss is not only ours, but that of the public whom we serve.

W. R. CUTTER, Clerk.

City Council.

At at a meeting of the City Council last evening, Clarence Littlefield was re-elected Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

The $15,000 boulevard order was defeated.

The Mississippi Legislature was not quite ready to go the full length of limiting the support of colored schools to the money received from negro taxpayers, but it has taken a step in that direction by approving a constitutional amendment regarding the distribution of poll taxes, the effect of which will be to diminish school resources in the black counties.

The Kentucky Democratic Senate has passed a bill to amend the Goebel Election law so that at least one Republican shall be appointed on every county election board, and that the precinct election officers shall be divided between the parties.

Another Old Citizen Passes Away.

Joseph E. Teele was born in Woburn, Mass., June 24, 1818, the son of Joseph and Hephzibah Teele, and brother of Warren Teele of Davenport, Iowa, and was united in marriage to Miss Mary Jehonnett May 28, 1839. To this union were born five children, four of whom are still living to mourn his loss. On March 5, 1848, he lost his wife and on July 14, 1849, he was again married to Valeria Newman, and to this union nine children were born, four of whom are still living.

In the spring of 1855 he moved from Massachusetts to Cannilton, Ind., and there resided for one year when he moved to Illinois in the spring of 1856 and settled in the Little York neighborhood, where he bought a home and resided there until the spring of 1890 when he moved to Waverly and has resided here since.

For the past several weeks Mr. Teele has been confined to the house on account of sickness, and although he received the very best of medical aid, his complication of diseases baffled all efforts to effect a cure, and at nine o'clock yesterday morning, March 9, he was called to that better world, which he was prepared to enter, with all the peace and happiness which it was possible for one to possess.

Mr. Teele was a much respected citizen in this community, and many are the expressions of sympathy that are being manifested to the bereaved family by his host of friends and relatives, many of whom were present at the time of his death. He had been blessed with good health during the major part of his life, and died at the advanced age of 81 years, 8 months and 22 days.—*Waverly (Illinois) Journal, March 10, 1890.*

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

An unusually interesting revival of one of last season's greatest successes in Boston will take place next Monday evening, March 19, when that most delightful of musical comedies, "The Ceisha," will be presented at the Tremont Theatre. By arrangement with Mr. J. C. Duff, representing the estate of Augustin Daly, the production will be identical with that given at Daly's Theatre, New York, while the cast will be one of the most notable that has ever appeared in the work, among the principals specially engaged being Miss Helen Royton, the young lady whose lovely voice and naive acting gave such distinction to the character of O Mimosa San last season; dainty Minnie Ashley, whose delightful impersonation of Mollie Seamore is still pleasantly remembered; Miss Adine Bouvier, whose statuesque beauty was so much admired when she was with De Wolf Hopper; William G. Stewart, late of the Castle Square opera company; Hallen Mostyn, who did such clever work in the company playing "The Girl from Paris;" Charles Danby, the English comedian who made a hit as Wun Hi in London before coming to this country, and other artists of wide repute in musical comedy and comic opera. They will have the support of a large and well trained chorus and an augmented orchestra, and no pains or expense will be spared to make the production as complete and artistic in every respect as it was at Daly's. The engagement is for two weeks only, and at its termination another "Daly production," "A Runaway Girl," will be presented for a similar period.

A Great Pictorial Serial for a Magazine.

Photographs of the most interesting and picturesque spots in America have been made for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and they will be reproduced in that magazine on the finest coated paper. This series of pictures—"Picturesque America," as it is to be called—will show the great beauties of landscape and waterscape of this country in a way in which they have never been seen before. Many of the pictures are of places that have escaped the eye of the tourist following the beaten paths of travel. They were collected by one who has crossed the continent more than a hundred times, who has viewed the scenery with appreciative eyes, and who is, perhaps, the best qualified man in the country to describe them.

A. R. DeFluent, editor of the *Journal*, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

The Hon. Frank Jones observes that he does not believe in Bryan or the Democratic platform, and that he does believe in William McKinley.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

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you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Scandinavian Evangelical Free Church.

New members are constantly received into the church and the Young People's Society. The young people have decided to furnish a room in the "Children's Home" at Cromwell, Conn., which will open the first of May. A Sacred Concert will be given in the church Friday, at 7.45 p. m. by the famous singer and pianist Prof. J. A. Huttman of Chicago, Ill. Admission for adults is 25 cts. and children 10 cts. Avail yourself of this opportunity to hear the "Swedish Sankey."

Now it is to Corea that Russia is to play the part of a benevolent banker, with a loan of 7,000,000 yen. This new stroke of Russian diplomacy is a blow to Japan as the other is an injury to England.

Resolutions—W. H. S. Class '96.

Since it has pleased God to call to an early rest our well loved classmate and friend, CARRIE LOUISE WHITCHER, be it

Resolved, That we, feeling deeply our loss, gratefully and lovingly place on record our sincere appreciation of her beautiful Christian life, her earnest work, and the sincerity that marked both; that we express to her sorrowing family our heartfelt sympathy in this time of great bereavement; that these resolutions be placed in the minutes of our proceedings, published in the local papers, and a copy sent to her family.

For the class,
FANNY G. ALLISON,
BERTHA W. BRYANT,
LAURA E. EVANS,
GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Sec.

Card.

We wish to express our sincerest gratitude to all our friends who by their kindly words and acts helped to cheer and comfort the last days of our beloved daughter and sister and for subsequent condolences in our bereavement.

MRS. C. T. WHITCHER AND FAMILY.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Limits of Human Sympathy." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality." All are welcome.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Services during Lent: Wednesdays at 4.30 and Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "The Conqueror from Edom." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Blind from Berth." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—3d Sunday in Lent. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Struggle for the Possession of the Soul."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Christ before the High Priest." Seventh in the series of Lenton Sermons.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Subject: "Christ before the Sanhedrim."
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Finger of God."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Sermon: "The Covenant Bow in the Cloud."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading and Prayer: "Christ's farewell speech to His Disciples."
Friday, at 7.45 P. M., Sacred Concert by Prof. J. A. Huttman of Chicago.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Married.

In this city, March 7, by Rev. Daniel March, Peter Anderson and Maren K. (Larsen) Mikkelsen, both of Woburn.

In Boston, March 3, by Rev. C. F. Johansson, John Watson of Woburn and Edla Westerland of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 5, Nora Rochford, aged 41 years.

In this city, March 6, Simon Doucette, aged 45 years, 9 months.

In this city, March 9, Margaret Gillis, aged 39 years.

In this city, March 10, Michael Feeney, aged 54 years.

In this city, March 10, Johanna Mullaley, aged 34 years, 4 months.

In this city, March 10, Carrie L. Whitcher, aged 22 years, 8 months, 10 days.

In this city, March 12, Martin J., son of John and Barbara McEachen, aged 13 days.

In this city, March 13, Dr. Frank W. Graves, aged 59 years, 8 months, 15 days.

In this city, March 13, Margaret Smitherman, aged 39 years, 6 months.

In Burlington, March 13, Ernestine Zimmer, aged 60 years, 2 months, 19 days.

Do you intend making a Wrapper or Shirt Waist for the coming season?

If you do we would call your attention to our lines of Percales, Calico, and Ginghams. Pretty styles are always desirable in these goods and we have a variety in the best quality of wash fabrics. The prices are as low as the quality will allow.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Dr. Frank W. Graves.

About 7.45 o'clock Tuesday morning, March 13, 1900, Dr. FRANK W. GRAVES suddenly and painlessly passed away immediately after setting down to breakfast at his residence, No. 36 Pleasant street, this city. The cause of his death was valvular heart trouble with which he had been afflicted some years, but not seriously until a twelvemonth ago. Of late, however, attacks have warned him of a possible fatal termination at any time, and he has favored himself in his professional work so far as able to do so. Still he has seldom failed to respond to a call, and less than a week before his death he told the writer of this that he was fully aware of physical condition, understood the danger of his case, but it was his ambition, and he intended, to "die in harness." His father died in the same house some 16 years ago of the same disease, and equally suddenly.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock Tuesday morning Dr. Graves was summoned to attend Mr. Edgar Ellis who had had an arm broken the evening before and responded to the call. Arrangements were made for him to accompany Mr. Ellis to the Massachusetts General Hospital at 9 o'clock that morning. He returned to his home and in due time sat down to the breakfast table and although unusually pale appeared to be in good spirits. He partook of the first course and was on the point of proceeding with the meal when his head dropped to his breast and when Dr. S. W. Kelley, who was hastily summoned, arrived life had fled. Many times he had expressed the desire to leave this world just as he at last did.

Comparatively few people were aware of the precarious condition of Dr. Graves's health and when the word of his death went about at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning it produced a great shock in this community. He was widely known and universally liked, and many people sincerely mourn his loss.

Dr. Graves was the son of Willard and Elizabeth Graves, born at Rumney, N. H., June 26, 1842. When but a lad his father moved to Boston where he held a position in the Custom House. He was sent to school at Barre, Vt, Nashua, N. H., and the Chapman Hall School in Boston, and finally graduated from the University of Vermont. After graduating he studied medicine with Dr. Charles F. Gage at Nashua, N. H., at the time when Rev. Dr. March now of Woburn was pastor of a church there. Finishing his medical studies he began practice at Warner, N. H., and subsequently took a postgraduate course at Columbia Medical College in New York. In Dec. 1868, he was united in marriage with Mary Louise Bennett, of New York City, who survives to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband. He came to Woburn on May 1, 1878, after service at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and soon took a front rank in professional and social life. While at College in Vermont he enlisted in the 7th Rhode Island Cavalry and served faithfully his term of enlistment. His maternel grandfather was once Deacon of the Woburn Congregational church.

He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society and one of its Counsellors; of the New Hampshire Medical Society; ex-President of the Middlesex East Medical Society; Surgeon of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston; member of the Past Officers National Association, G. A. R.; Surgeon of Kingsley Post, 113, Boston; member of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; of Sons of the Revolution; Lafayette Lodge of Perfection, 14, Scottish Rites; ex-Commander of Post 161, G. A. R., Woburn, and other organizations, in each of which he took an active and influential part. When the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company paid its memorable visit, three years ago, to its parent Company, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, England, Dr. Graves accompanied it as Surgeon. It was a notable event and he always dwelt on the memory of it with pleasure. He also visited with his Company many American and Canadian cities. But he loved best to go over the old Virginia battlefields and live again among the scenes and events of 1861-5, in which he took an honorable and patriotic part.

Dr. Graves was a skilful physician, faithful and sympathetic in his practice, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his patients, with the result of winning an enviable professional standing and securing a large and lucrative practice, which he has retained and increased to the present time. He was equally fortunate in gaining and keeping the friendship and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

The funeral was held at 3 30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the late home of the deceased and was largely attended by citizens, people of Boston, members of organizations to which he belonged, and others. The remains will be taken to Concord, N H, this morning for interment. A brief service will be held there.

While the funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. Dr. Daniel March, and Rev. Dr. D. Scudder, both of First Church, and the music by Temple Quartette of Boston, were in progress the city and other flags floated at half-mast, and some of the business houses were closed. The floral contributions were numerous, varied, and beautiful.

Annual Meeting.

The W. C. T. U. held its Annual Meeting on the afternoon of Monday, March 12. The usual reports were given. The Treasurer's report showed quite a balance on hand, which is encouraging in these days of deficits in benevolent organizations.

The former officers were re-elected with the exception of Mrs. Whittemore, one of the Vice-Presidents, who resigned to be succeeded by Miss Preston. Mrs. Collamore will be Superintendent of our Flower Mission this year.

We expect to form, very soon, a Loyal Temperance Legion. This work will be under the charge of Mrs. May Perkins Skinner. Mrs. Helen G. Rice, National Superintendent of this Department, will be present and assist at the organization. Due notice will be given of the time and place through the Sunday Schools of the city. Shall there not be a hearty response from parents who have the welfare of their children at heart—as what parent does not?

Our regular meetings are held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at 3 P. M., in the Congregational church parlor. All ladies cordially invited.—PRESS SUPT.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nerverousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

North Woburn.

The young ladies drill which took place in the vestry of the North Church last Friday evening, March 9, was a grand success. The vestry and parlors were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. During the evening ice cream, cake and candies were sold to the large and social gathering. The drill was conducted by Mrs. Samuel W. Merrill, who, under the instruction of Mr. Orvens of Stoneham, has spent a great deal of time teaching the many evolutions and steps which delighted the audience. Mrs Merrill and all those connected with the drill have every reason to feel proud of the entertainment. The following young ladies, dressed in white, each carrying a red wand, marched to the impressive music rendered on the piano by Mr. Edwin Green: Misses Maria Dockham, Stella Cummings, Florence Carr, Amy Bond, Grace Cleveland, Nellie Whidden, Cora Dearborn, Laura Kimball, Amy Thompson, Bessie Buck, Annie Whidden, Leila Greenleaf Eva Dearborn, Cora Kenty, Lizzie Rollins, Florence Buck, Etta Woods, Avis Hill, Matilda Gamble, Beatrice Whitney.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Lyddite.

After Methuen's experience at Magersfontein it was reported that the effect of lyddite must have been overestimated. But the actual fact must have been that the new explosive didn't reach the Boer intrenchments. A Lieutenant of the Natal Naval Volunteers reports that he found on a single kopje near Pieter's Hill, outside Ladysmith, ninety-eight Boers who had been killed by the concussion of the terrible stuff from Lydd. It had "turned the hair and beards of the dead men to a peculiar greenish hue, while the color of their skin was a strange yellow." Not one of the ninety eight had a wound of any kind. —*Boston Journal.*

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. MEARKLE, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Intimations begin to be made in London that, from the point of view of the Rand mine-owners, the administration of the Transvaal as a British crown colony would be even less pleasing than government by Oom Paul.

THE TIME TO TAKE A BLOOD PURIFIER

Is Now.

THE KIND TO TAKE IS

Woburna

75c. PER BOTTLE.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Carrie L. Whitcher.

The community was surprised and shocked last Saturday at hearing of the death of Miss CARRIE L. WHITCHER. She had been among the Adirondacks since August, 1898, and had been benefited materially by the climatic conditions of that section. Since September last she, in her own mind, had felt a downward tendency in her condition, but summoned all her strength and fortitude of mind to combat the fatal disease that was slowly sapping her young life.

It is but three weeks since she sent word of her weakening condition, and her family immediately brought her home. The tubercular trouble penetrated the brain but her end was painless and peaceful.

She graduated from the Woburn High School Class of '96, and stood second on her merit. She entered Wellesley in the fall, but was obliged to terminate the college life in the Spring of '97.

The funeral service was held at her late home, No. 3 Cleveland Ave., on Tuesday last, Doctors March and Scudder officiating. The music was beautifully rendered by a quartet comprising Miss Trecartin, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Cotton, and Mr. J. M. Kimball.

The floral tributes were from the immediate family, the Master and Class of '96, W. H. S., and other school and college mates, and were of the highest order of excellence.—COM.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

Last Saturday evening Mr. John Johnson and Miss Nellie Johnson were united in marriage by the pastor. No change of name for the bride. The ceremony took place at the home of William Ericson, Clark street, Winchester. About 40 guests were present. Mr. Anton Johnson was best man and Miss Axelina Wifholm and Miss Anna Anderson were bridesmaids.

The announced purpose of the Afro-American Council to make up a test case for getting the Louisiana constitutional restrictions on the suffrage before the United States Supreme Court is to be commended. The Mississippi restrictions were brought under review some time ago, and the Court did not find them in violation of the Federal Constitution; but the Louisiana restrictions are more sweeping, and if the Court were to pronounce adversely upon them, the decision would invalidate also the amendment which is to be voted on in North Carolina.

Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Parker's drug store.

Mr. Chamberlain said in House of Commons May 8, 1896: "A war in South Africa would be one of the most serious wars that could possibly be waged. It would be in the nature of a civil war. It would be a long war, a bitter war, and a costly war, and it would leave behind it the embers of a strife which I believe generations would hardly be long enough to extinguish."

The New York *Daily News* passes under feminine management in consequence of the death of Benjamin Wood. Mrs. Ida E. Wood, widow of Mr. Wood, assumes active editorial control; her daughter, Miss Emma Wood, becomes President of the corporation; and Miss Mary E. Mayfield, her sister, Secretary.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Senator Morgan of Alabama is having a hard fight for re-election. This seems very strange to the rest of the country, for Mr. Morgan is reckoned by the nation at large as the broadest and ablest man on the Democratic side of his house of Congress. He is intensely patriotic, and while a thoroughly loyal Democrat, he knows how to put country above party where great vital national policies are concerned.

There are encouraging symptoms of a really serious revolt of public sentiment in New York against the iniquities of the Tammany administration.

Mr. Quigg, head of the Republican county organization in New York, has served notice upon the Legislature that the organization wants an end put to the Ramapo swindle.

The New York *Evening Post* is discontented at the thought of having to choose between President McKinley and Mr. Bryan, and cries out, vehemently: "Give us a man to vote for."

Gen. Wheeler's letter of resignation makes it clear that the real reason for his coming back from the Philippines is that there was not enough fighting left to be done there to interest him.

WINCHESTER.

Policeman Dotton is on duty again.

J. Joseph Foley has been admitted to the Bar.

Robert Harrington has gone to Arizona on a pleasure trip.

Beatrice Herford will give her Monologues in Town Hall on April 18.

Only one half of the voters went to the polls at the last Town Meeting.

Black Horse Hill Band of Mercy meets at 114 Main street, Friday, March 16.

Katherine Dorsey is about to enter John Hopkins University to study for a trained nurse.

Parker Colbert has been elected Honorary member of the Mc. M. F. A. Social Club.

Timothy W. Coakley, Esq., addressed the citizens of this place last Saturday evening, on "The Philippines."

"How Periodicals are Illustrated" was the theme of a discourse by E. A. Gilman before the Fortnightly Club last Monday.

A burning fence at the Bacon felt mill called out the firemen last Monday evening. A passing locomotive engineer pulled in the alarm.

If this town is to celebrate the 50th anniversary of its incorporation this year it is high time that the preliminary steps were taken. It may be that nothing is to be done.

The following are the new officers of the Winchester Golf Club: President, Rev. John W. Suter; Secretary and Treasurer, George G. Kellogg; Executive Committee, W. D. Sanborn, W. D. Richards, F. L. Hunt, John Abbott, M. C. Bouve. Balance on hand, $116.59.

Col. Nat Richardson's public defense of Congressman McCall will not help McCall very much. One will be apt to ask, "but who will vouch for Col. Nat?" In the past Col. Nat's defense of men and things has generally proved fatal to said men and things. McCall may well exclaim, "O, Lord, deliver me from my friends!"

The French Workman.

The French workman is the creature of the street for the sense of the joy of life and the creature of the home and the workshop for the sense of the hardship and sometimes of the sorrow. Fashioned as he is in this way, two outside forces contend for the possession of him. The question of questions is, "Will he take his guidance from the recognized agencies within the law or from the agencies of revolt?" The state and also, as we have seen, the church offer him all sorts of bribes and bonuses to consent to work in their way. They recognize his trade and self help societies. They try to get him to the altar as a devotee and to the urn as a voter. But he has heard of Utopias, and he longs to have one more struggle for absolute perfection at short notice, though he may have to lay down his life in the attempt.

The key to modern French history is to be found here. Every political movement has to be a compromise between the aspirations of the faubourg and the world as it wags. The French workman has been bred in the belief in revolution as a recognized agency of progress and by instinct and habit he loathes second best. The old order offers him the churches, the thrift and benefit societies, co-operation, insurance against accidents, education, technical and other—the old political economy, in a word, and the paternal state. The new whispers socialism, the commune, anarchy sometimes and with these the barricade.—Richard Whiteing in Century.

Misunderstood Patriotism.

Professor Alfred B. Adams of New York was a soldier in the civil war and took part in the Red river campaign under Major General Nathaniel T. Banks.

"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. General Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stenciled 'C. S. A.,' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?'

"I looked proudly at him as I replied: 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read—U. S. A. over C. S. A.?'

"He looked at me quizzically.

"'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of American Cotton Stealing Association.'

"The next question he put to me I didn't answer."—Saturday Evening Post.

Finding a Mine.

Two cowboys and several sticks of dynamite very suddenly and unexpectedly discovered the Hualipi mines near Kingman, A. T. The cowboys were on their way across the territory, and they had with them several sticks of dynamite, to be used when they reached the Colorado river. One day they camped some seven miles north of where Kingman now is. They left the dynamite among some bowlders at a distance from the camp for safe keeping. The day was unusually hot, and in some unaccountable way the dynamite went off. The cowboys hurried to the place of explosion, and even their inexperienced eyes saw that the dynamite had blown a gold mine into their pockets. As high as $25,000 a month has been taken out of this mine.—Philadelphia Times.

Seems Impossible to Realize.

The world is full of weary men and women who drag along from day to day, sick, despairing and weak. They have grown used to being unhappy, and don't seem to realize that they can ever be as well and happy as their fellows. But there is help for them. The world's most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic complaints, Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., will give them consultation and advice free, personally or by letter, and will show them how to get well and stay well. Dr. Greene is the discoverer of that greatest of all curative medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy; but this wonderful cure for weak, nervous and run-down people is only one of his many discoveries of health-giving medicines for various diseases. He has done great things for the sick. He has cured the apparently incurable, made the miserable happy, the weak strong. His advice should be sought at once by all who are ailing and weak in nerve, strength or body. If you are run down and discouraged seek Dr. Greene's advice, and you will find out how to be well and strong.

Made It Even.

"Lawyer Niles was a humor loving attorney in my old Indiana town," said a drummer. "He owed me $1.90 for several months. He was a prominent citizen of the village, and I was the driver of a five seated carryall that made four trips daily between our town and a neighboring city. So I hesitated to run him. One day as I was passing along in front of his office he gladdened my heart by opening the door and stepping out into the road.

"'Guess I owe you somethin,' Parks?' he asked, looking up at me seated on the wagon.

"'Yes, sir. It is $1.90. I remember.'

"'So it is. So it is'—reaching down in his pocket. 'Have you got 10 cents about you?'

"Of course I had, and as I reached down into my corduroys for the dime I saw visions of the $2 bill that would soon be asleep in my inside pocket. Truth to tell, I was overjoyed, for seldom before had I been in such pressing need for additional money as I was on that particular day. I found the change and gave it to Niles, who coolly put it in his pocket and walked back toward his office without giving me a cent.

"'Thanks,' said he rather unfeelingly as he pulled out a fresh cigar and lit it with exasperating imperturbability. 'Thanks. That'll make it an even $2 now.'"—Detroit News-Tribune.

Scientific Safe "Cracking."

In the experiments made in a burglarious way, among others, a $3,000 square safe of the most approved construction was attacked by inserting in the crevice about the locked door 4 8-10 ounces of nitroglycerin, and in eight minutes after the operation of loading was begun the charge was fired, with the result that the whole of the jamb below the door was blown out and a hole made in the door of sufficient size to admit the hand and arm, while the doors and divisions of the interior compartments were completely shattered. On repeating the operation with 4¼ ounces of forcite dynamite the door was completely torn off.

Among experiments made to demonstrate the resistance of structures to attack by a mob was one upon a safe 29 inches cube, with walls 4¾ inches thick, made up of plates of iron and steel, which were re-enforced on each edge so as to make it highly resisting, yet when a hollow charge of dynamite 9½ pounds in weight and untamped was detonated on it a hole three inches in diameter was blown clear through the wall, though a solid cartridge of the same weight and of the same material produced no essential effect.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Cautious Man.

The familiar saw that no man can be a hero to his valet was illustrated to me the other day in an amplified and peculiar form. It was while sitting with a man of affairs that his stenographer entered, saying that a certain other man desired to speak to my acquaintance over the telephone. "Take it," said my man and forthwith picked up his extension machine, through which he talked with the man at the other end, the conversation including matters of finance, politics and personal business of a most familiar and confidential sort. He didn't mind me at all—I didn't count. We continued our conversation, and just as I was ready to leave the stenographer entered with several sheets of manuscript, which she laid on the desk.

"That goes on file," said my man. "I invariably have a record kept of my telephone talks, and I've found it to pay. While I talk the stenographer holds the main line and puts it down." I made up my mind that if I had anything particular to say to that man hereafter I'd tell him on the street or in some place other than his office.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Restaurant Thieves.

"Why don't you use after dinner coffee spoons?" asked a woman at a first class up town restaurant of the proprietor the other evening, finding it somewhat inconvenient to use a large spoon with her small cup. "We did have them when we first opened," answered the proprietor. "We had six dozen, but they gradually disappeared until now only three are left, and we consider it more economical to use the larger spoons, for which people do not seem to have such a fancy."

At many restaurants when a glass of claret or sherry is called for it is served in a tiny decanter. These miniature bottles are very attractive. They seem to appeal, as many small things do, to the taste of many people. One man who visits now and again many different restaurants boasts that he has over two dozen of these pretty little decanters. He doesn't say how he came by them, but he didn't purchase them.—New York Times.

A British Army Corps.

The British army corps as nominally constituted numbers 36,259 officers and men. A large number of these are "technical" troops, in charge of the pontoons, field telegraph, railway appliances, balloons, field batteries and field hospitals. Eliminating all of these technical troops, the strength of a division in infantry, cavalry and artillery is 9,449 men, with 18 guns; of an army corps, 30,799 men, with 102 guns.

From Bad to Worse.

She—I would like to call you by your Christian name, love, but Tom is so hateful and common, you know. Haven't you some pet name?

He—N-no, I—er—haven't.

She—Are you always known as Tom among your friends?

He (brightening up)—No, the boys call me "Shorty."—Harlem Life.

China boasts a breed of dog which is virtually known in all occidental lands. The "sleeve puppy," as the tiny creature is styled, is so diminutive that it can with ease be carried in the baggy sleeve of the Chinese overgarment.

A Safe Risk.

She—Are you superstitious?

He—No; I think not. But why do you ask?

She—I was going to get you a pocketknife for a birthday present, but some one told me the gift of anything sharp cuts friendship.

He—Oh, I'll risk it. I'm sure no knife selected by a woman would cut anything.—Chicago News.

Versatility.

Athletic Applicant—Do you need a strong man?

Manager (of a dime museum)—No, I have one. But I'd give $75 a week for a good living skeleton.

Athletic Applicant—All right. I can train down to it in a month.—Chicago Tribune.

More to His Advantage.

"Dicky, people should live to help one another."

"Yes, ma, but I'd get more pie if you'd let me help myself."—Chicago Record.

The famous gardens of Versailles have cost £8,000,000.

An Important Test.

Your Life May Be Prolonged by Applying It.

Do you realize the importance of the Kidneys and Bladder? when diseased they make a lot of trouble—tear down the system and create gravel (stone in the Bladder). Women often suffer from so-called "female weakness," when their trouble really lies with the Kidneys and Bladder. Try this test. Put some urine in a tumbler. Let it stand twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment, a cloudy or milky appearance, your Kidneys are sick. If you are obliged to urinate often, especially during the night; if your urine stains linen, if you have scalding pains in passing it, if your back pains you, your Bladder and Kidneys are diseased; you should at once take the greatest of all Kidney medicines, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It has cured the most distressing cases; it will cure you.

It corrects the bad effects of beer or whiskey, will cure old and chronic cases of Rheumatism and Dyspepsia and acts gently yet promptly on the Bowels. Favorite Remedy is sold for one dollar a bottle at all drug stores.

You may have a trial bottle of Favorite Remedy with a pamphlet of valuable medical advice sent free by mail postpaid, by sending your address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and mentioning this paper. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this liberal offer.

The decision of Judge Emmet Field of the Kentucky Circuit Court in favor of the Democratic side in the contest for the Governorship was expected. But the State Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of the United States are yet to be heard from.

Volcanic Eruptions.

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life and joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them, also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile Cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

If the Legislature does anything on the subject of lights on bicycles it should be to enact a law requiring their use everywhere after nightfall.

We advise our readers to buy Vick's Seeds

THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES.

The handsomest and most complete Catalogue the house has ever issued sent free, provided you state in what you are most interested — Flowers, Vegetables, or Small Fruits. Address

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Peter J. Carpenter, formerly of Woburn, in said County, an absentee whose whereabouts is unknown, and to Arthur E. Gage of said Woburn, as you are receiver of all the property of said absentee,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Elizabeth M. Carpenter, wife of Peter J. Carpenter, has presented to said Court her petition praying the Court to make such order as it deems expedient concerning her past, present, and future support, and to direct said receiver to apply the property of said absentee, in his hands, to the payment of such charges as may properly have been incurred or hereafter may be incurred in her support;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of March, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to said Arthur E. Gage fourteen days at least before said Court, and by publishing the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing a copy hereof to said absentee at his last known address fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary D. Doherty, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Fanny T. Doherty of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, or to some other suitable person:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of April, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteeth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Mrs. Eunice L. Matthews

desires to inform her customers that she has removed her Dressmaking rooms from 83 Winn street

TO 333 MAIN STREET,
Putnam's Block, Woburn.

Sincerely thanking them for their patronage in the past she will be pleased to receive them at her new quarters on and after Wednesday, March 14, 1900.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

Mr. S. C. HOWE,
THE CHIROPODIST,

Will be at her rooms, 414 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., on

TUESDAY, March 20, 1900,

Patrons will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

To Let.

A desirable tenement of 5 rooms. Apply at 87 Kilby St.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

Wednesday, April 18.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Eyes Examined FREE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT A
SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

All the Time
— AT —
Linnell's Market
Fresh Butter and Eggs.
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Francis J. McPartlin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, dated December 27, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2016, Page 469, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to John W. Johnson of said Woburn, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

Monday, March 26, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the westerly side of Prospect street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises at land now or formerly of Samuel Butters; thence the line runs southerly on Prospect street sixty feet, or more, to land now or formerly of Timothy Driscoll; thence turning and running westerly on land last named about one hundred thirty-eight and 8-10 feet to the centre of a brook; thence turning and running northwesterly in the centre of said brook about sixty-two feet to land of said Butters; thence turning and running easterly on last named land about one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning; said lot containing about 8,743 square feet, more or less.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes, and $200 in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 1, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Sarah Olive Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

NELLIE D. RICHARDSON, Admx.
Woburn, Mass.
February 21 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Anna B. Colburn, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

SIDNEY S. COLBURN, Adm.
90 Federal St., Boston.
Feb. 27, 1900.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, March 7th, 1900.

The Committee on Metropolitan affairs will give a hearing to parties interested in the petition (with accompanying bill, House No. 585) of William F. Davis, Mayor of the city of Woburn, and others, for legislation to authorize the Metropolitan Park Commission to construct a boulevard from Pleasant street in Woburn to the Mystic River Parkway in Winchester at room No. 436, State House, on Friday March 16, at 11 o'clock A. M.

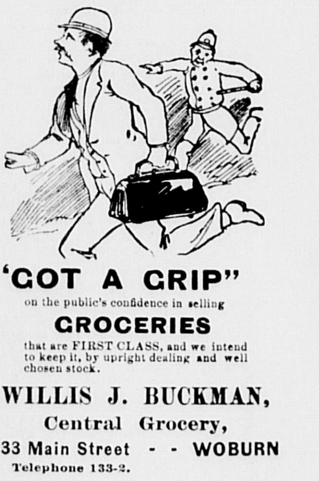
A. A. MAXWELL, Chairman.
A. P. RUSSELL, Clerk of the Committee.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.



"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

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Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
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For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
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Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
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LAWRENCE READE,
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Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

HEART-SICK.

There are a great many people who have heart sickness, who have no chronic derangement of the heart. When the stomach is diseased it may affect many other organs, and produce all the evidences of diseased heart, diseased liver or kidneys, or disease in some other organ.

The inexperienced practitioner treats the wrong disease, and hence the constant statement of Dr. Pierce's correspondents: "Doctors could not help me."

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It increases the assimilative powers, and purifies and enriches the blood. When diseases of organs remote from the stomach are caused by the stomach, the cure of the stomach results in the cure of the other diseases, in heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc.

"Six years ago my stomach and heart troubled me so much I had to do something, as the doctors could not help me," writes Mrs. S. A. Knapp, of San Jose, California, Box 392. "I went to San Francisco and had treatment for catarrh of the stomach, and was better for some time, then it came back. I then used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' These medicines cured my stomach. I do not have the pain and indigestion as I did. It is very hard for me to tell you what I suffered before I commenced taking your valuable medicine. I recommend it to all the sufferers whom I meet."

To cure constipation use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

HIS CLOSEST CALL.

AND AFTER ALL IT TURNED TO BE NO CALL AT ALL.

The Reformed Poacher, However, Is of the Opinion That There Is Little Difference Between Being Killed and Being Scared to Death.

The closest call I ever had, remarked the reformed poacher, turned out to be no call at all, but for a time I was sure old Gabriel had his trumpet tuned up for me, and, after all, there ain't a mighty sight of difference between getting killed and getting scared to death. And that's about what happened to me. It was in the early eighties, the first winter I trapped in Allegash waters, and, although up to the 1st of February there wasn't six inches of snow in the woods, I had salted down in my shack the prettiest lot of furs I've seen before or since. And out of 200 skins, something like 70 were otter.

Funny thing, too, that run of otter. I took every one of them from a short line of traps set back of a small stream of dead water. The other traps took everything that came along, beaver, fisher, mink and ermine, but these half dozen, somehow or other, would spring only on to the leg of an otter. And I didn't kick a bit, for the skins were worth then just $15 apiece.

Well, come the 1st of February and about time for a big snowstorm, I got uneasy, as trappers will; wanted something more exciting, I guess, and one fine morning I bundled my furs on to a big sled and set out for Kineo. There wasn't any snow to speak of on the river, and I made pretty good time up Churchill lake and about dark reached the thoroughfare into Eagle lake, where I built a fire and got a bit of supper. It was a fine night, but a little breezy, and a big circle around the moon told me of snow, and lots of it, not far away. So I figured 'twould be a good idea to get to the settlement about as soon as I could, and, packing up again, I set out down the lake.

The wind was at my back and just boosted me along, but the sled traveled faster and kept bumping into my feet. Says I to myself, Why don't you use the wind? And I did. Running ashore, I cut a stout pole and two crosspieces and soon had a first class sail set and was flying down the middle of Eagle lake, a-smoking my pipe as happy as any old salt coming into port before a fair wind. There wasn't anything for me to do but steer clear of Pillsbury island—not a hard job—so I burrowed under the furs and sort of dozed off, thinking of the good times those otter skins were going to bring me.

The wind kept rising, but the old sled kept right along with it. That didn't worry me any, however, for there was no danger, and the faster we went the better I liked it. Well, we were drawing under the head of the island when the sled struck a wrinkle that sort of jarred some life into me and, rousing up, I looked about to get my bearings.

Gee whiz! What I saw drove all the day dreams out of me. Right ahead, not 1,000 yards away, was a stretch of black, open water reaching clear across the lake, and the sled rushing right into it as fast as half a gale could drive it. Throwing myself forward on my knees, I grabbed the mast to unship it, but I had done too good a job putting it up to be undone in a minute. I pulled and pushed with all my strength but it wouldn't give an inch. Then I tackled the ropes that held the blanket, but they were drawn so tight you couldn't start them, although my nails were torn off to the quick. And all this time the sled was driving and swaying along at race horse speed toward the awful, black gulf, yawning ahead. I could almost hear the waves breaking along the ice front. Every moment I expected to go through never to come up.

"Cut the ropes," came to me, and like a flash my hand sought my belt. But the sheath was empty. I had used the knife to cut tobacco, and it was somewhere beneath me among the skins. Too late to hunt for it, too late even to jump for safety, for at that instant the white ice at my side faded away into blackness, and throwing myself forward on my face among my precious otter skins I awaited the fatal plunge.

How long I lay there I don't know. It seemed hours, but it was only seconds. I began to wonder if I had really gone to the bottom and never knew it. If I was really drowned—why, I was not cold and wet and strangling. Then came a sudden shock—a crash and I was hurled, more dead than alive, from the sled.

For a time I knew nothing. I was too near dead from fright to think. Then I mustered courage to look around. No, I wasn't at the bottom of the lake or floating on the icy waters, but I was lying mighty well bruised and shaken up on the rocky shores of Pillsbury island.

It wasn't open water after all—that awful black space. It was simply black ice across the channel that had formed after the other and since the last fall of snow. But it fooled me terribly. And this is my closest call—no call at all, you see. But I tell you there is mighty little choice between being killed and being scared to death.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

She Made It Like Starch.

It is true that in Ireland, with the spread of general knowledge and improved medical aid, "cures" and superstitions are on the wane, but still "the mistress' bottle" is much preferred to the doctor's, and the advice of a "lucky woman" is of much higher value than that of an M. D. Apart from the medical knowledge required, it is no light matter to undertake to prescribe for one's neighbors, as the following will show:

"If it's plazin to y'r honor, I'm come to ax for a bottle," said an old woman. "I was tuk that bad last night I thought the life 'u'd lave me."

After due inquiry into her symptoms she was given a packet of arrowroot with minute directions how to prepare it. As she scarcely seemed to take them in, a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make starch don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," said the old woman.

"Then make it just like that," said her friend, "and add a little sugar to it."

The old woman departed, to return next day with the information that she was like to die after atin what Miss Norah gave her, and, with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down; it wint so ag'inst her.

She was requested to bring what remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Forest of Fontainebleau.

"We spent the night in Barbizon, paid a goodly bill and set off in the company of our English friends for the town of Fontainebleau, lying at the center of 50 square miles of forest," writes a girl from Paris to The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is never wild, never mysterious, this forest that thousands of artists have loved to paint, but it is calm and grand and never tedious. For eight hours we wandered over plains covered with towering oaks, among rocky gorges, out of which slender, graceful beeches rise, and through miles of fragrant, giant pines. And everywhere are feathery ferns and purple heather.

"There is not the slightest chance of losing one's way. Every square inch of the forest has been mapped out, and at the intersection of every two avenues a red hand points to the town, and a blue hand indicates the direction of one of the 'sights.' And Fontainebleu? We saw only the palace, a bewildering maze of magnificent rooms. Everywhere there was richness, everywhere wonderful frescoes, wonderful stairways, wonderful tapestry, wonderful inlaid furniture. The grandeur is oppressive, and we were glad to get out into the park, to wander about in the different courts."

A "Practical" Joke.

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about 25 feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near, then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and, seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was Pat came walking out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.—London Answers.

The Eskimo's Liver.

Does every one know in what notable physical particulars the Eskimos who live in the far north differ from us temperate zone people? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimos came to New York from the arctic zone with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress and somewhat to the indignation of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made and, not a little to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home.—Harper's Weekly.

That Coal Scuttle.

In these days when so many excuses are used to obtain entrance to dwelling houses and burglars carry off everything possible it is as well to be careful. Therefore when a servant recently informed her mistress that a strange man had called and said that he had come to "measure for a coal scuttle" the mistress was naturally alarmed. The man came again, however, bringing with him three others, and then it appeared that he had come to put in an electric wire and box for messenger service. What he really meant to tell the servant in the first place was that he had come to measure for the "call box." He had apparently broadened it into "coal box," and the servant had repeated it as "coal scuttle."—New York Mail and Express.

A Long Wait.

Thomas Nelson Page's entrance into literature was discouraging. He sent the short story called "Marse Chan" to The Century. It was accepted. Then Page waited, just waited. Six years later the tale was printed. It made a hit, and after that things came easily.—New York World.

Fairly Good Time.

Seated around a Topeka railroad lunch counter the other day were four old Santa Fe engineers. They were telling of fast runs. Three of them had told their stories. "The fastest run I ever made," said the fourth, after listening to the lies of the others, "was between Topeka and Emporia not long ago. It was a bright moonlight night. We were behind when we pulled out of Topeka and had orders to make up all lost time between here and Emporia. After reaching the top of the Pauline hill I pulled the throttle wide open and let her go. The old engine fairly ate up the track. When we stopped at Emporia, I looked back a mile or so and saw something black approaching us. I could not think what it was. I watched it closely. Finally it came up opposite the engine and stopped. It was the shadow of the train."—Kansas City Journal.

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

How Far Apart Did They Live?

"I was at the capitol one day," said a Boston lawyer, "in attendance upon a committee having in charge a bill in which my clients are interested. On the long, leather covered settee near me two southern members were smoking and conversing. The following words were jotted down by me verbatim:

"'Majah, I was down among youh people last summer, and I wanted to find Gen'al Blood's plantation, but I got off my road. Where does he live from youh place, majah?'

"'Why, colon'l, he lives near me, a right smart piece south on the river.'

"'Does he live a right smart smart piece or a right smart right smart piece south, majah?'

"'Well, it isn't as far as either of those pieces; just a right smart piece, colon'l.'

"'Then that must be the reason I missed it. I went too far around the river bend.'

"Now, these gentlemen understood each other beyond a doubt. But what I want to know is, how many miles was it from the major's plantation to the general's? And for the life of me I can't solve the question. It haunted me so that I stumbled two or three times when subsequently making my argument before the committee, of which these two members formed a part."—Washington Star.

Sapphires Not All Blue.

"It is commonly believed that the sapphire is known only as a gem of a rich velvety blue in color," observed an experienced dealer in precious stones to the writer the other day. "As a matter of fact, the sapphire occurs in various hues. In Ceylon, for instance, where the finest specimens of this gem are found, it ranges from the soft velvety blue to the peacock blue, graduated in the latter to an almost faultless white. It also occurs in whites, greens and yellows, the latter shade being known as the oriental topaz and the green the oriental emerald.

"The white sapphires are often found clouded or streaked with blue, so that many specimens are cut which are white when looked at transversely, but having a bit of fine blue tint on the under point. Then there is the red sapphire, or Ceylon ruby. It is valued as highly as the finest Burmese rubies. Those most highly prized are of rich pigeon blood or rose red color.

"Some very fine sapphires have been found in Montana during the past ten years. The American gems are light blue, blue green, green and pink, but the deep blue and red stones, which are chiefly in demand as jewels, have so far never been discovered in any part of this country."—Washington Star.

The Rooster Was Game.

A Rockland young man is the owner of a smart rooster and has long entertained suspicion that the bird might have inherited gamy characteristics from some long forgotten ancestor. To apply this theory in an actual test he went home the other night, surreptitiously conveyed the parlor mirror into the hen pen and held it before the gaze of the wondering rooster.

The young man was not kept long in suspense as to the bird's fighting qualities. After a brief, incredulous glance at the proud reflection in the glass the rooster descended upon the object with spurs set and wrath gleaming from each beadlike eye. There were a crash, a smash and a clatter, and when the dust and feathers cleared away the young sportsman stood, a dismayed spectator, in the center of a pile of ruins formed of broken mirror, slats and pulverized plate glass.

He is now satisfied with the rooster, but how he squared himself about the broken mirror is not known.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

Guilty Women Smugglers.

"We never have much trouble in finding out a woman who is guilty of smuggling," remarked a deputy marshal of Detroit. "The trouble with women smugglers is they are not at ease. The customs officer spots them easily. There is something in their very gait that betrays them. A woman may be brought here charged with having smuggled goods, and she may tell a very smooth story, declaring her innocence until there seems no way of suspecting her further.

"But when she gets up we watch her. If she is innocent, she will walk away easily and naturally, but if she is guilty she will try so hard to be natural that she will invariably fail. She will start off quite slowly, so fearful that she will appear to be in a hurry that her nervousness gets the best of her, and she will suddenly make such a change in her gait that we at once recall her.

"'Here, madam,' we say, 'please come back a moment. There is a little matter we forgot.' She returns crestfallen and perhaps indignant. Then we say: 'Look here, madam, you did this thing. Confess it, make a clean breast and settle up all scores.' And she will do it nearly every time, although some sputtering is the usual accompaniment."—Detroit News-Tribune.

Baths and Fatigue.

Professor K. Beerwald says that when the body is fatigued or the brain has been overtaxed by excessive mental work it is very wrong to take a cold bath. Such a bath excites, he says, and if we add this to the already excited state of the body the result seems rejuvenating for the moment, but very soon the tension becomes too great, and the body cannot be forced to do more work.

According to the professor, a warm bath is the only kind to be applied when one wishes to recover from fatigue, and the longer a tired body remains in a bath of, say, 70 degrees the quieter become the strained nerves and the easier follows the sought for rest.

In the morning, after a good night's rest, a cold bath is very invigorating, but at no time during the day, if the nerves are strained, should it be repeated.

The Emergency Clerk.

"I ran across a clerk here who is worth his weight in gold, or, at least, in gold bricks," said a guest at one of the hotels. "If I was in business in New Orleans, I would get that man if I had to chloroform and abduct him. The way I discovered his merits was this: I was standing in a store down the street, waiting for my wife to decide what she didn't want, when a tailor made girl walked up and asked to see some golf clubs. The young man behind the counter showed her several, and in a few moments she found one that suited her and went away with it under her arm.

"'Are there many players in New Orleans?' I asked after she had gone.

"'Oh, yes; quite a number!' replied the clerk affably.

"'Have you golf links here?' I continued, getting interested.

"A look of real pain crossed the young man's face. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'very sorry, but the fact is we sold our last golf links this morning. However, we have ordered a new stock,' he added, brightening up, 'and they will be here in a few days. Which did you wish, the plain or the—er—fancy links?'

"A clerk like that is beyond price, sir, perfectly invaluable. Ten years hence I expect to find him a merchant prince."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Two Views of the Same Man.

"Why did you take that man's case?" the fresh graduate of the law school asked after his father, the old attorney, had bowed a client out of the office. "There is no possibility that you can win it for him. One glance at his face shows that he is the briber and all around rascal he is accused of being."

"Is that so?" the old man replied. "I'm sorry to hear it—really sorry. I wish I had known it."

"Why, you must have been able to see for yourself if you are any judge of character at all."

"I am usually pretty good at such things, but I must confess that I didn't notice it in this case. In fact, I didn't see his face at all."

"Didn't see his face!"

"No. He had a wallet in his hand that took my eye. Now you go to work and copy off that brief, and after this if you want to learn the business watch me, not the other fellow's face."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

While camped in the Wallapai mountains recently there came to my camp from off the Santa Fe Pacific an English overland tourist, and, after passing the usual salutations and greetings, the stranger proposed to join the desert express train of burros and try his luck prospecting. The first camp was made at Maggie Springs, where stood an old miner's cabin. In the morning he proposed to help cook breakfast and built a rousing fire in the old fireplace of the cabin and started to fry the bacon. All at once a startled expression came from the embryo cook, and, turning quickly, I discovered a large king snake sizzling in the frying pan. The chimney getting hot had dislodged his snakeship, and down he came into the hot grease.—Yuma (A. T.) Sun.

A Remarkable Building.

The tabernacle at Salt Lake City is, in respect to its acoustic properties, the most remarkable place of worship in the world. It is constructed to hold 25,000 people, yet it is possible for a person standing at one end to distinctly hear the sound of a pin dropped into a hat at the other, a test of its curious power to convey sound which is offered to every stranger who is shown over the building.

A Perfect Gentleman.

"So you proposed to Miss De Vere!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Washington, "yesterday evening."

"What did she say?"

"I don't remember. I heard her tell a friend she was going to see how many proposals she could get this season, and I thought it would only be polite of me to help out."—Washington Star.

The longest canal in the world is the Erie, in New York, extending from Albany to Buffalo, a distance of 381 miles. The cost of construction was $52,540,800.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

No Butler For Him.

There is a wealthy but very hard headed citizen of Detroit who has no hesitancy in telling this story on himself:

"If there's anything on earth grinds me it is to plunge into the social swim. I'd far rather plunge into an ice cold bath. One of these here steel pen coats makes me want to go out and hide in the hayloft, and a standin collar puts me into a grouch for a week after I've worn it.

"But you know how women are. They'll stand right by you when livin is up hill work, skimp, hustle and save, but once they get money they want a show for it, and the bigger the show the better. Things sorter come my way in pine, and I cleaned up a neat little pile. I just grinned at carriages, horses, a coachman, a lot of servants a snookin round the house, receptions, theater parties and all that sort of thing.

"But when they rung in a genuine butler on me I had a warm conversation with mamma and the girls. It didn't do a mite of good. They talked me clean off my feet, and the butler came. I could have got away passably with the president of the United States, but that fellow, stiff backed, high headed, looking superiorlike and never smilin 'less it was to stab you, riled me awful. One day while sittin in the library I heard him tell one of the maids he was goin to resign. 'What for?' she asked. 'The last lady as called took me for the barbarian'—that's me.

"For years I dealt with raftsmen and lumbermen. I paid his bill for six weeks in the hospital, and his wages too. We keep no butler."—Detroit Free Press.

Charlotte Bronte Not Flattered.

An interesting anecdote of Charlotte Bronte is recalled by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her biographical introduction to "Vilette." In 1851 the authoress, having refused repeated invitations to London, on the ground that having done no work she deserved no treat, finally consented to pay a short visit to the family of her friend and publisher, Mr. George Smith.

Thackeray was at this time at the height of his popularity in London, and Miss Bronte arrived in time to hear his second lecture on the English humorists.

When it was over, Thackeray, who had recognized the timid little woman sitting by Mrs. Smith, came down from the platform, and, shaking hands with Miss Bronte, asked her how she liked it. There are few persons who would not have been flattered by such an attention, but Miss Bronte, on the contrary, was almost offended by it, and when she introduces a similar incident in "Vilette" she comments on the restlessness and the lack of desirable self control on the part of the lecturer.

A Tonic Needless.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—John, dear, while you're down town I wish you'd just call and pay the milliner—$17 the bill is, but if you give her $10—

Mr. Hohmboddie—I'd rather settle it in full.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Well, but I want you to bring me six yards of that lovely stuff from Matchem's—I'll get you the pattern—and that will take the other $7. Then I'll just make a memorandum of the trimmings, that will be about $3 more, and if you love me you know the kind of gloves I want. You've bought them often enough. Now, dear boy, you won't forget?

Mr. Hohmboddie—No, I'll remember; and, by the way, I'll take my tonic bottle along and get it renewed. I've felt quite run down of late.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Your tonic? Why, that costs $1.50! It seems just like throwing money in the street to pay for medicine. Don't you think you could get along without it?—Judge.

Barnum's Excuse.

P. T. Barnum's propensity for practical joking began early to assert itself. Once a man was on trial in a local court for a small misdemeanor. Learning that he had no money to hire a lawyer, Barnum offered to conduct his defense. With great solemnity he made a lengthy plea in which he virtually accused his client of being guilty of half the crimes on the calendar, ending with a recommendation to the mercy of the court on the ground of unsound mind.

The man, though escaping with a merely nominal sentence, was furious at the trick that had been played on him. He was finally appeased by Barnum's explanation that he had prepared a defense for two different clients and had in his case delivered the wrong plea.—Maitland Leroy Osborne in National Magazine.

Dangerous Eggs.

A young clerk received instructions from the proprietor of a produce house in Front street some days ago to put into a case of eggs a card marked "Guaranteed."

The proprietor thought no more about the matter until later in the day, when he was called to the phone by the purchaser.

"I don't want these eggs," he said.

"What is the matter with them?" asked the proprietor.

"They are marked 'Quarantined' and are too suggestive of disease."

It developed later that the clerk had written "Quarantined" instead of "Guaranteed."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Neighborhood Humorist.

"Yesterday I met George as I got on the car and I said, 'Hello, George, how're you getting on?' Then he said, 'I ain't getting on, I'm getting off.'"

"Well?"

"Today I met him as I was getting off the car and I said, 'Hello, George, how're you getting on?' Then he said, 'I ain't getting on at all, I'm putting my mother-in-law on.'"—Chicago Record.

A Mile a Minute Down the Alps.

The spot in the Swiss Alps that attracts the winter sportsmen of Europe is the Cresta run, at St. Moritz, which is just one mile in length. The tobogganing season here begins about the middle of November, when the first snow falls. The condition of the run is not left to chance, but the slide is prepared under the direction of a committee. Swiss toboggans in contrast to the Canadian ones, made entirely of wood, are raised on runners shod with iron or steel. The expert rider lies prone upon the toboggan, head foremost, both hands grasping the framework at the sides and both feet employed in steering. Iron spikes are secured to the toes of the boots, and by trailing one or the other foot along the ground the big sled may be guided. But as this fashion of steering tends to diminish the speed the most skilled riders use the feet as little as possible and depend upon shifting the position. Though the Cresta run is a mile in length, the whole distance may be covered in 70 seconds. At the steepest point a mile a minute is made.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 18.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ii, 13-22. Memory Verses, 15-17—Golden Text, Luke v, 27—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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13. "And He went forth again by the seaside, and all the multitude resorted unto Him, and He taught them." As to that which He taught them let any one read all that is written of His teaching in the four gospels, and they cannot fail to get a fair knowledge of the style and matter of His teaching, and as we read remember that He is still teaching, the same Jesus speaks to us in His word by His Spirit as spoke to the people that day by the seaside, and if we are only teachable the Spirit will teach us all things as Jesus said (John xiv, 26; xv, 26; xvi, 13). Whenever we see our Lord by the seashore teaching the people one can hardly help thinking of the work of the present age in which His body, the church, is being gathered from all nations, for waters are suggestive of nations (Rev. xvii, 15; Isa. viii, 7).

14. "Follow Me." Thus He spoke to Matthew or Levi, as passing by He saw him sitting at the receipt of custom. The account of this is given in almost the same words by Matthew and Luke ix, 9; v, 27. Why He should pass by so many others and give a distinct call to Matthew, the publican, we may not know. It is enough for us to know that, "As for God, His way is perfect" (Ps. xviii, 30). He chose Cyrus and Josiah and Jeremiah and John the Baptist and others before they were born that they might do the work for which He had appointed them. Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world and also the people through whom He will accomplish them (Acts xv, 18). We may infer from the fact that Levi so promptly arose and followed Him that he was one of those who looked for redemption in Israel.

15. "Jesus sat at meat in his house." Luke v, 29, says that Levi made him a great feast in his own house. This indicates his gratitude for the gracious call from his Lord and also his desire to honor his Lord before his friends and acquaintances. There was doubtless a strange company of saved and unsaved, of disciples and invited guests and simply curious people, and Jesus had living bread and water for all who were willing to receive Him.

16. "How is it that He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?" These proud, self righteous, blind, fault finding scribes and Pharisees seem to be everywhere and ever the same. None are good or worth knowing or associating with but themselves. They are very high caste and deem it a disgrace to fellowship with any but their own set. Here they ask how He can, and in Luke xv, 2, they murmur because He does receive sinners and eat with them. There are people today who call themselves Christians and who think it a great mistake, to say the least, to waste so much time on so called heathen, whether about us or in distant lands, not knowing that they themselves may perhaps be in God's sight the greater heathen.

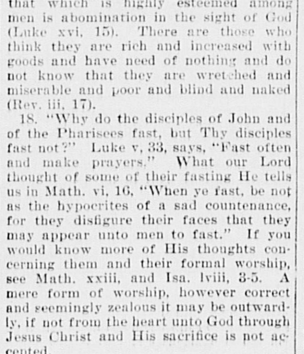
17. "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." There are none whole, there are none righteous apart from Him, but there are many who think themselves righteous and despise others, and to such He spoke the parable of Luke xviii, 9-14. There are those who justify themselves before men, but God knoweth their hearts, and He tells us that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God (Luke xvi, 15). There are those who think they are rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing and do not know that they are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked (Rev. iii, 17).

18. "Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but Thy disciples fast not?" Luke v, 33, says, "Fast often and make prayers." What our Lord thought of some of their fasting He tells us in Math. vi, 16, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." If you would know more of His thoughts concerning them and their formal worship, see Math. xxiii, and Isa. lviii, 3-5. A mere form of worship, however correct and seemingly zealous it may be outwardly, if not from the heart unto God through Jesus Christ and His sacrifice is not accepted.

19. "As long as they have the Bridegroom with them they cannot fast." He speaks of Himself as the Bridegroom in the parable of the virgins in Math. xxv. John the Baptist spoke of Him as the Bridegroom in John iii, 29, and of himself as the Bridegroom's friend. The name takes us back to Ps. xix, 5; Isa. lxi, 10; lxii, 5, and several places in Jeremiah; and onward to Rev. xix, 7; xxi, 9, and to all the events associated with His coming again in glory. Where His own thoughts ran as He thus spake we might like to know. Did they go back to the first bridegroom and bride who were typical of Himself and His church (Eph. v, 31, 32)?

20. "The days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days." A sample of this is seen in the sorrow that filled their hearts when it began very feebly to dawn upon them that He was really going away (John xvi, 5, 6) and in the sadness of heart that filled the two who walked to Emmaus that resurrection day (Luke xxiv, 17). One of the very strange things of today is that so many Christians seem well content to have Him away and to have Him stay away and care nothing for His return and His marriage and His kingdom, not knowing that His kingdom cannot come till the church is completed and gone and returns with Him.

21, 22. This parable of the new and the old, the new cloth on the old garment and the new wine in the old bottles, teaches at least this much—that the old natural man cannot receive the things of God and that our Lord does not take a natural man and try to patch him up into a new man, but makes a new man or a new vessel throughout. The old can only be put off, reckoned dead. It is past improving. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." There is a new birth to begin with, and then that new birth grows day by day as the new nature is fed upon the things of God until in the consummation we shall be like Him (II Cor. v, 17; Eph. iv, 22-24; Rom. viii, 7).



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A Little Bit Too Sensitive.

This cold, hard world has few souls as sensitive as a young man who killed himself in Paris the other day. His home was in Lyons, and his father had given to him 30,000 francs, or $6,000, to establish a branch office of their business in Paris. After he had been in Paris for several days his letters home ceased, and he disappeared from the little circle of friends that he had made. He had seemed a quiet, steady fellow, and he had chosen his new associates with discretion. When they missed him, they wrote to his father, supposing that he knew where his son was. The father, however, was ignorant of the young man's whereabouts, and the police were summoned and a search made of his apartments. On the bed in his room was found his dead body, with a note by his side, which said:

"I have lost 25,000 francs of the sum that my father intrusted to me, and as I would not have it believed that I have squandered the money I am killing myself." This furnished a clew, but nothing more could be learned for several days. Finally, when searching the rooms for the young man's property, his pocketbook, with the 25,000 francs, was found in a corner of the bureau drawer, where he had put it and then forgotten.

Did She Get the Hat?

It was a mean trick, of course, and some day she will doubtless get even with him.

She saw him take a piece of paper from his pocket, carefully fold it up, put it in an envelope and then place the envelope in one of the far corners of the drawer of the library table.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," he replied.

Now, if he had simply thrown it carelessly into the drawer she would have thought nothing of it, but the care he took to put it clear over in the far corner and the fact that he seemed ill at ease after he found that his action had been observed aroused her curiosity. She wondered what it was, and she reasoned with herself that he had said it was "nothing of importance," so he would have nobody but himself to blame if she took a look at it. She was justified in inferring from his words that there was no reason why she should not. And this is what she read scribbled on a piece of paper:

"I'll bet you a new hat your curiosity will not permit you to let this alone."

It was a terrible predicament in which to place a woman. How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?—Chicago Post.

Seasickness.

A stewardess, after 15 years' service on one of the transatlantic liners—and an opinion on the subject from a person in her position is undoubtedly to be respected—has this to say about seasickness: "Almost everybody is a little sick, but a great many more persons could be less sick than they are if they would only be careful for a day or two before they sail. Lots of folks going off to Europe eat big dinners and luncheons for two or three days before they start, and as soon as they get the motion of the waves they have really a bilious attack. Sometimes when the crossing is very rough and I have been a little careless in my diet I feel the motion myself, but never when I take proper care. At the slightest dizziness or nausea I stop eating anything at all for eight or ten hours, and above all I never touch tea at that time. It is the overeating usually before they come on board that makes all the trouble."—New York Post.

An Overcautious Wife.

An incident occurred at the redemption bureau of the treasury which ought to be a warning to wives. A woman in New England placed $48 in bank bills in the oven of the kitchen stove in order to hide it from her husband. She forgot to take it out, and in the morning he kindled a hot fire and reduced the money to a crisp before his wife remembered where it was. She picked up the ashes, enough to half fill a wineglass, put them in a little box and sent them down to Washington to be redeemed. The experts, by the use of magnifying glasses, identified the bills to the amount of $36 and sent her that money, but it cost her $12 to fool her husband, and she will probably not try it again.—Chicago Record.

The Road to Convalescence.

A woman will be in bed all morning and go to a whist party in the afternoon. She will be genuinely sick all day and go like a martyr to a card party at night. The plea that her absence might inconvenience her hostess is considered sufficient excuse. A man with an ache goes to bed and roars. It would be interesting to learn which is the shorter route to recovery.—Atchison Globe.

Nassau's Big Tree.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three story house. It is variously known as a ceiba or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree; for no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty, buttressed trunk of the ceiba.

Its trunk throws out great curving, windlike braces, some of them 20 feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer, hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present, and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.—Washington Post.

Tom Corwin's Ready Wit.

Governor John Brough was once matched against Corwin and in his speech said:

"Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches advocacy of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England; had it shipped across the water to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin came to the stand, he made a great show of embarrassment. He stammered and began slowly:

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say about my carriage. I plead guilty to the charge, and I have only two things to say in my defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen," with a steady look at Brough, "I have nothing further to say in my defense, but I would like to know how Brough knows anything about my carriage if he has not been visiting my henroost!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Packing For Moving.

"If you will only pack things in small boxes," says the woman who knows how to move, "you will have the men who move you in a comparatively beatific state of mind; books, for instance. It is strange, but every woman who has books to move immediately gets the biggest box she can find for them. Books are heavy anyway, and big boxes are liable to break with their weight, and it is almost impossible to move them. They will fit just as well into small, square boxes in which packages of starch or oatmeal have come, and they will pack into the moving van better, and the men can handle great numbers of them with little trouble."—New York Times.

A Lost Ad.

Ben Inprint—Say my wife, Mrs. Ben Inprint, and two children, Lucy and John, are away on a visit to her Uncle Ebenezer's, down at Cedar Valley. I join them over Sunday.

New Reporter (producing notebook)—Give me the names of the children again, please.

Ben Inprint—Goodness! Ye ain't goin to put it in yer paper, are ye?

New Reporter—I intended to, but of course if you'd rather I'll not mention it. Good day.

Ben Inprint—Why didn't I keep my blame mouth shut? That feller must be new.—Ohio State Journal.

A Bit of the Colonial.

Ezekiel loved Mercy madly, but it was necessary, since they were colonial, to be very quaint about it.

"Wilt thou come and bake my bread?" asked Ezekiel accordingly.

"No," replied Mercy, with candor, "for I shall not need thy dough!"

From this we gather that Mercy was somewhat rich in her own right.—Detroit Journal.

Takes on the Color.

Hogan—There is wan thing about a black eye that is dacint.

Grogan—And fwat is that?

Hogan—It turns green befoor it goes.—Indianapolis Press.

Cautious.

"Do you think a prizefighter has a right to call himself a gentleman?"

"Er—there isn't one within hearing, is there?"—Indianapolis Press.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 8.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

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Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

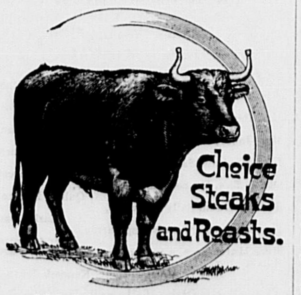
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

DRY LOCO WEED.

I hear it now as I heard it then
  Along the sandy reaches,
Within a wandering whisper
  Of the crooning, southern beaches—
That lonesome sound along the ground
  That runs the island o'er,
  A tiny musketry to roar,
A promise gone to seed,
The rattle of the loco weed
  That grows along the shore.

A fanfare brave the silence gave
  Athwart the treeless spaces,
Like warning signal of the snakes
  That coil in driest places,
That rusty sigh beneath the sky—
  A cheerful lisping lore
  Of solitudes the hares explore,
Afar from hunters' greed—
The rattle of the loco weed
  That grows along the shore.

I love it now as I loved it then,
  A sound of winnowing wind,
At work among the drying herbs
  That starving cattle find.
A cadence low, the warm stars know,
  When day has wandered o'er,
  A blithe complaint of sunshine more
Than any hint of need,
The rattle of the loco weed
  That grows along the shore.

—Grace Adelaide Luce in "Land of Sunshine."

The Schooner That Turned Squatter.

Captain Rowell, Being Wrecked, Concluded to Make the Best of the Situation.

Leaping seas lifted the schooner Raven high on the beach one night when a spring gale churned Lake Michigan. The Raven was owned, navigated and now, in the flower of her sailing days, beached by Captain Ebenezer Rowell. Cape Cod was the place of the captain's nativity, and he had sailed all sorts and conditions of waters, from the Erie canal to the Arctic ocean.

He asserted, however, with a flow of explosive language that was certainly no part of his Puritan inheritance, that he never ran into quite so much "dirt" anywhere else as when there was a norther screaming down this long lake, breaking the water into foam from Skilligalee to Grosse point. Now the indignant lake repaid his tarry epithets by flinging him farther up on the land than any boat ever went before.

Captain Rowell had characteristics that marked him as a man apart. His long mustache drooped and mingled with a short beard well shot with gray, and when he wore his dingy sou'wester he looked very like a middle aged walrus. The captain had a wooden leg, bound at the bottom with triple bands of brass. One of Farragut's surgeons took charge of the leg of flesh for which this wooden substitute did duty after the battle of Mobile Bay.

The skipper of the Raven also had a pipe that was not without celebrity. It was burned to ebony blackness, and, upon the word of reliable mariners, was declared to emit such penetrating fumes that the Raven could not clear from a Wisconsin port without the fact immediately becoming known in Michigan, if the wind were right.

But now the Raven, her commander, wooden leg, pipe and all, were cast up on the beach. Captain Rowell had been trying to make port and had missed the harbor entrance—a narrow passage between two piers, as easy to sail into in a storm as the neck of a bottle. As his boat went flying in through the breakers the captain raged and beat a tattoo on the deck with his wooden leg, having no gratitude in his heart for the wind and waves that were landing him on soft sand instead of banging the Raven against the rocks that were equally handy. The schooner settled easily on the beach, with the skipper clinging to the taffrail and the two Scandinavians who constituted the crew gripping at the shrouds.

Morning showed the seriousness of the case. The Raven lay at the innermost point of a cozy bight, with a couple of hundred yards of sand between her and the bluffs that rimmed the bay. A little way to the north a long breakwater was thrust into the lake, the visible evidence of harbor work in which government engineers were engaged. One effect of the building of this breakwater had been to arrest certain lake currents and make them deposit great quantities of sand along that part of the shore on which the Raven stranded. In consequence, new land was forming rapidly at that point, and the people of the town were beginning to speculate as to the use to which it should be put.

It was a singularly effectual rush of the water that carried the schooner to this resting place, and Captain Rowell knew very well that to get her back into the water would be expensive and difficult. He was the more disgusted with fate because he had been cast away on the shore of his home port, where neighbors would want to know the why and wherefore of this extraordinary navigation.

One of those who came next day to look at the schooner, so far removed from her ordinary element, was a lawyer acquaintance of the captain. In speaking about the changes that were going on in that part of the coast, he referred to the rapidity with which the land was encroaching on the lake there and gave it as his opinion that there was doubt about the right of owners of property on the bluffs—between which and the lake a railroad right of way intervened—to claim the accretion.

"In fact," said Lawyer Flanders, "I believe that this is government land, and anybody who squats on it will have a fighting chance, at least, to establish title to the whole strip." Whereupon Captain Ebenezer Rowell pricked up his Yankee ears and adroitly cross questioned the lawyer until he had a fair notion of the legal conditions affecting this stretch of weed tufted sand, not lovely to look upon, but destined to be very valuable. He announced that night that he intended to defer preparations for floating the Raven.

The next day he brought Maria, his wife, down from their cottage and, having got the Raven properly braced on an even keel, installed Mrs. Rowell in the cabin. "We'll live here awhile, Mariar," said the captain. And Maria, who had sailed under Ebenezer's orders for 40 years, thought this no time to ask questions, but began to set things in order. The schooner Raven had squatted on unclaimed land.

Now, in the course of time the dwellers on the bluff, inhabitants of stone houses set in terraced lawns, looked down on this marine squatter and were displeased. They paid little attention at first, but the steady issue of smoke from the Raven's cabin stove and the accumulation of Maria's flowerpots savored of permanent occupation. Autumn came, then winter, and the Raven was still on the sands.

The next spring, a year after the schooner went on the beach, certain rich men took steps to formally assert title to the natural increase of land, on a portion of which the Raven lay. Then came lawyers, writs and constables, whom Maria turned over to Ebenezer, and with whom Ebenezer dealt through the medium of his friend, Lawyer Flanders.

In the first court to which the men who owned the land on the bluff took the matter, Ebenezer won. Title was not proved, and the skipper of the Raven, so far as this tribunal was concerned, was confirmed in his right as a claimant of government land. An appeal failed to reverse the judgment, and, although the rich men declared their fixed purpose to carry the case to the highest court in the land, Ebenezer considered the victory won.

Thereupon, under the advice of the farseeing Flanders, he began the most wonderful improvements on his land that ever were seen on that coast or, perhaps, any other. To repay some small annoyances that he had been subjected to, he caused to be erected a staring sign, where every dweller on the heights might read: "Captain Rowell's Shipyard."

I found the captain there one evening walking about his queer domain, pipe alight and puffing like a tug. Half a dozen cottages of remarkable architecture had sprung up about the Raven.

"Snug anchorage," said the captain, with a comprehensive wave of his pipe in the direction of these new possessions. "Mariar an I are landlubbers now. Yes, we've squatted on guv'ment land an cal'late to live here. Mr. Bingham, up on the hill yonder, an some o' the other shore folks got after me in the courts, but I beat them. Tried to bother me with the charge o' puttin up shanties within the fire limits an sent a lubber down here one day to pull my houses down. You see, every house in this here shipyard is a boat, built boat shaped an registered at the custom house."

The captain had, in truth, built as he said. The architecture did not appeal to one's sense of beauty, whether the structures were considered as houses or boats, but any one of them, properly bottomed, might be set afloat and made to serve as a scow or a tow barge. By way of tenants the captain had a few of his sailor friends, a fisherman and a laborer who liked the situation because it was near the railroad yards where he worked. The shipyard was paying expenses.

"Yes," Captain Rowell went on, "the Raven has done pretty well for me. 'Bout the best cruise I ever made was the one that ended with this here wreck. It's made me a rich man. But I was tellin you 'bout that attack on my fleet. They sent the fire marshal, an he says, says he, 'Them shanties is in the fire limits, an I'm ordered to pull them down.' Then I gets out on the forrad deck o' the Raven, an I says, says I, quite like as though I was whoopin in a blow outside the point: 'Ship ahoy, there! Every one o' them shanties is a boat an registered in the Yewnited States custom house. Any man that tears down one o' my boats is a pirate, an Uncle Sam 'ud rather hang a pirate than eat pie.'

"That fire marshal looked at my shipyard carefullike then an kinder opened his eyes. He went round behind one o' those craft, an when he seed her name an port o' hull painted there, plain as on any steamboat in the harbor, that settled him. He went back to the lawyers, an they've been figgerin ever since on how to make this here fleet put to sea. I'll keep 'em figgerin," added Ebenezer confidently, "until my title to all this new land's as solid as Spectacle reef."

Conceive a double row of buildings which upon front view appeared to be canalboats, gabled windowed and clapboarded, with a little picketed inclosure behind each one, and you have the shipyard in mind. At the end of the street, nearest the water, lay the Raven, dismantled with respect to rigging, propped with timbers and kept immaculately painted and scrubbed, as a flagship should be. Thus the fleet lay, a squadron to be depended on in any kind of weather.

To the shipyard came sightseers, small boys and even the Salvation Army. Ebenezer Rowell was a friend of religion, although his language at times might give rise to a contrary opinion, and he welcomed the Salvation soldiers to the beach. He even performed on an accordion one night in honor of the open air gospel meeting and was assured that the Army band could do no better.

The excellent impression thus made was almost effaced by the captain's conduct on another occasion. Six men in tall hats came down to the beach one night, followed by a lot of lake front loungers, and began to sing gospel hymns. The captain was gratified. He never quite approved of the Salvation Army costume, and here, it seemed, was a delegation of soberly clad ministers come to preach without any sound of brass and tinkling cymbals.

One of the clerical looking men began to address the crowd. In the beginning his harangue was not unlike that of the average street preacher, but he imparted gradually and in small installments the information that this was a missionary party from Utah sent out to teach the doctrines of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

"Mormons!" snorted Ebenezer, and into the crowd he stumped with a peremptory order for the meeting to disperse and the missionaries to climb the hill. Expostulation only moved the captain to boiling wrath, and he volleyed and thundered such dreadful language that the six tall hats moved off, leaving Ebenezer in possession of the field, but with a shattered reputation for piety.

When small boys offended on his premises, the captain would roar: "Hi, there; go ashore, you little powder monkeys! I'll take you all out to sea an maroon you!" This would be followed by wild scampering across the sands, for the boys were divided in opinion as to whether marooning meant boiling in oil or hanging at the yardarm.

For six years Ebenezer and Maria lived in the shipyard, drew rent and paid lawyers. The lake currents kept adding to their sandy domain, and as the beach widened displeasure grew in the fine houses on the hill. The expanding acres to which the skipper of the Raven laid claim gave rise to visions suggested by possible uses to which the land might be put when the mariner saw fit to sell, if his title ever arrived at a state of perfection that warranted anybody to buy.

The shipyard was bad enough, but a factory, a thing of smoke and smell and chimneys, would be worse. So the hill folk managed to keep a lawsuit imminent above the captain's head that he might not become too well established in his belief that he was lord of the shore.

In the extreme of their disgust aid came to the enemies of the captain from an unexpected source. The town upon whose hospitable front the Raven had become a squatter decided to establish a system of parks.

It was agreed with entire unanimity that all the water frontage possible ought to be secured for this purpose, a proposition that directed instant attention to Captain Ebenezer Rowell's contested territory. All the machinery of lawyers, courts, writs and bailiffs was once more set in motion, and Ebenezer and Maria had to form a new line of battle.

Indeed they had come upon evil days, for the discerning lawyer who had been their chief defense in the earlier years of their occupation was dead, and they had to intrust the fortunes of the shipyard to strangers. The aggressive city hustled Ebenezer from one court to another, summoned him, examined him, made him depose, affirm, deny, give bond and generally feel the pangs of litigation until he declared himself "worried outen his vittles."

He smoked three times his normal allowance of tobacco and told Maria that he was sorely tempted to put to sea again. A little later he gave proof that this was an idea that had some grip on him, for he set men to work calking the Raven's gaping seams and getting the schooner into something like sailing shape again.

One evening Captain Rowell returned and found the shipyard in a tumult. A case had just gone against him in one of the courts, the judge having declared that title to the land was vested in the city, and the municipal officers lost no time in following up this victory. Policemen descended, and the sheriff came, and with them sundry stout fellows having in charge teams, timbers, crowbars and other tools sufficient to make Maria tremble.

She bewailed the absence of Ebenezer, but came part down the steps that led up the Raven's side and gave an imitation of the captain in a bad temper. The sheriff said such language was shocking, but she refused to listen to the writ. Before Ebenezer appeared to defend the premises from invasion one of the structures that the sailor called a boat when he talked to a constable and a house when he conversed with a tenant had been hoisted from its anchorage and placed on skids.

One without occupants had been selected by way of a beginning, and the Bird of Freedom, as letters done in the highest style of the sign painter's art announced the clumsy affair, was well on her way toward the street at the foot of the bluff when Ebenezer came snorting upon the scene. He did not stop to parley with the sheriff, but dived into the cabin of the Raven and presently emerged on deck with a rifle in his hands.

It was a weapon that had been purchased in the early stages of the fight for possession of the lake front, but by a singular oversight Ebenezer had neglected to provide himself with ammunition. However, nobody stops to inquire with any particularity into the condition of a gun when that gun is in the hands of a man whose hostility is undoubted, and the whole attacking force stampeded at the sight of the Winchester.

Nearly all night the captain kept watch, rifle in hand, but when Maria questioned the efficiency of a gun that wanted cartridges he concluded to go to bed and risk the further kidnaping of his scows.

It was shortly after this incursion that I saw the captain again. The shipyard showed almost as many signs of disorder as though it were really a place where boats were built. The Bird of Freedom, the Albatross (all the captain's scowhouses were given the names of birds) and the rest were either in ruins or in process of being plucked. The Raven showed unmistakable signs of an impending voyage.

She had been shored up, painted and rid of all the accumulation of steps, platforms and flowerpots that made her look like something that belonged neither on land nor sea. The captain was rather melancholy, but energetic in respect to ship chandlery and repairs.

"Yes," he said, "I'm goin sailin once more; compromised with the city." This he said as cheerfully as a man might announce the date of his own hanging. "Compromised," he went on; "that's what they call it. I gives the city the land, an the city gives me the vally o' these here craft. No, I ain't as rich as I used to think I was when I stuck on a hundred thousand every time a storm heaved up a fresh lot o' sand, which happened pretty reg'lar.

"Fact is, if the guv'ment keeps extendin that pier into the lake an upsettin the cal'lations o' nature in p'int of currents, sand'll keep pilin up until this lake's plum cut in two. I'm sick o' this bilin, roisterin, bangin body o' water. I'm goin to sail the Raven down the lakes to the St. Lawrence, take her out to sea an go back to Cape Cod, where Mariar an I cal'late to spend the rest o' our days."

It was a laborious undertaking to get the Raven into the water again. She had lain on shore so long that she had to be, in a large measure, rebuilt before she was fit to sail, but finally the captain pronounced her as good as new and fine enough to exhibit to those keen critics of things nautical, the inhabitants of Cape Cod.

So I went down one night to see him and Maria set out on their long voyage. There was a flattening of noses against the window panes in the houses on the hill, whose satisfied owners saw the trim lines of the schooner slant across the darkening waters. The captain was at the wheel, and as he sailed away into the gloom I could get glimpses of his cheerful pipe, glowing like a binnacle lamp and pointing as nearly as might be in the direction of Cape Cod. —New York Evening Post.

How Oleomargarine Is Made.

Margarine was first prepared by M. Mege Mouries. In this process 1,000 kilograms of ground fat from freshly slaughtered cattle is mixed with 300 kilograms of water, one kilogram of potassium carbonate and two sheep's or pigs' stomachs cut into pieces and heated at 45 degrees C. by steam for two hours. The fat rises and, after being skimmed, is run off and heated at from 30 to 40 degrees C., with 2 per cent of salt, the clear fat being then poured off from the sediment and cooled at from 20 to 25 degrees C.

The granular solid product is cut into pieces, packed into linen and exposed to hydraulic pressure at about 25 degrees C., with the production of a solid cake of stearin and a liquid oleomargarine, which is passed through cylinders and washed by a shower of water. Of the melted oleomargarine 50 kilograms is mixed with 25 liters of cows' milk and 25 kilograms of water in which has been macerated 100 grains of finely ground mammary gland of the cow. Annotto is added and the whole churned for about two hours and the product kneaded and washed.

In the method employed in the United States, Austria and some parts of Germany pepsin is not added, the original finely ground fat being subjected to a temperature below 50 degrees C. for some time. The oleomargarine is mixed with sour milk and a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda and annotto and is churned. After about 15 minutes it is cooled in ice and then kneaded to eliminate the water, then returned with more sour milk and is ready for sale.

Knew What She Wanted.

There was a tall and haughty young woman in a provision store this morning, a pretty girl, who wore a smart tailor gown and an air of great importance.

"Have you a nice roundhouse steak?" she asked the butcher sweetly, when he came forward to wait upon her.

The man's face assumed a beefy hue itself, and he looked well nigh apoplectic as he replied, "No, miss, I haven't a round steak."

"Then send me a porterloin. About seven pounds will be enough, I should think."

"Tenderloin is the best cut, miss; suppose you take that?" suggested the clerk, his face growing still redder.

"Kindly send me what I ordered," said the young woman with great dignity. "My mother-in-law is entirely conversant with the cuts of beef, and I'm quite sure that's the name she told me, and send ten pounds of rice with it."

Then she walked out of the shop with the pleased smile on her face of one who has found housekeeping the merest child's play, while the spectators murmured "Bride!" to each other under their breath.—Baltimore News.

One Thing That Won't Stop.

Maria Mitchell, who has been called the "Mother of the Stars," when professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at Vassar was an inspiring teacher, and, in spite of her brusque manner and severity, was adored by her pupils. Every spring just before the commencement she gave a "dome party" to the girls. Small tables were placed around the large telescope in the observatory, and roses from Miss Mitchell's own garden brightened the atmosphere. Nonsense poems were a feature of these breakfasts, and the astronomer was proud of her skill in writing them. She was not without a keen sense of fun, in spite of her constant and absorbing duties, as was shown by her dryly consoling observation to an awestricken student whom she was leaving one day in charge of the instruments of the observatory. Looking back at the worried face of the girl, Miss Mitchell said:

"And, remember, if the chronometer stops, the universe won't stop."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Dangerous End.

An Ass once enveloped Himself in a Lion's Skin, hoping that he would thereby Escape Annoyance from the Rest of the Brute Creation.

But seeing a Tiger approaching, and fearing his inability to look as fierce as his Assumed Character required, he at once turned his back toward the Tiger and remained Motionless.

"Ah!" said the Tiger to himself, "for once mine ancient Enemy, the Lion, has relaxed his usual Vigilance. I'll steal upon him from Behind, and there'll be a Funeral in the morning."

But his Vicious Spring was met by the Heels of the Ass, and lo! the Tiger had Predicted his own Funeral.

Moral.—It's usually Policy to Attack the Enemy in the Rear, but there are Exceptions to every Rule. Always remember, in dealing with an Ass (human or otherwise), that the end containing his Brains is less Dangerous than the one furnished with Heels.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

One Fault.

Miss Crochet (after an attack upon the piano)—How do you like that? It is a song without words.

Fogg—It would be absolutely perfect but for one thing.

Miss Crochet—What's that, pray?

Fogg—If it was also without music. —Boston Transcript.

A Hint.

"Did you see that story about the man who got a needle in his arm while trying to kiss a girl?" he asked.

"No," she replied, and then she added fervently, "but, thank heaven, I never learned to sew!"—Chicago Post.

THE THINNEST OF MEN.

Claude Seurat Might Have Been Mistaken For a Skeleton.

Instances of remarkably thin men are not uncommon, but Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was exhibited in 1825, was such an extraordinary personage that no fewer than 10,000 persons visited him in a few weeks. Seurat was born in 1797 and was therefore 28 years of age when he made his appearance.

Astley Cooper, the famous physician, was among the throng who poured into the building in which Seurat received those who were anxious to see him, and in writing of him he said:

"Seurat is without doubt the most mysterious being I have encountered. His face is that of an ordinary man, somewhat emaciated perhaps, but not remarkably so. His eyes are bright and his voice is pleasing. Seen in the ordinary costume of the day, he in no way differs from the average foreigner, but stripped of his padded clothing he presents an astounding spectacle.

"His arms are mere bones, covered by parchmentlike skin and muscle, and flesh he appears to have none. He is therefore scarcely able to move his arms and legs, and walks, though without apparent effort, with extreme difficulty. On measuring him and weighing him I found that his chest measurement was 30¾ inches, which is fair; that his weight was not more than 45 pounds, the bones being much smaller than those of an ordinary man of his stature, who might weigh 150 pounds. In appearance, indeed, he so much resembled a skeleton that a shortsighted person might easily mistake him for one."

Seurat's food consisted of two or three ounces of bread and meat daily, and sometimes he took a little wine. He was remarkably intelligent and well read and picked up English rapidly. On arriving at places where he was not known he was accustomed to walk out in his padded clothes and did not attract any particular attention. He said that until the age of 10 years he resembled any ordinary boy, but that he suddenly wasted away. He died in 1849, aged 52 years.—Chicago News.

NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

The Mysterious Way In Which It Spreads Through an Audience.

"You cannot keep news, especially war news, out of any public building, be it theater, concert room or lecture hall, no matter how deeply engrossing the entertainment may be, and from one man, who perhaps knows only one soul in the place, coming in with the news of a statesman's death, of a great victory, or what not, the whole audience of a couple of thousand people will know the news in five minutes."

The gentleman who thus spoke is one of the most experienced theatrical managers in the world, and he went on: "I could give you some most striking instances from my own experience of what I say. I have seen a big audience convulsed with laughter at 9 o'clock, say, but through a bare whisper of a great outside calamity that circulated through the house with almost the rapidity of telegraphy, that same audience has been restless, universally grave of face and absolutely inattentive to the very culminating point of fun on the stage. And the singular thing is that actors who have never left the stage have, through the medium of whispers among the band or from the stalls, known all that the original messenger of evil had to tell.

"The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once told me that he had known this same thing precisely to occur during the course of a religious service, and when a vast congregation were on their knees. He gave me the time and place and explained how, from the whisper of a doorkeeper, a kneeling concourse of thousands knew the whole story of a national crisis in an incredibly short time."—London Tit-Bits.

Thinks They Need Editing.

The blue pencil apparently did not exist in olden times. We have read ten pages of Marcus Aurelius at a stretch without understanding a word of it. Epictetus is equally hard to read. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus are philosophers without doubt, but they have a style that gives you a headache. Both need editing. The man with the blue pencil should get after Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Emerson's books also clamor for the blue pencil. Carlyle is another clumsy writer greatly in need of the blue pencil of a good editor. A wise saying is not a matter of faith. Unless you can see it and understand it it is not a wise saying.—Atchison Globe.

A Telltail.

A "befo' de wah" matron was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," etc.

But the teacher thought that she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said, "Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?"

"Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly. —San Francisco Argonaut.

The Better Way.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Jones to his neighbor, who was an aged millionaire. "Here you are a man of wealth and position, and yet you put out your ash barrel every morning with your own hands to save a few miserable pennies!"

"I guess you're right, neighbor," replied the miserly old fellow. "Now that you have spoken of it I can see that it is hardly the thing for a man in my position to do. Hereafter I'll have my wife do it."—Chicago News.

The Wit Mr. Beecher Kept In.

In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said, "Brethren, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in you wouldn't complain about the few I let out."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1900.

BOULEVARD SCHEME DEFEATED.

The defeat of the order to appropriate $15,000 in aid of the proposed boulevard somewhere along the banks of Horn Pond by the City Council, on Thursday evening, March 15, virtually carried with it Mayor Davis's unpopular scheme for beautifying Arlington Road at the expense of the city. To be sure, an adjourned Legislative hearing on the boulevard question is to be held today at the State House, but with a record of the vote of the City Council before them the Legislative Committee can hardly be expected to regard with much favor the petition which they have been called upon to consider.

Aldermen Wood, Winn, Conn, Golden, Dickson, Greaney and Dolan put up a strong fight at the Council meeting on March 15 against the passage of the $15,000 order, and finally won their case in good shape. They had right, sense, and the people on their side which gave their speakers a leverage that the advocates of the scheme were unable to overcome.

The minority, or a portion of them at least, frankly admitted that the failure of the $15,000 order was, practically speaking, a death blow to the boulevard project, and that further efforts to carry it through would be useless. If the petitioners could have taken the record of an affirmative vote on the order to the Legislative Committee it doubtless would have had some weight; but that they will be unable to do at the hearing today.

☞ As the result of a hearing before the Board of License Commissioners last Monday evening the innholders license of J. H. Garvey and Company was revoked by a vote of two to one, Fowle and Kenney in the affirmative, and Blake in the negative. Immediately following the arrest and conviction of 8 men for gambling at the Columbus Hotel, Main street, on Sunday night, March 11, Mayor Davis demanded the revocation of the hotel license. The hearing opened on Saturday afternoon, but a legal obstacle rendered a postponement necessary, and the case was resumed and finished Monday evening. Garvey pleaded illness and ignorance of what was going on in his house at the time of Chief McDermott's raid on the gamblers, but it was no go, and he lost his license. On Monday Lawyer John P. Feeney applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction to restrain the License Commissioners from proceeding with the hearing, and although the Court regarded somewhat favorably his petition, and under other circumstances might so act, the time in which to make a decision and proceed under it seemed to the Court too short to be of any practical avail, and the matter ended there. Lawyer Feeney proposes to do considerable legal fighting "on those lines" before this business is settled. The consensus of public opinion upholds the License Commissioners in revoking Garvey & Co's license. Their act deprives him of the privilege of selling rum for 6 weeks to come, and also places the building under a ban for next year. Mayor Davis deserves, and is receiving, great praise for his courageous action in this business.

☞ Hon. William S. Knox, Representative in Congress from this District, visited Woburn last Tuesday and met and shook hands with quite a number of his good friends. To those who asked the question he frankly admitted that he would be a candidate for another term next fall and authorized his hearers to so state when inquired of concerning the matter. It is not at all probable that Mr. Knox will meet with any opposition in the Republican Congressional Convention, and it is quite as certain that his election will follow a unanimous nomination. We have observed with considerable care and interest his course on the many important questions with which Congress have had to deal in the last year and have failed to find him on the wrong side in a single instance. Besides, he is one of the most influential members of the House. It seems to be eminently true of Congressman Knox that he is loyal to his country and Party and true to the best interests of the people.

☞ The idea on which Ald. Conn's highway and sidewalk order is based is correct; the only exception that can reasonably be taken to it is that the scheme is too large to be immediately practicable. A sound working plan for roadmaking is what the city needs and is contemplated in Ald. Conn's order. Hitherto the hit-or-miss method of treating our streets has been in vogue and the result is, we have none worthy of the name. Temporary patching has proved a failure, as it always must. Better to build a single mile of road right, as has been done on lower Main street, if we have been correctly informed, than to "slick over" five miles. This is Ald. Conn's idea, and it is a good one.

☞ The common saying is that figures won't lie, but they do not always tell the whole truth, and sometimes pervert it. In the case of the election of Chief of the Fire Department by the City Council last week it is probably true that if only the question of candidates had been involved, and no "entangling alliances" had existed, Chief Littlefield would have received 10 or 11 of the 13 votes cast instead of 7. Captain Bates did not want the place, and another Captain had refused to be voted for.

☞ Mr. Parker C. Chandler has a scheme in mind for a ship canal from Boston to Narragansett Bay at Fall River near the mouth of the Taunton River. He, with other supporters of it, has a petition and bill before the Legislature, the passage of which he hopes to secure. His arguments in favor of building the canal, illustrated by a good map of Cape Cod, specially prepared, make the enterprise look feasible to an outsider.

The Horton law is dying hard in New York. There seems to be every indication that the legislators who are considering the subject are getting some of the pork.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Journal—Milk Wanted.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
A. A. Clements—For Sale.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— Please note Huntley's new card in this paper.

— Aberjona Colony initiated several candidates last evening.

— The Sons of Veterans will give a whist party on March 28.

— Do you notice our telephone list? Cut it out. You will find it handy.

— The funeral of Sidney Buxton will be held this afternoon.

— Read what the Boston Branch have to say in their change of adv.

— Fancy bosom shirts very latest paterns at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page. Telephone residence.

— Hat bands in plaids, polka dots and stripes at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The battle of Caloocan, in the Philippines, was fought one year ago today.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents. At Leathe's.

— Burbank Circle will hold a Whist Party in G. A. R. Hall, Tuesday evening, March 27.

— Last Sunday morning it was 7 above, on Monday morning 31, and at noon well towards 60.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce has a two or three months job on hands as juryman in the Superior Court.

— Mr. Thomas J. Begley was appointed Deputy Tax Collector last week. His bond was accepted.

— Greaney concluded not to press his complaint against Officer Edgar Boutwell for alleged ill treatment.

— Special officer J. Edgar Boutwell is covering the beat on lower Main st. that Officer Kean has had charge of.

— Charles Bowers Winn, Camp S. of V., will hold a Whist Party in their Hall on Wednesday evening, March 28.

— Supt. Wallis of the Woburn Electric Light, Heat & Power Co. has fully recovered from a severe attack of grip.

— Miss M. T. Hosmer attended the funeral of her old neighbor and friend, Judge Justin Dewey, at Springfield, Monday.

— The Degree Staff of Brewster Colony visited Stoneham last Tuesday evening and exemplified the work of the Order.

— The Firemen's Relief Association will give a unique entertainment and their annual ball at the Auditorium on April 25.

— Hundreds of new spring samples in cheviot, madras, and percale shirts have arrived at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Keep in mind the annual Fair of First church which is to be held during the week beginning April 16, and to continue three days.

— To save moving it Mr. A. A. Clements offers to sell a nearly new barn, in firstrate condition, for one quarter of its real value.

— St. Patrick's Day called forth no public demonstrations in this city. Its general appearance was much like that of other days in the year.

— Last Tuesday the orchards and shubbery along the roads were resonant with the songs of birds. Daffodils too have put in their appearance.

— Mr. John C. Andrews, Business Manager of the Highland Orchestra, says the past winter has been a poor one here for music organizations.

— The final dance in the Rifle Team series will be given at Armory Hall next Wednesday evening. It is expected to be an interesting occasion.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell, the popular marketman, is in firstrate physical trim. It is noticed that when going along the street his step is as elastic as a boy's.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols, Lord Proprietor of Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, is laying plans to do a larger ice business this summer than ever before.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis went to North Berwick last Saturday to look after the bridge job which Ellis & Buswell have there for the B. & M. Railroad Company.

— If any of our farmer friends up country have milk for sale they can learn of a reliable and prompt cash customer by calling at the JOURNAL office.

— The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will hold its regular quarterly meeting at 7.30 p. m., Friday, April 6, according to Clerk Thompson's notice.

— The funeral of David F. Moreland will be held at 8.30 tomorrow, Saturday, morning, from his home on Church street. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

— The City Council did considerable work of minor importance at the meeting held March 15. They however killed the boulevard scheme and for that deserve great credit.

— The Towanda Candlepin team went to Cambridge last Tuesday evening for a match with the Middlesex Cycle Club, and last evening they had games with the Calumets at Winchester.

— The Montvale Social Workers will give an entertainment in the Montvale Congregational church on Wednesday evening, April 4. The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the church.

— President W. E. Blodgett of the City Council is liable to start any day on a business trip to the Gulf States. Mrs. Blodgett will accompany her husband. They expect to be away about three weeks.

— A full line of hats are always to be seen displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

Spring Carpets Are Ready!

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
Carpets and Upholstery,
658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Your Doctor Fights Disease

With Medicine. Help your Doctor and yourself by having his Presciptions filled where they're put up JUST RIGHT. That's at Huntley's, "The Prescription Store."

JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY & CO., Apothecaries,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

— Working men attention. Pants at 75c., $1.00, $1.25, are being sold every day at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Bowers's Photo Studio, corner of Main st. and Montvale ave., will be closed on Saturday, March 24, and reopen on April 2 under the management of Alfred Elson of Stafford Springs, Conn.—2.

— Last Wednesday, Mrs. Sue Doherty of Somerville came up the JOURNAL elevator and visited the Editor's sanctum. When a slip of a lass she mastered the art of picking type in the JOURNAL composing room.

— An attack of the prevailing distemper sent City Auditor A. P. Barrett into dry dock for repairs early this week, but he did not stay there long, for on Wednesday morning he was at his desk in City Hall and as lively as a cricket.

— Last week Thursday evening the "Fire Laddies" gave their Chief, Mr. Clarence Littlefield, a sample of their satisfaction and enthusiasm over his reelection by indulging in social meetings and spreads at their several hose houses.

— By subscribing for the "Life of Dwight L. Moody," the great Evangelist, by his son, a book that ought to be in every family, will be secured, and at the same time Rev. Mr. Jackson, the local agent, a worthy man, will be benefitted.

— Applications for liquor licenses will be published next week. The Clerk of the Board was unable to get the papers ready for this week. There will be but little change in the applicants or the number of them in the forthcoming list.

— We have received a full line of samples in percale, madras and cheviot goods from which customers desiring a custom made shirt can make a good selection. Come and examine samples and leave your measure at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint made his appearance at his store last Tuesday, although still feeling the ill effects of a serious attack of grip. He was housed up with it about two weeks, but is now much better. The grip takes hold hard and fast this season.

— The Board of Health have been requested to cause the meadow tract in rear of Public Library to be drained and improved. In response the Board viewed the premises last Wednesday, but what action, if any, will be taken has not yet been decided on.

— In theory and in fact Spring began last Tuesday, March 20. On that day occurred the Nernal Equinox and, by good rights, there should have been a "Line Gale." Winter bade us adieu in a mild and graceful manner, for which we were all grateful.

— Mr. Valentine of Cumberland county, Maine, is visiting his sisters, Mrs. Bridgham and Miss Valentine of Court street, this week. His daughter and her husband, who came up from Maine with him, have been spending the week in Washington, D. C.

— Mishawum Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, gave a dramatic entertainment, followed by a dance, in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. The play was "The Pet of the Camp" and was produced in fine style. The event was a pleasant one all around.

— The Innitou Canoe Club are putting on their war paint. They propose to take an active part in canoeing events during the season, among them the spring meet of the Eastern Division and the A. C. A. at Worcester on June 17. Training will begin at once.

— When attacked with grip take equal parts of sulphur, sugar and coffee, mix, burn on an iron shovel, or other convenient way, and inhale the smoke. It is a sure cure and acts with surprising rapidity and thoroughness if resorted to in the first stages of the disease.

— We thank Mr. Warren Teel of Iowa for a copy of Rev. Mr. Sheldon's Topeka (Kan.) *Capital.* It did not appear to us to be much of a newspaper. If the Topeka parson gained some notoriety by its publication for a week his purpose was probably fully served.

— We hope it is true, as reported, that the bill for a special appropriation for highway purposes will pass in the City Council. It is just what the city needs. It is a step in the right direction. Give us good roads and then all hands will throw up their hats for boulevards galore.

— Rev. Charles E. Spaulding, a former pastor of the M. E. church, was in town Tuesday. He was called to the bedside of his father who is suffering from a severe and dangerous stroke of paralysis at his home in Woburn, which occurred last week Thursday.—*Winchester Star.*

— This is the Salvation Army's 10th Self-denial week, and their annual Week of Prayer and Self-denial will begin on March 25 and close April 2. During this period it is hoped to greatly swell the Salvation Army Relief Fund, the benefits of which are received by the poor and unfortunate.

— Mr. A. A. Clements, formerly of Clinton st., this city, came down from his home at Laconia, N. H., last Saturday and is still visiting friends and looking after his property here. He came as far as Billerica on runners but had to change to wheels there. When he left there was three feet of snow at Laconia.

— A communication from Jennie E. Skinner dated San Jose, March 15, was received too late for publication this week. She says: "We were about four weeks in San Francisco and are now finishing up our trip. Tomorrow, Friday, we turn our faces towards the East. There are now 11 in our party."

— We have made shirts to order for citizens in this city in half dozen lots and they have sent them to our laundry weekly, and they have service for two years and over. What better proof than this is wanted to speak of our first-class laundry work and the quality of our shirts? A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Ald. B. H. Nichols returned from California last Friday. He and Capt. J. P. Crane left here on Jan. 11, and in the two months he was gone he saw a good share of the Pacific Coast from San Francisco to San Diego and enjoyed it. Capt. Crane concluded to remain somewhat longer and therefore did not return with Ald. Nichols.

— The North Woburn Street Railway received during the past year from the carriage of passengers $44,684.10, and from tolls, rents, advertising, etc $50.80, making a total of $44,762.95. They carried 888,108 passengers, their total operating expenses were $32,251.01 and they paid for damages and injuries $25.—*Winchester Star.*

— Do we tear buttonholes? We will answer you thus: we have taken a brand new shirt and have sent it through the wash fifty-two times, equal to two years wear; the body of the shirt showed the usage it received to some extent, but the buttonholes were all intact. A. L. Richardson & Bro., proprietors Woburn Steam Laundry, 431 Main street.

— The many friends of Dr. Frank W. Graves in Winchester will sincerely mourn his sudden death at his home in Woburn Tuesday morning, from heart disease. He had a practice here of many years standing among the older residents who loved and respected him not alone for his wise counsel in time of sickness, but for his genial personality.—*Winchester Star.*

— Mrs. A. A. Dow and her travelling companions were, at last accounts, in Southern California enjoying life to the brim. Before going there they had spent a month most delightfully in Mexico which has a winter climate that the world cannot beat for comfort and pleasure. Some weeks will elapse before Mrs. Dow and the other excursionists arrive in this city.

— The Towanda Whist Team took the Melrose Highland Club into camp last week by the large score of 32 to 5; and then on Saturday night the Cambridge Club, representing the Champion Four in the Middlesex County Cycle League, were beaten by the Towandas 19 to 8. It is common knowledge outside of Woburn that there are more expert whist players here than can be found anywhere else in the State.

— Have you noticed the display of new wool shirts and drawers in our window selling at 49c. at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The term of Chairman Blake of the Board of License Commissioners expires in May and considerable wonderment is expressed as to what Mayor Davis will do about filling the vacancy. Some are of the opinion that Chairman Blake will be reappointed, while others feel quite certain that he will not be.

— Vesper service will be held at the Unitarian church, at 5 p. m., Sunday, March 25. The chorus choir will be assisted by Mr. Crosby, cornetist, and Miss McDevitt, contralto soloist, a pupil of Mr. Adams. From the MS of F. H. Lewis an anthem and a trio will be given both with cornet obligato.

— Alderman B. F. Nichols says the region of California that suited him best, and which he would prefer for a home, was Santa Clara Valley. He was greatly enamored of that beautiful and productive section of the State, and his traveling companion was strongly tempted to buy a big ranche in the Valley. Ald. Nichols had a good time out there on the Pacific Coast.

— A few days ago Boston papers contained an outline sketch of a proposition for a new cemetery to be located near Mishawum in this city. A company composed of a number of leading citizens of means has been organized for the purpose of buying, laying out, and improving a large tract of land on Salem and other streets for burial purposes, and the undertaking bids fair to be successful.

— When the Towanda's got up against the Mishawums on Monday night for the concluding game of the whist series, the Mishawums were beaten on the first match 6 points, but won by a margin of 1 on the second and so secured the series of matches by a score of 4 1-2 to 3 1-2. On total points the Towandas came out ahead, and even Dr. Chalmers concedes that the Mishawums couldn't do it again.

— Mrs. George Doherty, whose home is on Conn street, attempted suicide last Monday by cutting her throat. The attempt was unsuccessful although a bad wound was made by the razor. Mrs. Doherty has not been of sound mind for a year past, but had not previously to Monday shown suicidal impulses. After the act it was thought best to take her to the Danvers Asylum, but Mr. Doherty changed his mind and she still remains at home.

— Last Saturday was a typical March day. Unlike William Cullen Bryant's * * "stormy March * * with wind and clouds and changing skies," it was cloudless, full of sunshine, with strong cold winds from the distant North, and, all in all, more disagreeable than lovely. Still, it was also a typical St. Patrick's Day, for the old weather recorder tells us that it seldom storms and is seldom calm on that important Irish anniversary.

— Mayor Davis sat as a Court of Inquisition last evening on the case of Police Officer Clarence H. Kean who was suspended by His Honor two weeks ago for alleged neglect of duty. In his able defence of the officer Lawyer Feeney, we are told, made the atmosphere very hot for the Mayor. Lawyer Feeney has a wicked tongue and he gave it the full length of the rope in last evening's hearing, to the supreme disgust of His Honor.

— The Minstrel Show given by the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society at the Auditorium last Friday evening was a great artistical and financial success. An immense crowd of people greeted the company and cheered them heartily all the way through. Every part was admirably sustained and not a hitch or break marred the smoothly gliding entertainment from start to finish. The boys made some money, as they deserved to do.

— A partial organization of the Middlesex Fish and Game Association was effected at a meeting held in Boston a few weeks ago at which Captain Joseph W. Collins, Chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, was the principal speaker. Mr. J. C. Hartshorne of the New England National Bank of Boston was chosen temporary President, and George M. Poland of Harvard University, temporary Secretary. A meeting to permanently organize the Association will be held later in the season, due notice of which will be given.

— There is a deficiency in the number of applications for enumerators' positions in this city in connection with the census soon to be taken. The work begins June 1, and must be finished within two weeks thereafter. The time for filing applications soon expires, and any person who wishes to apply should do so at once. Application blanks with full particulars may be obtained at the office of the City Clerk, or from Mr. Horace G. Wadiin, Supervisor for Massachusetts, State House, Boston. The work requires active persons of good character and courteous address, and who are also good penmen.

— Clarence E. Littlefield, son of Chief Engineer Clarence Littlefield of the Fire Department, has left San Francisco, California, for Cape Nome, the new gold fields of the far Northwest. He left here with the Whitcher-Littlefield Company about two years ago, but the Company disbanded and he went down to San Francisco, where he has been profitably employed since last summer or fall. Before leaving Alaska he learned facts respecting Cape Nome and its gold prospects which have induced him to return to that country. He is an enterprising, pushing, vigorous young man and will succeed if anybody can.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce recently gave his brilliantly illustrated lecture on the Passion Play at Fall River and at Worcester, and in both cities to crowded houses. So well pleased were the Worcester people with it that he has received a pressing invitation to repeat it at an early day. Mr. Pierce's production receives warm encomiums from cultivated people in every place where he gives it. It is a really splendid piece of work, in both a literary and pictorial sense. He will visit and present the Play, in the form of a descriptive story of it, at the larger of the seaside resorts and mountain retreats this coming summer.

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Clothing
is that which best meets these five requirements:
Materials,
Workmanship,
Fit, "Style,"
Price.

Our clothing is manufactured in our own *CLEAN* workrooms on our own premises, and meets these essentials with absolute fidelity.

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Prices of garments and samples of fabrics sent on request.

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Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

— This is a spring morning, 40 above.

— Mr. F. W. Bosworth is very sick with pneumonia.

— After evidence and arguments in the Kean investigation yesterday the Mayor took the case under advisement.

— The Towanda Candlepin team beat the Middlesex Cycle Club 1350 to 1308 last Wednesday evening at North Cambridge, the home of the latter Club.

— Four Redemptorist Fathers opened a mission at St. Charles church last Sunday to be continued two weeks. They are the same preachers who held a successful four weeks mission at that church five years ago. As we understand the matter a mission of this character answers closely to a series of what are called revival meetings among Protestants, and are held to arouse into greater activity the religious spirit and feeling of the church. This is the particular work of the Order of Redemptorists. On Sunday evening there was an immense audience, the church being filled to its utmost capacity, and the attendance has been very large all the week.

— Unfortunately for the JOURNAL it has failed to establish relations between the Mayor and itself to the extent of being a confidential depository of his official plans and purposes, therefore it is unable to say positively whether he employs private detectives to ferret out lawbreakers and watch the police, as stated by the reporters of certain papers, or not. But that he has made up his mind to "straighten things out" and bring about a more reputable condition of morals in this city is evident, and that he has begun at the right end of the business is equally apparent. If he has employed private detectives so much more to his credit, and so much more sure will he be of accomplishing good. The Mayor is dead opposed to the lawlessness and immorality that prevails here, and all decent people will sustain him in his lately inaugurated crusade against vice in our midst.

— The Ladies Guild of Trinity Episcopal Parish will give a Salad Supper on April 19th in Odd Fellows Hall, and in connection with this the C. W. A. N. club will present a play in Music Hall, the title of which is "An Old Maid's Wooing," with the following cast of characters:

Sally Ann, a plain country maiden of 39,	Beatrice Whitney
Mrs. Jeffers, Dan's spirted wife,	Helen Hertkorn
Mrs. Perkins,	Helen De Land
Mrs. Jones,	Freda Lausch
John Hopkins, Sally's bashful admirer,	Robbie Linscott
Dan Jeffers, Deacon Smith's nephew,	Quincy Brackett
Richard Dunn, Sally's Lawyer,	Earl Frazer
Rev. Mr. Brown, the young parson,	Everett Frazer
Stere Murchmore, a country bumpkin afflicted with stammering,	Kenneth Johnson

The play will be followed by dancing in the main Hall, for which the best of music will be furnished. Supper 25c., play and dance, 25c.; everything included, for 50c.; tickets for sale soon.

A Narrow Escape.

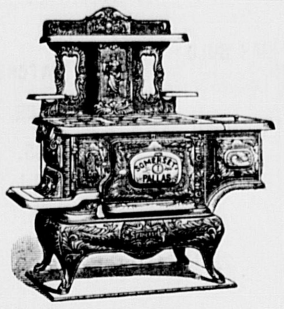
Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

That Lexington Street Railroad.

There has been a deal by which the Lynn and Boston Street Railway has obtained control of the Wakefield and Stoneham and the Wakefield, Salem and Gloucester Railway. This deal will affect all passengers from Lowell to Lynn or Boston. It will not affect them adversely, however, for the Lynn and Boston Company will do all they can to merit the consideration their patrons show it.

But another thing is going to happen, which will probably be of more interest to Lowell people than the transfer of the road which ends at Billerica Centre, that is, the opening of the Lexington and Boston Railway, which is going to run directly into Lowell, and carry passengers to Billerica, Bedford, Lexington, Arlington, Waltham and Boston, and most probably to Concord. This road is almost completed and it is expected it will be opened April 10.

The British government is making strenuous efforts to prevent an increase in civilian occupation of Gibraltar. It is now difficult for civilians to find houses, and owners of property are not allowed to add to their tenements.



If You Want the Best
BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS

One of the best RANGES ever made, first-class in every respect, easily regulated, economical, with all the latest improvements.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
Incorporated A. D. 1854.
BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer
Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, April 6th, 1900,** at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before April 7, will draw interest from April 1, 1900.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, March 23, 1900.

Telephones.

For the convenience of our readers we give below a list of the JOURNAL'S local advertisers who are connected by telephone.

Buckman, Willis J., groceries,	133-2
Carter, J. R. Co., coal and wood,	16-2
Central Boarding Stables,	39-2
Crawford Ice Cream Co.	48-3
Cummings, Chute & Co., Hay, &c.,	60
Eames & Carter, coal and wood,	52-3
Fitz & Stanley, groceries.	109-6
Holdridge, A. L., hardware,	9-2
Lewis, Dr., dentist,	109-7
Linnell Market,	14-2
Locke, Frank A., piano tuner,	Jamaica 17-2
Maguire, John G., counselor-at-law,	121-2
Norris, Geo. W., counsel at-law,	4-3
Parker, Edward E., hot water heaters,	28-3
Reade, Lawrence, undertaker,	6-3
Strout, C. M. & Co.. stoves,	124-4
Thompson, L. W., hardware,	114
Tripp, B. A. & C. E., undk'rs, 48-2,	Res. 17-4
Woburn, City of	
Almshouse,	28-2
Board of Public Works,	16-3
Chief of Police, 19.	Residence, 42-2
Hose House, Cummingsville,	12-2
Hose House, East Woburn,	97-2
Hose House, North Woburn,	94-3
Mayor and City Clerk,	85
Steamer House,	31-3
Water Works,	24-4
Woburn Savings Bank,	40
Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co.	65

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Buried at Concord, N. H.

A dispatch to the Boston papers dated March 16 from Concord, N. H., read as follows: "Following services at home yesterday the body of the late Dr. Frank W. Graves of Woburn, Mass., was brought to this city on the 1.35 train this afternoon, and the funeral was held at the chapel of the North Church, the pastor, the Rev. George H. Reed, officiating. The burial took place in the Graves family lot within the Minot inclosure of the Old North cemetery. The funeral party comprised the widow, Mr. A S Graves of the Walworth Manufacturing Company and Mrs. Graves, Miss Minnie M. Jameson, Miss Jenny Trecartin, Mr. E H. Lounsbury and the Hon. George F. Bean of Woburn, Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, representing the Woburn Masons, and Col. A L. Richardson of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company."

But for the severe rainstorm that prevailed during the forenoon it is more than likely that a large number of the friends and neighbors of Dr. Graves would have accompanied his remains to their last earthly resting place in the family burial lot in the Concord cemetery.

A. R. DeFluent, editor of the *Journal,* Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

It seems to be due to Mr. Edward Atkinson to say that the fact that he is against a bill up at the Legislature is not sufficient to defeat it. On the contrary, quite otherwise.

By the way, who's Governor of Kentucky nowadays?

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Seasonable Goods
— AT —
Reasonable Prices.

	PER CAN.
Good Southern Tomatoes	7c.
Best " "	9
3 cans for 25c.	
Imperial Tomatoes	12
Larsen's Sweet Peas	13
Good Corn	8
Honey Drop Corn	12
Best Southern String Beans	9
White Wax " "	10
Best String Beans	12
Honey Drop Lima Beans	12
Red Kidney Beans	10
Shelled Beans	12
Honey Drop Succotash	12
Asparagus Tips	25
Best gallon Apples	25

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Sydney Buxton.

Mr. H. Sydney Buxton, whose removal to the Danvers Asylum was noticed in the JOURNAL last week, died at that institution on Tuesday, March 20. His remains were brought to this city for interment.

He was born in Woburn on June 17, 1854, and united in marriage to Miss Ella C. Wyman on Jan. 14, 1875. Their home has always been here.

As an upright man and worthy citizen Mr. Buxton had many friends who deeply regret his sudden and melancholy end.

He left a widow and three children, Harry Dow, who has been employed in a wholesale house in Boston; Cora, who has finished her High School course last June, and has just graduated from the Burdett Business College in Boston; and Sarah Lucy, who is in the Woburn High School. These mourners have the heartfelt sympathy of this community in the loss of a kind husband and father.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

This week the pastor attended a meeting at Lynn, Mass.

The weather prophet was not kindly disposed and in consequence the choir's concert was not well attended. Only about half of those who had purchased tickets attended. A full report will be found in another column.

The pastor received a call from Lynn about two weeks ago. The field there is larger, but on the other hand the work here has been very successful, with great prospects just beginning to develop. The call from Lynn came altogether unsolicited. No decision will be made for a few weeks yet.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Vespers with Address at 5 P. M.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M. Friday, at 4.30 P. M., the Minister's Class.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Steeple Churches." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Men With Sickles." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Lent. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sermon to the Children. Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Mr. Edwards of Malden will officiate.
Music by the Vested Choir.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—4th Sunday in Lent. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "To Whom Shall We Go?"
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "What is Truth?" Ninth in the series of Lenten Sermons.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Meeting of Y. P. S.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "What Have They Seen in Thine House?"
At 7 P. M., Special Service for Young People. Sermon: "A Virtuous Character under Unfavorable Circumstances."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading and Prayers.
Friday, at 7.45 P. M., Preaching at the Congregational church Winchester.
All cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Married.

In Boston, March 19, 1900, by Rev. Frederick W. Hagar, Jr., of the Tabernacle Baptist church, Mr. Harry O. Kimball of Melrose Highlands, and Miss Elsie E. Felch of Woburn.

In New Bedford, March 17, by Rev. Benj. H. Batchelor, John C. Brown of New Bedford and Mattie A. Whidden of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 13, Garret Cullen, aged 40 years, 23 days.

In this city, March 19, Louis, son of Morris and Hannah Yanovity, aged 4 years, 7 months, 25 days.

At Danvers, March 20, H. Sydney Buxton, aged 45 years.

In this city, March 21, Margaret A. McDonald, aged 31 years, 3 months.

Do you intend making a Wrapper or Shirt Waist for the coming season?

If you do we would call your attention to our lines of Percales, Calico, and Ginghams. Pretty styles are always desirable in these goods and we have a variety in the best quality of wash fabrics. The prices are as low as the quality will allow.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

The Concert.

The concert by the Choir of the Swedish Lutheran church, under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Kron, the pastor, on the evening of March 15, was a rare musical treat and one of the best entertainments given here this season. But for the inclemency of the weather there would have been a much larger audience, and even under the adverse conditions a fairly good house were present.

The Choir is a fine musical organization; there is nothing in our city superior to it in culture and execution, and its exhibitions of skill are keenly relished and highly enjoyed. Rev. Mr. Kron, who is a thoroughly cultivated baritone singer, with splendid voice, is the trainer of the Choir, and the fruits of his instruction are plainly discernable in the good work done by his pupils.

The Choir will give a series of concerts in Boston and neighboring towns and cities this spring in aid of the Swedish Lutheran church here. It is composed of, Sopranos: Madams N. E. Kron, M. Ericson, and Misses Fanny Herlitz, Jenny Johnson. Altos: Mrs. P. Carlson, Misses Ingrid Person, Agnes Anderson, Marie Ericson, Emma Bergman. Tenors: Messrs. Sigfrid Johnson, Eric Ekman, Carl Carlson. Bassos: Messrs. P. Carlson, William Liedman, Ernest Anderson, Arthur Johnson, J. A. Johnson. Leader, Pastor Kron. The voices are all especially good; the sopranos high and clear; the bassos deep and resonant; tenors and altos full and fine.

The best number rendered at the concert, in the opinion of competent judges, was Psalm CL. In its execution all the voices showed to good advantage. The time was perfect; the high notes came out full and clear; the attack, in every instance, was sure and well defined. The finale was sung with a spirit and force that would have done credit to a chorus of double the size of this one. In the two numbers that were sung without accompaniment the sentiment was rendered with a shading and finish supposed to be possible by a male chorus only.

In fact, every part of the excellent programme was artistically rendered, and the concert as a whole gave unalloyed pleasure to all present. We have not room for the printed order.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcalona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S C Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Men's League.

The meeting last Friday evening was one of the very best the Men's League of this city have ever held. There was a fine audience and President Lounsbury performed the duties of host in a manner that pleased everybody. He and the position fit each other exactly, and credit is freely accorded him for bringing the League out of a semi comatose state to a live, active, wide-awake organization.

Chaplain Hoes who served on the battleship Iowa during the Spanish War was the orator of the evening, and right handsomely did he acquit himself. He is a fine speaker, and the subject of his address was, of course, of intense interest. His off-hand style of speaking was graphic and attractive. During the talk the speaker gave a description of the fight between Cervera's fleet and the American ships, dwelling particularly on the wonderful discipline of the sailors and the tremendous energy of the Iowa in pouring projectiles from the guns at the rate of one each second for a considerable period of time. He told of a humane act of Capt. "Bob" Evans in sending boats to pick up the drowning enemy when the Viscaya had surrendered and the Spaniards were leaping into the sea to avoid death by burning. The reception of Admiral Cervera and Capt. Eulate of the Viscaya as they came over the side of the Iowa, prisoners of war, was told with thrilling effect, and the kindness of the American sailors to the Spanish was also dwelt upon. Referring to Lieut. Hobson and his Merrimac exploit Chap. Hoes said he knew the man thoroughly, considered him a hero, and no "kissing" stories can affect his high regard for the brave officer. In referring to Dewey and Sampson he said he considered them the greatest sailors of ancient or modern times.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. MEARKLE, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by Huntley & Co , Druggists.

The Lincoln platform needs to have its title slightly amended. It is Lincoln, Nebraska—which is different.

David F. Moreland.

On Tuesday evening, March 20, the subject of this notice died in Danvers after a long illness. His death was not unexpected and his wife and children, who reside here, were not surprised when the news of his condition reached them Tuesday morning. The wife immediately repaired to Danvers and was with her husband when end came.

David F. Moreland was born in South Boston in August, 1857, and came to Woburn with his parents when only about a year old. He attended the public schools here and after the usual course graduated from Mt. St. Mary's University, Montreal, Canada.

After leaving that institution Mr. Moreland returned to Woburn, but shortly after went into one of the Southern States in the employ of an express company. After a year or more he came back to Woburn, and was engaged as a leather worker. He was married to Martha E. Fay on Jan. 1, 1884. When the city was incorporated he was elected Clerk, which position he filled three years. He served in the Legislature one term, and was a member of the School Board for a term. During the period when the Knights of Labor were prominent Mr. Moreland was a ceaseless worker, and his reputation became widespread, even extending into the Western States. He was at one time Grand Master Workman of the Leather Workers' Assembly, and was sought for in matters of arbitration. Gov. Greenhalge appointed him a member of the Labor Commission where he did good work. He was a Democrat in politics.

After leaving the city's employ he engaged in writing books dealing with the residential and business advantages of municipalities. His latest work was prepared on the city of Lowell. A widow and four children survive.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Woman's Club.

The Woman's Club held at its last meeting Friday afternoon, March 2, in charge of Mrs. M. F. M. Partridge, First Vice-President. "Currant Events" were reviewed by Mrs. Isabelle L. Blake.

A cordial greeting was given to Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead for the second time this year. Mrs. Mead gave, without notes, her lecture on "John Ruskin." A charming description of Ruskin's life was given in which his great love of beauty was made prominent and his desire to cultivate this same love of beauty in the common people about him.

The little book, "Crown of Wild Olive," was mentioned as a "Missionary Worker" since it showed its readers the value and the dignity of work.

The next meeting will be held in Music Hall April 6, when the work of the classes in Art and Literature and Physical Culture will be presented. Social tea will follow.

L. B. B. Clerk.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Watson is still ill with grip.

Mr. Irick Peters has been ill with grip.

Mr. Charles Buck is just getting over a severe attack of grip.

Mr. Daniel Coburn has bought the Dexter Carter place on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Green gave a birthday party for their daughter Addie on Thursday evening last at which occasion her young friends presented her with a watch chain. Those present were: Mr and Mrs. Frank Ray, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, Misses Stella Ray, Maud Fortis, Alma Harrington, Jennie Irving, Lizzie Rollins, May Ayer, Lulu Lewis, Etta Green, Miss McDonald, Mrs. Harry Lewis, Messrs. Edward Rollins, Walter Rollins, Burl Ayre, Richard Edmunds.

The Benevolent Society connected with the North church take this opportunity to thank Mr. and Mrs. S. Merrill for their great interest and untiring effors in perfecting the "Drill" to a "thing of beauty," the evolutions passed through neared perfection; to the young lady participants who did themselves great credit; also to Mrs. Charles Dearborn who was prime mover in the late Carnival and managed everything with her usual tact and ability; and to all others who in any way assisted toward the success of the Carnival.—E. L. F. Sec. of B. S.

How it must make the venerable John Sherman laugh to see the colored Republican delegates down South adopting resolutions against the trusts and all the other kinds of moneybags!

And now the Quincy granite quarries have flown to New Jersey.

THE TIME TO TAKE A BLOOD PURIFIER

Is Now.

THE KIND TO TAKE IS

Woburna

75c. PER BOTTLE.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Committees for the First Church Parish Fair to be held April 18 and 19.

SUPPER.

Mrs. J. H. Hovey,
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hartwell, } Chairmen.
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Brown
" " " O. F. Bryant
" " " James Skinner
" " " A. T. Gott
" " " B. A. Tripp
" " " E. E. Thompson
" " " M. M. Shaw
" " " Thomas Heartz
" " " C. H. Jaquith.
Dr. " " S. H. Sanborn
Mrs. Sarah Felch
" M. E. Conn
" Seth T. Gifford
" Augusta Garland
" Mary E. Plannett
" Maria C. Cotton
" Erskine Ames
" J. K. Murdock
" Walter Russel
" Florence W. Crosby
" M. B. Cutler
" Charles Bryant
" C. D. French
" John Jameson.
Mr. B. H. Nichols
" George F. Bean
" L. W. Fowle.
" E. P. Fox.
Major and Mrs. Ambrose Bancroft.

CANDY TABLE.

Mrs. Arthur B. Wyman, Chairman.
" George A. Blaisdell
" J. G. Murdock
" W. H. Bowers
" M. H. Cotton.
Miss Blanche Grant
" Agnes Cummings
" Louise Wyman
" Bertha Smith
" Edith Smith

DECORATING COMMITTEE.

Mr. J. M. Portal, Chairman.
" Joseph H. Buck
" James M. Kimball
" Clarence Stetson
" C. M. Strout
" Edward Caldwell
" J. Grafton Murdock
" Horace N. Conn
" Fred Fowle
" W. A. Prior

ENTERTAINMENT No. 1.

E. H. Lounsbury, Chairman.
Miss E. Minnette Dow.
" Annie Skinner.
" Ethel Bryant.
" Laura Evans.
" Dora Winn.
Mr. Waldo P. Cutler.
" Arthur A. Chase.
" Harry B. Dimick.
" Louis H. Dow.

ENTERTAINMENT NO. 2

Mrs. George F. Bean, Chairman.
" E. P. Fox
" J. W. Fox
" J. F. DeLoriea
" C. W. Smith

CHINA TABLE.

Mrs. C. M. Strout, Chairman.
" William Beggs.
" E. G. Preston.
" George A. Blaisdell.
" Clara M. Stetson.
" Edward Caldwell.
" D. W. Bond.
" Andrew Dobbins.
" S. W Kelley.
" Clinton C. Stone.
" F. B. Richardson.
" Howard F. Irish.
" H. E. Lord.
" A. B. Dimick.
" Chauncy B. Conn.

ICE CREAM.

Mr. Edward D. Hart
Mr. J. G. Murdock } Chairmen.
" C. B. Strout.
" Waldo Cutler.
" Arthur Chase.
" Joseph Patten.
" Herbert Holland.
" Chester Holland.
" Clarence Stetson.
" George Stetson.
" Harry Dimmick.
" Fred Fowle.
" C. W. Hill.
Miss Sarah Chamberlain.
" Fdith M. Munroe.
" Clara Langill.
" Mary Richardson.
" Edith M. Howe.
" Mabel Russell.
" Agnes Dunsmore.
" Margaret Dunsmore.
" Blanche Cur is.
" Bertha Crosby.
" Edith Smith.
" Helen Cummings.
" Carrie Andrus.
" Edith E. Gott.
" Emily Sanborn.
" Isabelle Cutler.
" Edith Woodward.
" Susie Flint.
" Clara M. Haskell.

APRON TABLE.

Mrs. J. M. Portal, Chairman.
" Sarah M. Monroe.
" Clinton C. Stone.
" Edward Cottle.
" B. T. H. Porter.
" G. E. Winn.
" Robert L. Duncan.
" Charles M. Howe.
" Jacob M. Ham.
" Fred Stanley.
" C. Walter Marion.
" D. N. Hood.
" Ward W. Hart.
Miss Anna M. Frve.
" M. Louise Bacon.
" Emma P. Bond.
" Clara M. Fox.

FLOWER COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Henry Eustis Smith, Chairman.
" Annie B. Phillips
" Mabel Buck
" Mabel R. Lewis
Miss Annie Skinner
" Dora A. Winn
" Laura E. Evans
" Ethel R. Bryant
" Edith Marion
" Florence M. Stetson
" Maud H. Littlefield
" Myra Kimball
" Sibyl Fox
" Olive Hinckley
" Edith Howe
" Isabelle Bowers
" Grace Buck

REMEMBRANCE TABLE.

Mr. F. B. Richardson, Chairman
" A. Herbert Holland
Mrs. D. W. Brown
" A. H. Holland
" H G. Blake
Miss Elizabeth Brown
" E. Minnette Dow

NOVELTY TABLE.

Miss Ethel S. Burbeck
" Lillian M. Bustead
" E. Minnette Dow
" Bertha L. Cutler
" Bertha Buckman
" Mabel Patten
" Lucia Patten
" Bertha Bowker
" Gertrude Heartz
" Carrie Nelson
Mrs. Florence Patten
" Olive Murdock

HOUSEKEEPER'S TABLE.

Mrs. H. M. Eames, Chairman.
" S. H. Patten.
" Freeman C. Bowker.
" B. H. Nichols.
" C. E. Tripp.
" Horace N. Conn.
" F. E. Cotton.
" Walter N. Russell.
" Emma B. Gambell.
Miss Jennie E. Skinner.

Admiral Dewey has demonstrated his ability to stand the most strenuous hospitality, but it looks as if the kind of reception punch they brew down South was rather too much for him.

Gen. Joe Wheeler's admirers will have considerable difficulty in ascertaining just where he is at if he doesn't conclude where is going to alight pretty soon.

Hundreds of Thousands

Of Trial Bottles of Doctor David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Sent Free, for the Asking.

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT POSITIVELY CURES KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

By a special and particular arrangement with the manufacturers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, free trial bottles of this great medicine for the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Constipation, will be sent absolutely free, postpaid, to all persons suffering from any of the diseases mentioned above who will send their full name and post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., providing they mention this paper when they write.

A very simple test to determine whether your Kidneys or Bladder are diseased is to put some of your urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or a cloudy, ropy or stringy appearance, if it is pale or discolored, you do not need a physician to tell you that you are in a dangerous condition. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures such serious symptoms as pain in the back, inability to hold urine, a burning scalding pain in passing it. Frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, the staining of linen by your urine and all unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold by all druggists at $1.00 per large bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

That delightful Japanese musical comedy, "The Geisha," is on the top wave of prosperous popularity at the Tremont Theatre, and deservedly so, for it is bright, agreeable and a clean entertainment, replete with charming music and bubbling over with delicious humor. Its well-written dialogue is bright and clever, the lyrics are of the best, and the music is as sparkling and melodious as one could desire, while the scenic setting can only be described as exisitely beautiful. It will hold the stage of the Tremont only until Saturday evening of next week, as on Monday, April 2, the Augustin Daly musical company will appear in the great London and New York success, "A Runaway Girl," with a delightful story, situations full of funny surprises, a wealth of humorous incident, at least a dozen songs of the kind that cling in the memory, marches that set the feet of every auditor to keeping time, a cast of clever comedians, a bevy of charming singers and a big chorus, "A Runaway Girl" is one of the most popular of modern musical comedies, and it will be interpreted by a superb company, at the head of which is that inimitable comedian, James T. Powers.

WINCHESTER.

A special Town Meeting is talked of.

Lawyer Wilson has had a hard time with grip.

Mrs. John H. Bacon was 83 years old last week.

The *Star* is a staunch supporter of Congressman McCall.

There are signs of lively building operations here this season.

The Towanda Club of Woburn paid a visit to the Calumets last evening and indulged in a series of games.

The concert course of the Y. M. C. A. closed last Tuesday evening with a fine entertainment by the Adelbert Quartet.

Samuel W. Twombly has been chosen Chairman, and Joseph J. Todd Clerk, of the Board of Cemetery Commissioners.

An interesting lecture on "The Land of Lorna Doone" was given Tuesday evening by Edmund H. Garrett, the well known artist.

Mr. Gilbert has had for guests during the week his sister, Mrs. James H. Hinsdale, and his niece, Miss Hinsdale, of Pittsfield. His brother, Mr. Grenville Gilbert of Ware, was a visitor at Sunnyside over Sunday. It is an unusual week when some relative is not with him.—*Star*.

The proposition to abolish industrial training from our public schools, which proposition received an affirmative vote at the last Town Meeting, the same to include the Kindergarten classes, has created a good deal of friction here. Industrial instruction is all right, but the Kindergarten business is a foolish fad, hurtful to the little ones, and ought to go out of the schools.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better, The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Congressman Knox Again.

They say up in Lowell, the wise ones, that Butler Ames's boom for Congress is not meeting with a very cordial reception. Lowell has another man when Congressman Knox gets through whom they will trot out in the person of ex-Mayor Pickman. He is popular and a man of much ability. It is generally conceded that Congressman Knox's renomination is sure to come. His exceptional ability and usefulness in Congress are recognized. Judge Lilley, himself talked of some time ago as a candidate until he gave the boom its quietus, says that a man without experience is a mere errand boy Perhaps that is the reason why they are all so anxious for that experience.—*Lawrence Telegram*.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matceless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health, Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

A St. Louis Judge has ruled that if a husband be locked out by his wife he may chop down the door, if necessary, to gain entrance—but he has to pay for the door.

A Boothbay, Me. fisherman, Ab Ak, claims to have the shortest name on record. There is said to be no abbreviation about it either.

The girls are throwing up their best bonnets for Mr. Rockefeller.

A CONFIDENTIAL CASE.

It Brought Out an Honest Confession About a Stolen Hog.

"It has long been a matter of argument," said the old lawyer, who was in a reminiscent mood, "whether a lawyer should defend a man that he knows to be guilty. There is an argument on both sides, and I do not suppose it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all.

"A good many years ago I had a case that set me to thinking, and I haven't yet determined what my duty was in the matter. At that time I had a small practice in a little town in the western part of the state. Upon my return to the town one day, after having been away a few days on a matter of business, I was called upon to defend a worthless character who had been arrested for hog stealing.

"At that time every one kept at least one hog to be killed in the fall and salted down for use in the winter. One of my neighbors had butchered a hog a few days before, and the party that I was called upon to defend had been charged with theft of it.

"The case was about to be called when I arrived, and I asked for a little time in which to consult with my client. This was granted, and taking him to one side I said:

"'Now, see here, the best thing that you can do is to make a clean breast of the affair to me, and then I will know just where I stand. Whatever you may confess to me I will treat as sacredly confidential, and I will do my best to clear you.'

"'I didn't steal his hog,' protested the prisoner.

"'Then where did you get the carcass that was found in your possession?' I demanded.

"'From your back porch, boss,' he answered with a grin.

"Then I remembered that just before going away I had left orders to have my hog killed, and I could only gasp. However, I went to work and cleared my client of the charge he was under and took the carcass of my own hog as payment for services rendered, but I had hard work treating what he told me as sacred and confidential."—Detroit Free Press.

ELASTIC APPOINTMENTS.

Original Way In Which an M. C. Pleases His Constituents.

A noted M. C., familiarly known as Joe, is one of the thriftiest men in congress, and the patronage at his disposal is made to do effective work in his home district. Not long ago he requested of a certain chief in the interior department an appointment as laborer for one of his constituents. The request was promptly complied with, but, much to the surprise of the chief, as promptly declined. The member was sent for.

"What does this mean?" demanded the official. "The man you were so urgent to have named as a laborer declines the position."

"Yes, I know," replied the M. C. "I advised him to."

"You advised him to," echoed the chief. "What was the matter? I gave you exactly what you asked for, didn't I?"

"Yes," responded Joe. "I have no fault to find with the appointment. The case is like this: My constituents follow me down to Washington hoping to get soft berths in the government service. There are a dozen here now, and not places enough to go around. I secure the appointment for one, he asks my advice, and I tell him to decline; his job at home is better, so he goes back satisfied. I appoint another. He declines at my advice, but he has been paid, he is flattered and content, and so on through the list. You see, a man learns a thing or two after 20 years in Washington, and I have learned to make one appointment do for a dozen supporters."—Saturday Evening Post.

Holding the Ladder.

A workman in Cooper institute, having occasion to ascend a ladder to do some repairing in one of the public rooms, called to an old man whom he happened to see standing by watching him, "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The "old fellow" started forward and held the ladder for the workman while he climbed up and did his work.

"That unpretentious and willing old man," says The Independent, "was Peter Cooper." It was just like him. Peter Cooper's aim in life and in the beneficent institution founded by him might well be characterized by the words "holding the ladder." Thousands of rightly ambitious men and women owe the possibility of their advancement to Peter Cooper. He has held, and still holds, the ladder, and hundreds upon hundreds of successful and grateful climbers as they rise bless his memory. We cannot all build such piles as Cooper Union, but we can hold the ladder somewhere, somehow, for somebody.

Our First Emperor.

At the time when the war with Spain had been brought to a successful close a number of statesmen were discussing the future of the country over their cigars in Washington.

At last one enthusiast exclaimed, addressing himself to the most prominent member of the group, "In my opinion we are drifting directly toward imperialism, and you, sir, should be the first emperor."

"Not if I know it," drawled the great man; "I am not fool enough to want to be the first emperor of a nation of such good shots."—Harper's Magazine.

Evidently.

Dasherly—It cost him $1,000,000 to put his Chicago son-in-law on his feet.

Flasherly—Dear me, but those Chicago people have large feet.—Kansas City Independent.

What He Prayed For.

A story is told of two worthy New England deacons, between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would give in, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day Deacon Smith appeared before his enemy and solemnly said:

"Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter and have come to the conclusion that you must give in, for I cannot!"

Ready For Emergencies.

The German war department, it is said, actually keeps in stock duplicates of all the bridges in the empire considered likely to be damaged or destroyed in case of war, and, what is more, it has duplicates of a good many French bridges and of bridges of other countries in which it is interested.—Chicago Journal.

In Paris there is a wineshop for every three houses.

We advise our readers to buy Vick's Seeds

THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES.

The handsomest and most complete Catalogue the house has ever issued sent free, provided you state in what you are most interested — Flowers, Vegetables, or Small Fruits. Address

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
Rochester, N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles B. Bryant and Theophilus King, Jr., to the Woburn Agricultural and Mechanic Association, dated July 1, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1402, Page 214, and by said Association assigned to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank by deed of assignment dated October 6, 1882, and recorded as aforesaid, Book 1612, Page 116, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the second lot hereinafter described on

Monday, April 16, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except the portions thereof which have been heretofore released, the premises to be sold being bounded and described as follows, namely:—Two certain parcels of land situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, about one-half of a mile south from the Centre, and formerly known as the Conn Tannery premises. The north lot, so-called, is bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Conn steet at land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation, from thence the line runs in a northeasterly direction by said Conn street, two hundred and twenty-seven and 6-10 feet to land of the heirs of Simon Holden; thence northwesterly by said land of the Holden heirs one hundred and forty-two and 6-10 feet to land now or formerly of George B. Clapp; thence westerly by said land of Clapp, eighty and 7-10 feet to an angle; thence northwesterly still by said land of Clapp about one hundred forty-six and 8-10 feet to land of Eustace Cummings; thence westerly by said land of Cummings one hundred and one and 1-10 feet to land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by said Corporation's land about three hundred and ten and 4-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The south lot, so-called, is bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on Conn street at land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company; from thence the line runs in a northeasterly direction by Conn street to Bryant street; thence southerly by and with said Bryant street, two hundred and sixty feet to lot No. 14, as shown on a Plan of Lands surveyed for Bryant & King by M. M. Tidd, Engineer, which said Plan is recorded in the Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, in Plan Book No. 51, Page 44; thence westerly by said Lot No 14, as shown on said Plan, seventy feet to a corner; thence southerly about one hundred and seventy feet to a stake at the northerly corner of Lot No. 29, as shown on said Plan; thence southerly along the westerly side line of a street shown on said Plan, one hundred forty and 8-10 feet to another street, shown on said Plan; thence westerly along the northerly side of said last mentioned street four hundred seventeen and 30-100 feet to land of said Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence northerly by said Corporation's land about three hundred and fifty-three feet to an angle; thence westerly still by said Corporation's land about fifty-two and ½ feet to another angle; thence northerly again still by said Corporation's land, two hundred two and 3-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The premises are subject to whatever rights the City of Boston now has by virtue of a taking for sewer purposes made July 31, 1877, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in book of partitions, etc., No. 27, Page 491.

The sale will be made subject to taxes of 1898 and 1899 and five hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

THE WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage, By
Edward E. Thompson, Treasurer.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, March 20, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles H. Bean and Jane T. Bean, wife of said Charles H., in her own right, both of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn of Burlington, in said County, dated September 25, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2401, Page 568, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on

Monday, the sixteenth day of April, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, that is to say:—A parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Union street, there measuring sixty-eight feet; easterly on land of William S. York, there measuring one hundred and thirty-three feet; southerly on land of Emma C. Whitcomb, there measuring seventy-six feet; and westerly on First street, there measuring one hundred and fifty-eight feet.

$300 in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 23, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Harris Block and Anne Block, his wife, to Samuel R. Duren of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated February 7, 1898, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Libro 2631, Folio 95, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

Tuesday, the seventeenth day of April, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land containing about thirty-five and ¾ acres, situated in the westerly part of said Woburn, and bounded southerly partly by the old road leading from Woburn to Lexington, and partly by land formerly of William Fox; easterly by land formerly of said Fox and land of heirs of Obadiah Kendall; northerly by land formerly of heirs of Reuben Johnson, and by land of McManus; and on the west by land formerly of William Pierce.

$300 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

SAMUEL R. DUREN, Mortgagee.
March 23, 1900.

Milk Wanted!

100 cans a day before April 1, 1900, by a reliable person.

Apply to Journal Office.

Barn For Sale

At One-quarter Cost.

To save moving it I offer for sale a FRAME BARN, 38x40, 15 feet posts, nearly new, at one-quarter its real value.

☞ It must be moved from the lot at once.

Apply on the premises to
A. A. CLEMENT,
No. 7 Clinton St., Woburn.

Mrs. Eunice L. Matthews

desires to inform her customers that she has removed her Dressmaking rooms from 83 Winn street

TO 333 MAIN STREET,
Putnam's Block, Woburn.

Sincerely thanking them for their patronage in the past she will be pleased to receive them at her new quarters on and after Wednesday, March 14, 1900.

To Let.

A desirable tenement of 5 rooms. Apply at 87 Kilby St.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

Wednesday, April 18.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Eyes Examined FREE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT A
SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

All the Time

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Fresh Butter and Eggs.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Peter J. Carpenter, formerly of Woburn, in said County, an absentee whose whereabouts is unknown, and to Arthur E. Gage of said Woburn, as you are receiver of all the property of said absentee,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Elizabeth M. Carpenter, wife of Peter J. Carpenter, has presented to said Court her petition praying the Court to make such order as it deems expedient concerning her past, present, and future support, and to direct said receiver to apply the property of said absentee, in his hands, to the payment of such charges as may properly have been incurred or hereafter may be incurred in her support;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of March, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to said Arthur E. Gage fourteen days at least before said Court, and by publishing the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing a copy hereof to said absentee at his last known address fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary D. Doherty, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Fanny T. Doherty of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, or to some other suitable person:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of April, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

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DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

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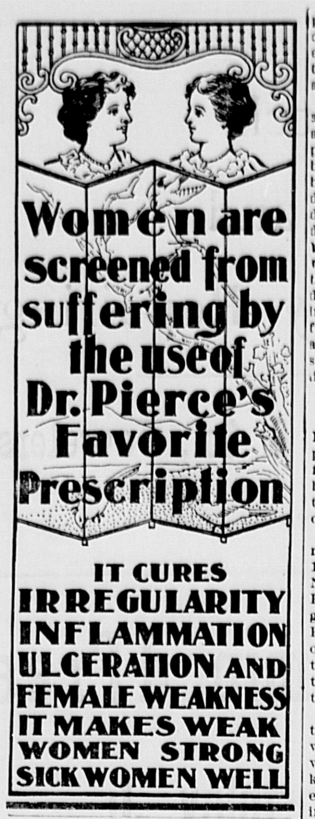

Women are screened from suffering by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

IT CURES
IRREGULARITY
INFLAMMATION
ULCERATION AND
FEMALE WEAKNESS
IT MAKES WEAK
WOMEN STRONG
SICK WOMEN WELL

A SONG OF LIFE.

What shall I make of my life, love? What shall
 I bring to you,
Flower of fair color, song of tremulous sweep?
Bird that o'er waters of tears on a faithful wing
 to you
Finds her way with a leaf for you to keep?
Shell in whose chamber remembered waves shall
 ring to you
 Chimes of sleep?

Bird that homes to you? Song that will sigh and
 sing to you?
Flower that knoweth not passion or faith or
 doubt?
Shell that whispers a musical memory out?
Nay, I will make of my life two hands to cling to
 you—
Passionate hands, my heart, that shall clasp you
 and cling to you,
Living and dying, daylight and dreaming
 throughout.

—Black and White.

SINGULAR DREAMING

TWO PECULIAR CASES OF BRAIN ACTIVITY IN SLEEP.

A Lawyer Who Solved a Knotty Problem He Could Not Master While Awake—An Exciting and Almost Tragic Railway Journey.

An Edinburgh lawyer, a confirmed somnambulist, went through a peculiar experience some little time ago. One evening, after dinner, he told his wife that he had a most difficult law case which would occupy him half the night to study out. For hours thereafter he grappled with its intricacies, but finally desisted, saying it would be impossible to make his brief until morning, since the case presented some difficulties that he had been unable to master.

He fell asleep from exhaustion almost as soon as he went to bed, but in a few minutes rose, and, seating himself at his desk, wrote furiously for an hour or more. Then, carefully folding and indorsing the sheets he had written upon, he put them away in a pigeonhole of his desk, after which, without speaking, he returned to his bed and slept soundly till late in the morning.

At breakfast he expressed some uncertainty as to his "finding a solution." His wife told him to look through his desk, which he did, discovering the paper he had written in the pigeonhole where he had hidden it. As he read it joy mingled with amazement showed plainly in his face, for the paper was a clearly reasoned, correctly phrased brief on the intricate case, with all the obscure points smoothed out! He had not the slightest recollection of having written the document.

Another extraordinary case is that of a young man who, an hour or so before starting on a railway journey, paid a visit to a steamer in which his parents were financially interested. In the course of the inspection he entered the little chamber in the bow of the vessel where the anchor chain is coiled and was impressed by the chamber's smallness and the cramped quarters it would afford a man sent down there to superintend the paying out of the chain. In due course the traveler went to the railway station and engaged a snug seat in the corner of a first class corridor and sleeping carriage. He had the compartment to himself. The train had not been long on its journey before the young man was sound asleep. But he imagined that he was awake and, moreover, that he was imprisoned in the little anchor chain compartment of the steamer. The vessel was under way, he thought, and moving more rapidly than he had ever known a steamer to move before.

His first idea was to go on deck at once, but he could not get out of the cell-like chamber. He could not stand erect even, the compartment was so little, as he found out at the cost of an imaginary bumped head when he attempted to rise. Then, to his surprise, he found that the room had a window, evidently a dead light, but square and unusually large. This he tried to raise, but, failing, determined to break it, thinking that he could seize the anchor chain and by its aid reach the deck.

There was only one way to smash the glass, and that was by striking it with his clinched fist. He knew that this would result in a cut hand probably, but he risked it all the same, for he felt certain now that the vessel was in a storm and likely to go down any moment, in which case he would be drowned like a rat in a trap.

Having smashed the glass, he found that the window was double, and he distinctly remembers breaking the outside pane, after which, with profusely bleeding hands, he carefully picked out the bits of glass remaining in the sashes, so that he could climb out.

After removing the last remaining fragment of glass from the sash he carefully thrust his head and arms out and began to feel for the chain. It was nowhere to be found. Then he pulled himself half way out of the window and reached upward.

To his great joy, he found he could reach over the edge of the deck; but, to his dismay, it was curved and smooth, offering no projection whatever by which he might pull himself up. That being the case, and not wishing to fall into the water and be drowned, he painfully drew back into the little chamber. However, he must certainly escape or be drowned, and after getting his breath he would make another attempt to reach the deck.

As he lay panting and frightened he accidentally reached in the direction away from the deadlight. To his surprise, he touched a swaying window blind, and the next moment he found himself lying on the floor of the corridor of the onrushing train, with a window down, through which he had evidently been trying to reach the deck of the imaginary steamer. The wonder was he did not lose his grip and fall on the line. It was his fear of being drowned that prevented him from being killed on the railway. The young fellow had a long and serious illness after his experience, and, strange to say, when he recovered his somnambulistic habit left him.—Washington Star.

Boutelle and Blaine.

They used to tell a good story about Boutelle in connection with the campaign of 1884. He idolized Blaine, and for years there was bad blood between him and Reed, because Reed acted as though he thought himself as great as, or greater than, the plumed knight.

The story is that Boutelle accompanied Blaine on his western tour in 1884. When the special pulled out of New York, Boutelle rushed over to Blaine's seat, his face white with anger and his voice vibrant with passion. Holding in his trembling hands a copy of the New York Tribune, he pointed to an article and exclaimed, "Was there ever such fatuous blundering as that?"

For half an hour he commented on the article to the half score persons who had gathered round. The Tribune was Blaine's chief organ, as every one knew, but the fiery Yankee of French extraction continued to pour hot shot into it. Finally Blaine said, "Charley, do you know who wrote that and procured its insertion in The Tribune?"

"No," was the answer, "but I take it that it was Whitelaw Reid or some other infernal fool."

"You are wrong, Charley," replied Blaine. "I wrote it and had The Tribune print it."—Washington Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Hard Rain.

"It rains a great deal in the Puget sound country," says a man from that part of the Union, "and I heard a funny incident not long ago about it. Some chap had come from the Mississippi valley to take up his residence at Whatcom, on Bellingham bay, where there are very high tides. When the boat landed him at the end of the long pier extending over the tide flats, the water was low, and the new man did not notice anything but a wide stretch of sand between the boat and the town.

"It was in the evening, about dark, and was raining, and he went to the hotel on the front street and staid there, going to bed without having gone out for a walk. The next morning when he got up he looked out, and the tide was in, the water coming up close to the hotel. He gazed at the widespread waters for an instant, and, throwing up his hands in astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Gee whiz, but it must have rained hard last night!'

"Then he hurried down stairs to the office to find out if there was any danger from the flood, and the clerk smiled four or five times and gave him some much needed information."—Washington Star.

Yes—What?

A good story is going the rounds at Harvard college concerning a last year's graduate, a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat liberal youth. At the beginning of his concluding year his father, who was just setting out for Europe, said to him:

"Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer."

Harry was delighted. "Father," said he, "I will." He studied faithfully all the college year and in June went through with flying colors. Then he cabled his father:

"Yes."

But the father, alas, had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered and then cabled back:

"Yes—what?"

The son was in turn perplexed, but, being a well trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark and, fired by duteous zeal, cabled back:

"Yes, sir."

Letters of explanation followed, and he won the "grand tour."—Atlanta Journal.

Chinese Fond of Sauerkraut.

With the advent of so many Chinese restaurants in different parts of the city it is confidently declared that "chop suey" and other well known Chinese delicacies are consumed more by Americans than by Chinamen. A Harlem Chinaman who had been down to Mott street for a social time was on a Third avenue "L" car and got into conversation with a neighbor.

"I suppose you like chop suey, eh, John?" asked the casual acquaintance.

"No," was the other's answer, with a positive shake of the head. "Me no likee chop suey. Me eat spareribs and sauerkraut."

And in further conversation it was revealed that this Chinaman, like many of his fellow countrymen in New York, who had, like himself, been here 14 years or so, hardly tasted traditional Chinese dishes. One of the first directions in which a Chinaman becomes Americanized is in his liking for American food, cooked in the American way.—New York Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Concise and Explicit.

Many stories, mostly fabrications, have been told about long, diffuse telegraphic messages sent by women, as if the feminine mind were incapable of expressing itself concisely.

How false and slanderous such an impression is is well shown by an incident reported by a contemporary. A gentleman went to Paris on business. As he went away he said something to his wife about buying her a new dress. Just before starting homeward he telegraphed to his wife, "Which shall I bring you, a diamond ring or a silk dress?"

The reply was concise and explicit—one word, "Both."

How It Was.

Jack—I hear you lost a lot of money on Wall street while you were drunk.

Tom—I wasn't drunk, but the stocks I bought took a drop too much.—Boston Journal.

It is an open question as to whether indecision or rashness has assisted us to make the greater number of mistakes.

No industry except that of cloth manufacture has contributed so much to the comfort and advancement of man as that of glassmaking, which is one of the oldest of technical industries. Its earliest home was Egypt.

A Woman's Mistake

It is a well-known fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other remedy. It therefore must be the best possible medicine for female ills.

But some women make the mistake of thinking that they will try something else, simply because it is new. That mistake is often a fatal one—fatal to the health and happiness of the experimenter.

Is it not foolish to risk the possible results of such experiments? Is it not better to depend upon a medicine which has been tried successfully for thirty years, and which has never been found wanting? Do not therefore let any one persuade you to try something which they say is just as good. It cannot be just as good. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound is the best, and there can be only one best. This is not a mere assertion, but is a positive fact, admitted by hundreds of regular physicians.

Rely on your own common sense, and Mrs. Pinkham's life-long experience, and you will make no mistake. Don't experiment with your health, but take a medicine that you *know* is good, and is backed by such letters as these to Mrs. Pinkham:

Ovarian Troubles Always Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had been in poor health for twenty years, having inflammation of ovaries and womb trouble. Although treated by physicians, I could not gain strength nor do my work, and was so low-spirited and tired of life. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle strengthened me, and I wrote to you. After taking six bottles can say that I am well and can even do my own washing."—MRS. M. W. MILLER, No. 1033 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

"For three years I suffered with ovarian trouble, having inflammation and an abscess on right ovary. Had such pain in my back and head, and at times was unable to walk. Had several doctors, but they did not do me much good. One doctor said that I would have to have an operation and have the ovary removed. I became discouraged and gave up all hopes of getting well. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and followed her directions faithfully, and am better than I have been for three years. I have taken ten bottles, and my friends are surprised at my rapid improvement."—MRS. W. H. WALTERS, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., N.Y.

Suppressed and Painful Periods Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—MISS LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

"Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was troubled with irregular menstruation, and suffered great agony. My physician gave me morphine, and I remained in bed. I doctored eight years and got no relief, and the doctors told me there was no relief for my trouble. Finally I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While taking the first bottle I felt that I was improving. I have taken seven or eight bottles, and never had anything to do me so much good. Every month my troubles have grown less and less, and now at this time I am cured."—ELLA QUINNEY, No. 22 Stage Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Backache and Womb Troubles Succumb to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been for ten years an invalid with female weakness, and the torture and pain I suffered no tongue can tell. I never spent one week in the ten years that I was free from pain. My trouble was inflammation and congestion of womb. When I commenced to take your remedy I had been bedfast for some time under the treatment of two of our best physicians without receiving any benefit You can imagine the benefit I derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I tell you that I have gained forty pounds and am well—a thing I never dared to expect."—MRS. C. E. FOLAND, Monett, Mo.

"For a number of years I was troubled with backache and leucorrhœa. I became so weak and miserable that I could not attend to my work or studies. The least effort would completely exhaust me. Physicians failed to help me. I felt that my youth was blighted, and the life before me would be one of suffering and misery. Then a friend insisted on me taking your medicine. Before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. I had not known a well day for four years, but now I feel better than I have since a child, and it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MISS MAY B. STEVENSON, Alliance, O.

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty Thousand such Letters.

Made to Feel at Home.

One of the old time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house. "Ef you please, suh," he began when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a po' cullud man work ter do or somepin ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, mister; very sorry, but have nothing for you."

Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him.

Finally he rang the bell at a brown stone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began:

"Boss, I is starvin. Can't you gimme some vittles?"

"You darned, black, kinky headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman. "How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back yard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give you something, you black"—

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I done foun' 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

STOOD FOR STONEWALL.

When Jackson Gave an Order, It Was Obeyed to the Letter.

The following dialogue, current at the time, between one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers and the provost guard illustrates Jackson's tact at eluding his enemy and also the obedience rendered and the confidence reposed in him by his troops.

The orders read on dress parade the evening before Jackson left the valley to take part in the seven days' fight around Richmond were that in case the army moved before further orders the answer from every soldier to any and all questions except those connected with the army shall be, "I don't know." On the march the provost guard found a soldier in a cherry tree helping himself, when the following took place:

"Who are you?" demanded the guard.

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"Where is your command?"

"I don't know."

"To what command do you belong?"

"I don't know."

"What are you doing in that cherry tree?"

"I don't know."

"Are those good cherries you are eating?"

"I don't know."

"Is there anything you do know?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Well, the last order I had from old Stonewall was that I was not to know anything until further orders, and, gentlemen, I will see you all hanged before I will know anything until old Stonewall takes that order off."—Waco Times-Herald.

The Bell Mare.

Ill tempered old horses delight to attack very young foals and will kill them if permitted. Mules have the same cheerful habit, unless they are under the influence of "the bell mare." She is the queen of the herd—a kindly creature who has grazed and fed with them, wearing a tinkling bell about her neck. If she snorts defiance of anything, all her followers rush to the attack. If she sniffs tolerance, they pass it by. In all things they obey her abjectly.

Back in the old days, when horses and mules throughout the southwest went to market in droves, the rough riding highwayman of that epoch always tried to capture "the bell" and make off with it, knowing that nothing could keep the drove from following. Similarly, drovers tried always to save "the bell." She was led, never ridden, so that in event of attack she might be fresh for a game run. A light lad led her—the owner or chief drover brought up the rear. The lad had strict orders at the first sign of trouble to go his very best, caring for nothing but "the bell."

Boston's Four Best Sayings.

A good deal is to be forgiven Colonel Higginson in view of his witty and most admirable thrust at Henry James. There are four mots upon which Boston particularly prides herself. Motley made one of them, "Give me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with its necessities." Tom Appleton made another, "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." A lady, name withheld, but quoted by Emerson, made the third, "The consciousness of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow." These three have long been famous, but Higginson matched the best of them when he remarked, "Henry James has been called a cosmopolitan, but he isn't, since a cosmopolitan is a man who is at home, even in his own country."—New York Mail and Express.

A Man's Calls.

A man must think when making a call to leave his umbrella, overcoat and overshoes in the hall, though he may carry his hat and stick to the drawing room. He must arise whenever a lady enters the room, and, whether caller or host, he must never look at his watch. Except in his own house, he should never find a seat for another. He must not offer his own chair to any one and should remove his glove before shaking hands.—Leah Lanceford in Woman's Home Companion.

Right and Left Eyed People.

People are right or left eyed just as they are right or left handed, and just as the right hand is usually the more powerful, so is the right eye. Only one person in ten is left sighted. It is very probable that the use of weapons during countless ages has had something to do with the extra power of the right eye.

Undaunted.

Sue Perstishus—Goodness, you would not start on a journey on Friday, would you?

Miss Schoffer—I'd start for Europe on 13 Fridays.—Philadelphia Record

The street accidents of London amount to about 3,500 a year, nearly ten a day

The late Dr. Campbell Black of Glasgow, eminent as a physician and clinical lecturer, was fond of saying that "medicine is no more an exact science than millinery."

Oriental physicians have practiced vaccination for more than 1,000 years.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HOT SLASH.

A Delicacy That Is Prized by New Orleans Negroes.

"Did you ever hear of an edible known as 'hot slash?' " asked a citizen who always keeps an eye open for life's little oddities. "No? Well, I'm not surprised. I discovered it myself only yesterday through a chance visit to the river front. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and I was loafing around the far end of the Northeastern fruit wharf waiting for a man, when a strapping big negro rushed up and bawled out: 'Hot slash! Hot slash!'

"I supposed he was addressing himself to me, but before I could think up some graceful and appropriate bit of repartee at least a dozen other strapping darkies came tumbling out from behind a pile of barrels, where a crap game had evidently been in progress, and started on a dead run for a nearby alleyway.

"None of them had asked any questions, and, needless to say, my curiosity was highly excited, so I trailed along in the rear and at the other end of the alley found the whole crowd, with numerous additions, clustered about a small covered wagon from which a mulatto was selling smoking hot loaves of bread at a nickel apiece. As each loaf was called for he split it open and saturated the interior with molasses from a can in the vehicle. That was hot slash. It seemed to be a local substitute for the merchants' lunch, which appears about the same hour in the retail district up town.

"I asked one of the darkies whether it was good, and his reply, while wordless, was extremely eloquent. The lower half of his countenance was buried in a fresh section of hot slash at the moment, and nothing was visible except his eyes, which he rolled upward until they resembled a couple of white celluloid pool balls. Then he closed them, very slowly, like a man in an ecstasy, and at the same time made a gurgling sound in his throat. After that pantomime I was strongly tempted to try a piece of hot slash myself."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BLUE POINTS.

Something About These Aristocrats of the Bivalve Family.

A newborn oyster is a tiny fleck of creamy substance, not much larger than the point of a pin. Its advent in countless numbers from the middle of July to the middle of August is to the oysterman of Connecticut, where are located probably the largest seed oyster plants in the world, an event of the utmost interest. Long Island sound has some peculiarity of the water which renders it especially favorable for the raising of the choicest and most widely sought oysters. Not only are here located thousands of oyster plantations, but also immense natural oyster beds. And here and there only is raised the famous Blue Point oyster, the most delicately flavored of its kind and in demand the world over.

The Great South bay, on the outside of Long Island, facing the ocean and extending a distance of 50 miles from the towns of South Bay and Speonk, is the headquarters of the entire production of the genuine Blue Point oysters. The name is derived from a point of land which juts out into the bay here, called Blue point.

A combination of percentage of salt in the water, temperature, depth, condition of bottom, together with some indefinable quality possessed by the latter which is different from any other, gives to them their flavor, which has never yet been equaled by any of the various kinds of oysters raised in America, and the oyster industry is by far the most important fishing industry in the United States. The Blue Points are simply transplanted Norwalk and Bridgeport seed oysters, which are taken from oyster beds and put into the Blue Point beds in Great South bay, where they attain maturity under the most exalted and potent conditions, which graduate them oyster aristocrats, with reputations ready made, possessing the highest oyster valuation and sought for as "Divine Points" in every civilized land.—Hartford Times.

Effective Remedy.

A good story is told of one of the chiefs of the civil service department who had two afflictions—an obliging and easy doorkeeper and a pertinacious office seeker, who was a distant relative of the chief. Scarcely a week passed but the latter called, and the former was much too polite to shut him out.

The chief at last, after one of the usual interviews, resolved to stand the nuisance no longer, so, summoning the doorkeeper when the visitor had departed, he said, "X., do you know what that man comes after?"

"No, sir," replied the functionary.

"Well, then, I may as well tell you. He wants your place."

The bore was admitted no more.—Tit-Bits.

A Wonderful Escape.

The greatest height from which any one has accidentally fallen without receiving any injury beyond a shaking was nearly 1,000 feet by an East Indian living in the island of Oghin, who fell over a cliff at that height. His fall was broken at the foot of the precipice by masses of dense vegetation, and he escaped with no more serious injury than a severe shaking. The authenticity of this fall was vouched for by the French writer, H. de Parville.

A man who owns a cocoanut grove in Venezuela is independent, as the fruit continues to ripen all the year round and brings a good price. Each tree averages an annual income of $1.20.

It was an Irish lawyer who in speaking of the death of a colleague said, "He left a brilliant future behind him.'

An Odd Coincidence.

In one of the historical volumes of John F. Magginness is recounted a most remarkable coincidence. On the very day that the Declaration of Independence was promulgated and old Liberty bell proclaimed the joyful news in Philadelphia a little band of Scotch-Irish settlers, without any knowledge, of course, of what was occurring elsewhere, assembled at a certain place on the banks of Pine creek, about 14 miles above where now stands the city of Williamsport, and declared themselves free from the yoke of British rule.

Has His Advantages.

Pilson—I don't believe there is much difference between genius and insanity.

Dilson—Oh, yes, there is a heap. The lunatic is sure of his board and clothes.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

More to His Advantage.

"Dicky, people should live to help one another."

"Yes, ma; but I'd get more pie 'f you'd let me help myself."—Chicago Record.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 25.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Mark x, 45—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—The birth of Jesus (Luke ii, 1-16). Golden Text, Math. i, 21, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." We have spent three months once more in considering the most wonderful life that was ever lived on this earth. How much are we the better off? We might be able to pass a good examination upon the lessons studied, but if our sins are not forgiven we have studied in vain, and if He is not continually saving us from our sins we do not know him as we should.

LESSON II.—The child Jesus visits Jerusalem (Luke ii, 41-52). Golden Text, Luke ii, 52, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." A good summary of this lesson might be, "About our Heavenly Father's business, subject to our earthly parents or guardians, content with a very humble home or life as long as God wills it, well versed in the Scriptures and filled with the Spirit that God may be glorified." Let us not allow the Lord Jesus to be out of our thoughts nor anything to come between us lest we lose fellowship.

LESSON III.—The preaching of John the Baptist (Luke iii, 1-17). Golden Text, Luke iii, 4, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." All rulers and governors are made unconsciously to accomplish the purposes of Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will (Eph. i, 11) and doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth (Dan. iv, 35). As He came in humiliation, honoring John to be His herald, so He will come in glory, Elijah being his herald.

LESSON IV.—The baptism and temptation of Jesus (Math. iii, 13, to iv. 11). Golden Text, Math. iii, 17, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The Father and the Spirit testify that Jesus is the Son of God. Then the devil is permitted to take Him in hand and make His circumstances so trying that there is for the time no outward evidence that He is the Son of God, but He steadfastly believes and wins the victory by faith and patience, by the word of God and the Spirit of God. We must not question God's dealings with us, but firmly believe in the darkest days that He is ever with us and for us.

LESSON V.—The first disciples of Jesus (John i, 35-45). Golden Text, John i, 37, "They followed Jesus." Those who prepare the way of the Lord must keep crying, "Behold the Lamb of God," and as this is done and Jesus is set before the people He will draw unto Himself those who are willing to be drawn. These first disciples, each one, when found, brought another to Christ. Unless the so called Philip and Andrew brotherhood are ever seeking to do this they are not honoring their name.

LESSON VI.—Jesus and Nicodemus (John iii, 1-18). Golden Text, John iii, 16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There is a kingdom coming which shall be worldwide, a kingdom of peace and righteousness and of course of unparalleled prosperity. That all who will may enjoy the blessings and glories of this kingdom God gave His Son to be a sacrifice for sin and an example to all believers. No amount of religiousness, or education, or talent, or worldly wisdom can fit a person for this glorious kingdom. Only by a new birth, a nature from above put in us, can we be fitted for it.

LESSON VII.—Jesus at Jacob's well (John iv, 5-26). Golden Text, John iv, 24, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth." See the weary, thirsty Saviour forgetting His weariness and thirst in doing the will of God. See His zeal and skill and power in seeking a lost soul. Are you drinking of the water that causes continual thirst or of that which He gives, which satisfies the soul, makes us forget ourselves and run to tell others? He alone can satisfy. It is folly to look elsewhere.

LESSON VIII.—Jesus rejected at Nazareth (Luke iv, 16-30). Golden Text, John i, 11, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." The people of Samaria gladly received Him, but His own townsmen, among whom He lived for 30 years, sought to kill Him, and the Jews, His own kindred (for He was of the tribe of Judah, Heb. vii, 14), finally had Him put to death. But the time will come when all prophecy shall be fulfilled in Him, who, up to this present time, is still by the vast majority of people either unknown or known only to be despised or rejected. We who count it an honor to bear witness to Him must not think it strange if our testimony is received by but few and rejected by the many.

LESSON IX.—Jesus healing in Capernaum (Mark i, 21-34). Golden Text, Mark i, 34, "And He healed many that were sick." Rejected at Nazareth, He is welcomed at Capernaum, and publicly and privately He preaches the word and heals all manner of disease, going about doing good and showing some features of the kingdom. His words were the words of God, and His works were the works of God (John xiv, 10), and all He said or did revealed the Father.

LESSON X.—The paralytic healed (Mark ii, 1-12). Golden Text, Mark ii, 10, "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." Preaching in a private house to all who could get within hearing, the service is somewhat hindered by four men who had a matter which they were sure He would attend to if they could only get to Him. Many would have seen no way, but these men of faith saw a way through the roof, where no way was. Their faith and patience and perseverance succeeded in placing their sick friend in the midst before Jesus, and He did all they expected, and probably more, for He healed the sick man, body and soul.

LESSON XI.—Jesus at Matthew's house (Mark ii, 13-22). Golden Text, Luke v, 27, "He said unto him, Follow Me." The gracious call is given to a despised publican, who immediately responds and in his gratitude and devotion makes a feast to Jesus in his own house, inviting many of his friends and acquaintances. The self righteous who think they need no one to save them are there also, and they murmur because He seeks and saves the lost. So Jesus tells them that there is no healing for such as they are or think themselves to be, but only for those who know that they are lost.

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FRAZER AXLE GREASE
SOLD EVERYWHERE WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER; TRY IT!
USE THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER

THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
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GRAND GULF CAVERN

A GREAT CAVE THAT IS IN SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI.

Its Mysterious Depths Were First Explored by Two Men of More Than Ordinary Courage—The Story of Their Perilous Journey.

Southwest Missouri is full of strange earth formations that are called "natural" curiosities in spite of their unnaturalness. The earth is full of caves and sink holes. One of the most celebrated of these is the Grand Gulf, in Oregon county, about four miles from Koshkonong. It is a sort of canyon, in shape not unlike a horseshoe and serves the purpose of a drainage bed in the wet season for a 12 mile area of hills. The canyon is 220 feet deep, with a natural bridge in one place and a subterranean lake and river that opens at one end. The river only exists during the wet season, for the earth at the bottom of the canyon is porous and absorbs the water. The lake, however, is full the whole year round.

This cave, containing the subterranean river and lake, had never been explored to the end till the summer of 1885, when Pat Foley, a saloon keeper from Thayer, with a companion performed the exploit. Foley had made two trips before into the cave, but had not been able to secure a companion courageous enough to persevere in the enterprise. Each man had weakened and returned before the end of the cave was reached. On the third trip, however, Foley had with him a man of courage.

The entrance to the cave is wide and deep. The bed is of broken stones, over which trickles a tiny stream of water in the dry season. A hundred feet inside the cave the entrance suddenly narrows into a hole so small that a man must get on hands and knees to pass through. Beyond this narrow hole the entrance widens into a large grotto. There is a steep hill to climb; next the hill descends sharply into a lake. To penetrate to the end of this lake it was necessary to have a boat so small that it could be dragged through the narrow passage into the grotto.

Foley and his companion built a boat of suitable size and hauled it through the narrow entrance. They took with them also a long coil of rope, a quantity of matches, some railroad lanterns and four torches with cotton wadding on the ends soaked in kerosene. The cave of course is perfectly dark. The men used their lanterns till they got through the narrow place, but to their amazement the lantern flames inside the grotto slowly grew dim and finally went out. They tried to light them again, but the sulphur of the matches would flare up only to be extinguished immediately. The reason of this was that the atmosphere was exceedingly damp and heavy.

The men succeeded in lighting the four kerosene torches, and grasping one of them in each hand they made their way down the slope to the lake and stood the torches up between the rocks. The torches smoldered like hot coals, giving out very little flame. The boat was dragged down to the lake, the torches fastened at the prow and stern, one end of the rope tied to a bowlder and the rest of the coil thrown in the boat. When the two men sat down in the frail craft they found the water rose to within three inches of the gunwales. It was impossible to use oars without tipping the boat far enough to sink it, so the men were forced to paddle cautiously with their hands.

They forced the little craft into the unknown lake, the smoldering torches lighting up the blackness for only a few feet around them. Outside it was a warm summer day, they knew, but inside it was like a closed refrigerator, all blackness and dampness and cold. The water of the lake was ice cold, and at every few dips they had to stop and warm their hands. There was nothing to be seen on any side—nothing but darkness. No sound could penetrate the cavern. If the boat should capsize—as it was likely to do with the slightest disturbance—they would be cramped in a minute in the cold water without a chance of help from the outside.

After a long and tedious paddling the boat's prow was suddenly buried in a bank of mud and gravel. Foley took a torch and stepped out cautiously in his rubber boots into the mud. He found he had come to the end of the lake and that a sharply inclined wall of rock rose before him. The saloon keeper climbed up the wall about 40 feet above the lake searching for a continuance of the cavern. But he could find none. Apparently the cavern ended there. He returned to the boat, where his companion sat. The two men made their way across the lake and out through the narrow place in safety. They had been gone an hour, and their friends outside had begun to fear an accident had happened to them.

So far as people know, the cave in the Grand Gulf has no outlet. The Indian traditions about the cave are that it was a subterranean waterway much used at one time by boatmen, who used to carry provisions in boats to the Arkansas valley. If this be true, the river must have been stopped up many years ago by some convulsion of nature and the lake formed then.—Kansas City Star.

Children of the Slums.

"Perhaps what I have seen of child life in the slums has made upon my heart the deepest scars," writes Mrs. Ballington Booth in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Poor little scraps of humanity, sick, puny and deformed, or, what was even worse still, vile and evil in word and disposition before the baby accents had left their words. The streets swarmed with them, playing, quarreling, fighting amid the jostling crowd and traffic until late into the night, and the houses were full of little figures that slept on the floor or crouched in the corners to get away from the drunken and brutal, who delight in abusing the weak. In summer death's angel mows them down through the hot season as the scythe cuts the flowers amid the hay, and it has often seemed to me that on such a mission his black robes vanish, and he is a veritable angel of light."

Gout In Hens.

Gout has been produced in hens by a Breslau doctor who fed them with meat. He gave the hens nothing but horseflesh without fat and as much water as they liked, with deplorable results to the unfortunate fowls. Having instilled the disease, he then undertook to drive out the uric acid by administering eggshell, which relieved the hens to a certain degree.

Excelled All the Other Boys.

Is there anything in which you excelled when you went to school?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Wishington. "I made more blunders than any other boy in the class."—Washington Star.

BABY STUART.

A Popular Misconception of Vandyke's Clever Painting.

If the number of houses in which there hang reproductions of a certain drawing of a little child's head after Vandyke could be enumerated, it would cause astonishment. There is nothing surprising in the popularity of the head. But whatever genius named it "Baby Stuart" is responsible for many ludicrous misapprehensions. There are women who believe that this head was painted by Gilbert Stuart. There are women who have asked if it was the infant of A. T. Stewart. Again, there are women who know that it depicts one of the children of Charles I, but who do not know which one of his children it is, whether it is a boy or a girl, or who painted the original. The head is that of the second son of Charles I, and the name of the child was James. Vandyke painted him time and time again. One of the family groups of Charles' children by Vandyke hangs in Turin. From the head of little James in that group a copy was made by Raffaello Canevari, a drawing, and that copy hangs in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome. From Canevari's drawing the countless army of photographs, engravings, lithographs and prints which have spread to the uttermost parts of the earth proceeded.

Let us change the title, for we think "Baby Stuart" has done duty long enough. Why not call him "Little James?" Then, at least, all his worshipers would know his sex. He became King James II of England in 1686, and, according to eminent authority, he gave evidence of possessing all the vices of his race without any of its virtues. His reign was short and infamous. He was in exile at St. Germain when he died in 1701. Such was the chubby and guileless looking royal baby in the cap.—Boston Transcript.

REMOVING A RING.

A Jeweler Tells How to Take Off One That Has Grown Tight.

Most girls who have had baby rings have had trouble in removing them from their fingers. "There is really no necessity for all this ado about removing a tight ring," said a jeweler. "In fact, as in everything else, the secret of success lies in knowing how to do it. Here is a recipe that I have found unfailing for removing a tight ring, and there is no painful surgical operation involved either: Thread a needle flat in the eye, using thread that is strong, but not too coarse, then pass the head of the needle under the ring. Care, of course, must be used in this, and it would be best to soap the needle before beginning. The needle having been passed through, pull the thread through a few inches toward the hand—so."

By this time the jeweler had passed the needle and thread under the ring on his own finger and was prepared to illustrate the little lecture. "Wrap the long end of the thread around the finger toward the nail in this manner, then take hold of the short end and unwind it—so. The thread, thus pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it, however tight or swollen the finger."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Danish Hospitality.

A correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser writes from Denmark: "The people of Denmark, though sprung from the same stock as ourselves, are infinitely more polite and hospitable—so much so that my friend the Scotch landowner, who is Scotch to the backbone and never more Scotch than when out of Scotland, early came to the conclusion that their politeness, besides being 'a michty trouble to themselves, was a sheer waste of time.' I did not find it so. I rejoiced that it was one of their characteristics, for they were ever willing to show me their farms and their dairies and their bacon curing establishments, though I had been assured before leaving this country that the Danish creamery at least was shut against the stranger.

"Like most continental people I have met, the Dane puts himself to no end of trouble to help you, and after he gives all the information you want you must needs go to his home and drink his drink and smoke his cigars, as old friends in this country might do after years of separation."

Where Dr. Johnson Was Married.

One of the most interesting entries in the parish register of St. Werburgh's, Derby, relates to the marriage of Dr. Johnson and the widow Porter, which was celebrated in St. Werburgh's. It reads:

"Mard.—Samll Johnson, of ye parish of St. Mary's, in Lichfield, and Elizabeth Porter, of ye parish of S. Philip, in B'ham."

Why the couple should have traveled from Birmingham to Derby to be wed is greatly dark. Even Boswell confessed that he could not understand the reason. Johnson, however, gave him an amusing account of the journey. They must have looked a queerly matched pair as they walked up the aisle of St. Werburgh's, he an awkward, big boned, shambling man, she "a young person of nearly 50" and possessed of scant attractions.—Westminster Gazette.

Wouldn't Trust Him.

Mean men continue to exist, and frequent examples are cited of what is claimed to be the meanest of all. The Fredonia (Kan.) Citizen steps forward with a story of a man in that town who, too mean to advertise land he wanted to sell, put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was inquiring for a small farm was referred to the written notice, when he replied: "I can't buy land at a fair price from any man who does his own advertising in that way. He might steal the fence, the pump handle and the barn doors before he gave up possession."—Kansas City Journal.

Philadelphia's Big Clock.

The clock on the Philadelphia city hall is the highest in the world. It has the largest dials. If the dials were out of the way and tracks were laid, two trains could pass each other running through the holes. The glass in the four faces is fastened there by a ton of cement. The glass, if laid on the ground, would make a walk a square long and ten feet wide. The minute hand will finish each year's journey by completing a 110 mile trip. It is expected that this minute hand will travel 110 miles annually for many years to come. The clock is strong, and the minute hand is phosphor bronze and weighs 250 pounds.

Where Hope Lingered.

Negroes are unconsciously humorous. The other day two roustabouts were overheard talking. They met on the levee after one had been absent from the city for several weks.

"Hello, Bill; how is yer?" said the first.

"Well," was the reply, "de doctors is give me up, but de police ain't."—Memphis Scimitar.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 17.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6 30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10 30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8 05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m , then 11 30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8 30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

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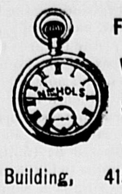

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pr..)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

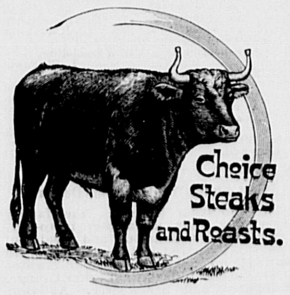
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

LABOR.

War not on him! His dread artillery
Doth lie in idle arm and rusting tool.
And, lo, he sets his ruthless legions free
When once he lets his sullen anvils cool!
—Arthur Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

IN A THUNDERSTORM

Showing That It Is Dangerous to Kiss a Sleeping Beauty.

There are some curious people at Bessing-on-Sea, and they entertain peculiar ideas as to what is the safest thing to do in a thunderstorm. My experience of their quaintness in this respect was a very brief one, but my recollections of it are remarkably vivid and distinct.

I went down to Bessing to spend a fortnight's vacation with my Aunt Esther, and the thunderstorm took place on the morning after my somewhat sudden arrival. Immediately after breakfast the atmosphere became hushed and sullen, while clouds of a heavy bluish complexion gathered overhead. My aunt viewed these omens with manifest uneasiness, natural, I thought, in a nervous old lady. Presently she left me to myself, and I retired to my own room to write a letter or two. This took me about an hour, and the storm was still gathering when I had finished.

The hush which prevailed without seemed to have found its way to the inmost quarters of my aunt's household, for there was not a sound to be heard anywhere. After some trouble I discovered Aunt Esther in the library, seated in an easy chair, with her eyes fast closed. The expression she wore was one of intense pain.

"Good gracious, aunt?" I cried. "What on earth is the matter?"

She opened her eyes suddenly. "Dear me, Harold," she said mildly, "how you startled me! There is nothing the matter. It is the thunderstorm."

"The thunderstorm?"

"Yes. I am very nervous about thunder, and I have found that the best thing to do is to try to forget it. I sit down with my eyes closed and try to concentrate my thoughts upon something else. Indeed I have found this plan most successful."

"Really?" I asked. "And are all your servants doing the same?"

"Yes," answered the old lady gravely. "I have ordered them to do so."

This accounted for the prevailing silence. The cook, the housemaid and probably the gardener were all sitting down in the kitchen with their eyes closed trying hard to concentrate their thoughts on anything but the storm. Before I had quite realized this Aunt Esther went on:

"I am not so foolish as some people about thunder. I know one person who refuses to stay in the house at such times because there are so many steel articles about her. Mine, however, is a good plan, and I give my servants the full benefit of it. I think, Harold"—

In another moment she might have ordered me to follow the general example, so I left the room hastily. I sat down in the hall for a few moments, to enjoy the vision which her words had suggested, then I took my traveling cap from the stand and went into the garden.

Aunt Esther's garden, which I had not seen for some ten years, was an extensive and old fashioned one, with wide walks and the privacy secured by high stone walls. On reaching the farther end I found that the house behind me was quite hidden from view by the abundance of foliage. Before me was the wall, covered by peach and pear trees, and against the wall stood a light hand ladder. The gardener had left it there when he had been called in to concentrate his thoughts upon something else.

I felt an idle curiosity to know what was on the other side of the wall. Probably I should find a field, or perhaps another garden. With cautious steps I began to mount the ladder.

Slowly my head rose above the wall. It was a large garden that came into view, with a house half concealed among the trees. Everything was very still, and there seemed to be nobody about. I raised myself another step, to make a closer scrutiny.

Then I gave a start and for a moment drew back. It was only for a moment, for then, with increasing boldness, I was peering down at the scene which had startled me.

Just below, built against the wall, was a kind of rustic summer house. It was a wooden erection, covered with the ornamental bark so frequently used for flower boxes. There was no door, but it was open at the end, and within I could see a couple of tall carpet chairs and a wicker table. On the table lay two books, one of them open, and in one of the chairs sat a lady. The first glance told me that she was fast asleep; the second, that she was young and charming—quite young and decidedly charming!

For some seconds I could only gaze helplessly. She sat leaning back, with her face turned in my direction and a Tam O'Shanter cap set daintily upon her head. Her gloveless hands were delightfully white and small.

When I had observed all these points, I mounted a step higher!

Let me say here that I am shockingly susceptible and exceedingly romantic. The sound of a girl's voice, the very rustle of her skirts, can always set my pulse in rapid motion, while I am prepared to read the opening of a romance in a simple chance meeting or in the commonest everyday remark. As a rule, I am shy and reserved; but, like some other men of this character, I can occasionally act in an absolutely reckless and daredevil way. These facts must be taken in explanation of my further conduct.

I gazed upon that picture for another minute. Then I mounted another step. Again I gazed for a space, and then I found myself seated astride the wall. By this time the spirit of adventure was in me, and I was capable of any madness. A thousand foolish and romantic fancies came rushing to my brain. I was already in love!

Who and what the sleeper was, her name, nature and station—all these had nothing to do with the matter. Happy chance and a providential thunderstorm no doubt had sent her to sleep with the book open before her.

I looked the ground carefully over, but there was no sign of life. While I was doing this I thought I heard the sleeper stir, but when I glanced quickly down she was as still as ever. With perfect caution I lifted the ladder over and let it down on the other side. A moment later I was in the entrance to the summer house.

Save for the breathing of the sleeper the stillness was almost painful. It occurred to me once to wonder what she would say if she found me there, but I did not trouble to answer the question. I had read of similar cases before, and everything always came out nicely. Of course she would see at once the romance and beauty of the situation. I felt quite sure of this when I saw that the book before her was a volume of Tennyson, open at "The Coming of Arthur." My own name is Arthur—Harold Arthur Simpson.

She was absolutely charming. Beneath the rakish cap stray curls of dark, glossy hair wandered down to the graceful little ears and about the ivory temples. The cheeks were rather pale, and the lips were closed just a trifle too firmly for perfect repose, but —but all that only seemed to increase the charm. I did not gaze too earnestly, fearing to disturb her, and presently took up the other book which lay on the table. It was a morocco bound autograph album, with the majority of the leaves empty. I turned them silently to read a number of unfamiliar names and commonplace quotations. While I was doing this a bright idea came to me, full of the spirit of romance. I would write something in the album!

As I searched for my pencil I decided what this something should be. Finding a vacant page, I quickly drew upon it the outline of a heart. Within this I wrote the name "Arthur." When she awoke after I had gone, she would find this symbol and know that her prince had been with her. I would leave the book open at that place.

Prince! As I laid the book down another thought flashed to my mind. It made my heart beat madly and sent the hot blood rushing to my cheeks. Here was the sleeping beauty—here was the prince. There was one thing wanting to make the story whole—one thing.

Somehow I felt that it would not waken her; otherwise perhaps I should not have dared. But her slumber was sound, and I was strung to the highest pitch of reckless excitement. No, it would not waken her. It would be but a touch.

With intense caution I drew nearer. There was no difficulty whatever, for her face was turned toward me. I trembled as I bent down; the fragrance of her breath was in my face, and then —it was just a touch, and nothing more.

But it sent a tremor through her frame as from a shock. For a breathless moment I stood still behind her chair, and then I saw the madness, the utter folly, of what I had done. I had a vague thought of police, and turned cold with fear.

But she did not wake, and I passed out like a shadow. Some instinct impelled me to close that awful album as I turned away. In another three seconds, it seemed, I had climbed the waiting ladder, drawn it up after me and placed it in its first position. I was back in Aunt Esther's garden, tremulous with mingled dread and triumph.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself. "That was the maddest thing a man ever did."

I walked twice around the garden to quiet my nerves and then went indoors. With the relief of my sudden panic came the desire to know more about my sleeping beauty. The romance had begun well, and now it should move forward. I had some 12 days in which to work it out.

Naturally I had forgotten all about the thunderstorm, but now I found that it had passed over without breaking. The skies were clearer, and my aunt had gone to the kitchen to make arrangements for luncheon. As soon as she came back I opened the subject.

"Aunt Esther," I said, "whose is the garden next to yours? When I looked over the wall, I saw a young woman sitting in a little summer house, fast asleep."

My aunt seemed surprised. "Asleep?" she said. "That is strange. But it must have been Mrs. Portingdale."

"Mrs. Portingdale!" I gasped. "Mrs."—

"Yes," said Aunt Esther quietly. "She is the person I was about to tell you of this morning. When there is thunder about, she dare not stay in the house, because there are so many steel articles in it. She goes to that ridiculous little summer house until the storm is over. But she could hardly have gone to sleep there. She would be too nervous."

I felt a horrible sensation of bewilderment.

"But—but," I cried helplessly, "this was quite a young girl. She was not 20"—

"Mrs. Portingdale," said my aunt, nodding, "is just 20. She was married six months ago. There is no other young woman there."

These measured words struck me with dumbness. Aunt Esther looked at my face with increasing surprise and seemed just about to ask a question when a noisy interruption took place. The front door bell was rung with an alarming clang, clang, clang, eloquent of haste and urgency. We heard the housemaid running to the door, and then there was a sound of voices. We listened and waited, my aunt in surprise, myself in growing guilt and fear.

In a moment the housemaid knocked and entered. "If you please, ma'am," she said excitedly, "Mr. Portingdale's compliments, and can you run over to see Mrs. Portingdale? She has had a fright in the garden and fainted!"

My aunt rose in agitation, but she was not the one to delay a kindness for the sake of asking questions.

"Dear me, dear me!" she said in distress. "It must have been the thunder. Ask the girl to wait, Mary, and I'll go back with her."

The messenger was taken to the kitchen, to tell her story at greater length, while Aunt Esther hurried up stairs for her bonnet and mantle. Five minutes later she came down again and left the house with the girl. As soon as she had disappeared I went to find the housemaid.

"Mary," I said hastily, "what did the girl tell you? What is wrong with Mrs. Portingdale?"

And Mary told me, pleased to find an interested listener. The first part of the story was exactly as I expected to find it. Mrs. Portingdale had gone to the summer house because of the thunderstorm and had taken a couple of books with her. The heaviness of the air had given her a headache, and she had closed her eyes for awhile to rest them. Presently a slight sound had disturbed her, and, looking up, she had seen a most terrifying sight.

"It was a lunatic, sir," said Mary, "sitting on the wall and looking around the garden so eager and fiercelike it made the poor lady's blood run cold to see him. She knew at once that he must have escaped from the Bessing asylum, because his was a strange face, and such things are happening continually. So she shut her eyes fast, knowing that her only chance was to pretend to be asleep. Then he got down off the wall and came and stared at her for ever so long, she almost dying of fear. It must have been awful! Then she peeped again between her eyelashes, and there was the madman grinning, sillylike, over her books. After that he was still so long that she expected every second that he would spring at her, but he didn't. What do you think he did, sir?"

"Who knows?" I gasped, falsely and painfully.

"Well, sir, he—he kissed her!" Mary blushed at that point, even in her excitement. "Fancy being kissed by a lunatic! It sent cold shivers all through the poor woman, and indeed it must have been a horrible feeling, but she didn't stir a finger. Then there was quiet so long that she made bold to peep again, and, lo and behold, he was clean gone! Then she fainted right away and didn't come to until her husband found her, and after she had told them all about it she had another faint. So Mr. Portingdale sent around for our mistress to go there at once. And that's all I know about it, sir."

It was quite sufficient. I dismissed Mary and sat down in a state of mind which it is impossible to describe. A married woman! I pondered it hastily. I had been a lunatic indeed! Perhaps at that very moment the poor woman was giving a full and accurate description of my person to an inspector of police and to my appalled Aunt Esther!

I sprang from the chair and rushed to my room. I have packed quickly on various occasions, but never so quickly as I did this time. An omnibus passed the door once in every half hour, and I watched from my window for its appearance at the head of the road. When it came in sight, I ran down stairs with my bag in my hand.

Mary was the only one to see me go. I left her with a confused impression that an urgent telegram had come for me and that a strike had taken place in my department at the general postoffice. Before she could utter a question I had passed the outer gates and hailed the omnibus. Twenty minutes later I was at the railway station.

. . . .

As I have already said, there are people at Bessing-on-Sea who have curious ideas as to what is the best thing to do in a thunderstorm. It is to their quaintness in this respect that I owe the vivid and painful experience related above.

I had not the courage to write to my aunt, but in a few days received a note from her. The affair had not developed to any great extent after all. As no patient had escaped from the local asylum and as Mrs. Portingdale had only very vague ideas as to the stranger's appearance, people soon began to believe that she had fallen asleep in the summer house and that her constant dread of lunatics had produced a kind of nightmare. In a few days she was persuaded to adopt the same impression herself. Curiously enough, Aunt Esther was able to set her last doubt at rest by secondhand evidence. Her dear nephew Harold, from London, who had only arrived the previous evening and who had been called back to town almost immediately, had been walking in the garden that morning and had chanced to look over the boundary wall. There he had seen Mrs. Portingdale fast asleep and probably at that very moment in the throes of her awful dream.

My aunt closed her letter with the hope that the strike—which she would read up in the daily paper as soon as she could find the place—would soon be over, so that I might run down again to complete my holiday.

I have no intention of going. Though I may object to being called a nightmare, I cannot help seeing that Mrs. Portingdale's last impression of her adventure is a very satisfactory one. She may revise it when she comes to examine her album, but in the meantime I have no wish to disturb it by introducing her to the lunatic in person.—Chambers' Journal.

Bits of News For Both.

Two girls met in a dry goods store the other day. They had evidently not seen each other for some time, as the trend of their conversation proved.

"What good times we used to have at the lake!" said one.

"Yes, I like our own resorts," replied the other, "better than on the coast. Oh, say, where is my old flame Perry? I think the world of that boy."

"Oh, he's married!"

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."

"Well, of all things!" replied her friend, flushing.

The conversation drifted, but a short time later reverted to its old channel.

"Say, Hetty," remarked Perry's wife, "did you meet Johnny —— out in San Francisco?" and then added, "He told me that summer he was there that he could not live without me."

"Yes, I met him in Los Angeles."

"Poor fellow! I feel sorry for him. He is a bachelor yet, I suppose?"

"No; he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."—Salt Lake Herald.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

The strongest, purest, most efficient and wholesome of leavening agents. Not lowest in price, yet the most economical; indispensable to all who appreciate the best and most healthful food.

Our country is enjoying prosperity almost unsurpassed in its history.

For every one there is money enough to buy that to eat which is pure, sound, good, wholesome.

Why should we use cheap, impure, unhealthful articles of food? There is no economy in them; they endanger the health, they may cost life. There are reported almost daily cases of sickness caused by eating cake, puddings or biscuit made with the cheap, alum baking powders.

In all articles for food buy and use only the best. The good health of the family is of first consideration.

Alum is used in many baking powders because it makes them cheap. It costs less than two cents a pound. Alum is a corrosive poison. Think of feeding it to children! Yet the manufacturers of well-known alum powders are actually denying that their goods contain it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

STARTED A PRAIRIE FIRE.

An Army Officer Caused the Worst One Ever Known In Kansas.

The greatest prairie fire known in Kansas was in the year 1869, and it was set out by an officer of the United States government.

One day in 1869 he and a party of officers from Fort Hays were returning from a wild turkey hunt in the canyons of the Saline. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and when a stop was made on the high prairie some ten miles north of Hays this officer deliberately touched a match to the dry, crisp grass in order to make a spectacle. When the other officers saw what he was about to do, they made a desperate effort to stop him, but the deed had been done, and the red flames were reeling across the prairie like a frightened antelope. That fire swept from where it had been started clear across Kansas into what is now Oklahoma. The streams and roads offered no obstacles to it whatever. While going south it had also turned to the east and left a trail of ruin across Rice, Reno, Kingman, Harper and other counties. Thousands of settlers were burned out, losing their houses and their feed, their horses and cattle.

If the man who set that fire had been known to the settlers, all the troops on the plains would not have been enough to stay their vengeance. As it was, he suffered remorse beyond description. When the officers at Hays would bring him papers, telling of the damage done, he would groan and curse himself roundly. He left Hays for some other post in the following year, and, so far as we know, his name was never connected with the gigantic prairie fire of 1869.—Kansas City Journal.

THE MAN WHO WORKS.

And the Man Who Gets Through Things the Easiest Way He Can.

"The man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr. Stoggleton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping the hard places when possible and thinking we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same. There will be just about so many hard places in it, and then we'll be wishing just the same that we could get through that job.

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we are going to do right up to the handle, but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work, don't we try to shirk that too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life—daily putting off our best endeavors till tomorrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do, isn't it?

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best licks every day and rejoices in the labor. He doesn't care a continental what the next day is going to bring to him—he can handle it, whatever it is. Just now he's engaged with today's labor, and he does that up thoroughly and completely and searches out the last nook and cranny. He isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out, and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the one man in a thousand that leads all the rest, and his pay corresponds with his labors."—New York Sun.

Just Like Him.

Visitor (viewing the new baby)—He's the very image of his father.

Proud Mother—Yes, and he acts just like him too.

Visitor—Is it possible?

Proud Mother—Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night.—New York World.

PINKED THE TEN SPOT.

A Trick at Cards That Puzzled Those Who Witnessed It.

"I saw a man do a trick with cards once," said Godfrey Ashton of Atlanta, "which, although he assured me was wholly a trick and that there was no second sight or mind reading connected with it, has always rested in an unexplained condition in my mind.

"There were four of us at supper, and the man in question sent for a pack of cards, and, handing them to the man next him, told him to select a card in his mind; not to take it from the pack, but to tell the other two men what card it was. He was then to shuffle the pack and pass it to the other two men, who were each to thoroughly shuffle it. The last man was then to place it on the floor.

"In the meantime a large napkin had been tightly bound over the magician's eyes and his dress coat hung over his face with the tails tied under his chin, so that his head was to all intents and purposes in a bag. He, by his direction, was led to the pack of cards and his hand placed upon it. He then proceeded to scatter the cards about until they covered a rough circle of three or four feet in diameter. He called for a knife, and, bringing it sharply down, drove it through and affixed one of the scattered cards. Removing his headgear, he asked what card my friend had chosen. The answer being the ten of diamonds, he turned the knife toward us, and there, sure enough, was the ten of diamonds transfixed upon the point.

"He swore it was a trick, but for the life of me I cannot see how it was done. None of us was in collusion with him. I am sure the cards were not a fake pack, and I am equally certain that he was so blindfolded that it was wholly impossible for him to see. Yet he accomplished it exactly as I tell you."—New York Tribune.

HELPED DEWEY OUT.

How a Russian Baroness Prompted Him to a Compliment.

Dewey once attended a wedding breakfast at which the affable Baroness de Struve, wife of the Russian minister at that time, was present. Dewey had met this famous woman several times before. The facial plainness of the baroness was quite beyond belief, but she was one of the most brilliant, lovable and kindly women ever elected to guide the social affairs of the diplomatic corps in Washington. A lady who overheard it tells of an amusing passage which the baroness and Dewey, who, if memory serves, was then a commander, had at this particular wedding breakfast. "Referring to leather," said the baroness amiably after some playful remark as to the spick and span polish of Dewey's sword belt—he was in dress uniform—"the most remarkable bit of Russian leather in the world is my face."

Dewey was always a quick thinker, but this stalled him.

"Madam," he said after a pause, "I am but a rough sailorman, and this is a heavy demand which you make upon me. I am not equal to the emergency."

"Of course," said the baroness, tapping him with her fan, "I should have to consider you hopelessly rude were you to agree with me. But you can preserve your neutrality—naval officers are taught to do that, are they not—by telling me what really fine eyes I have. They are fine, are they not?"

Thus assisted, Dewey rose to the occasion. The baroness' eyes were, in truth, magnificent.—Washington Post.

California has 40 mountains, the highest peaks of which are more than 10,000 feet above the sea. Colorado has 59 peaks which are more than 13,000 feet in altitude.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1900.

☞ Typographically and in general appearance *The World's Crisis* of Boston, the organ of the Second Adventists, has recently been greatly improved. The name has been changed to *The Advent Christian Messenger* (it is too long and cumbersome); it has been supplied with a new dress; the makeup altered to some extent; and it is now a neat, clean, handsome paper. Evidently a masterworkman has the mechanical department in charge. It is ably edited and influential.

☞ Through the kind offices of Congressman W. S. Knox of this District, Captain E. A. Chandler of Reading, a Veteran of the Civil War and a highly deserving gentleman, has obtained a position in the Pension Office in Boston. Mr. Knox's influence in this case was thrown in favor of the right man for the right place.

☞ In their report last week the Legislative Gypsy Moth Committee arraigned in the severest manner the State Gypsy Moth Commission and dealt the whole business a mortal blow. The Legislature will no doubt accept the report and that will end the Gypsy Moth farce.

☞ It was reported that the Committee hearing on the proposed Woburn boulevard at the State House last Friday did not amount to much. It was a tame affair and by no means satisfactory to the petitioners, the report goes on to say.

☞ Fred T. Young, after six years of successful trial, has sold his paper, the Wakefield *Daily Item*, to A. W. Brownell who has been Assistant Editor of the Wakefield *Citizen and Banner* for the last several years. The change will take place tomorrow.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

R. B. P. Co.—R. B. P.
City—Board of Health.
Co-Op. Bank—Meeting.
S. R. French—For Sale.
Miss Callahan—Opening.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
License Com.—App. for Licenses.

— Easter Sunday April 15.

— See card manure for sale.

— Applications for liquor licenses are published today.

— The annual Fair of First Parish will begin on April 16.

— Mrs. Nancy Knights of Sturgis street is 95 years old today.

— What policeman will next get the grand bounce from the Mayor?

— Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bowers are touring in Cuba and Porto Rico.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page. Telephone residence.

— Fancy bosom shirts very latest paterns at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The funeral of Dr. George P. Bartlett will be held in Boston today.

— Hat bands in plaids, polka dots and stripes at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The annual ball of the Firemen's Relief Association will be given on April 25.

— Men's Boston arctics $1.50. Women's Boston storm slippers 55 cents. At Leathe's.

— The South End Minstrels are to give their show at the Auditorium April 16.

— A full line of hats are always to be seen displayed at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Take notice of what Clerk Parker says about a meeting of the Co-operative Bank in this paper.

— Bicycles, sundries and repairs at C. M. Strout & Co.'s 322 Main street, Woburn.

— Baldwin Lodge, Royal Arcanum, will give a smoketalk this evening in Post 161, G. A. R. Hall.

— The town of Arlington appropriates money for watering its streets. Arlington is a model town.

— Call and examine the bicycles at C. M. Strout & Co. A fine line, at prices which will surprise you.

— There was quite a little snowfall here Monday night, but by Tuesday noon none of it was to be seen.

— City Messenger Edward Simonds has been a very sick man but is much better and will soon be out again.

— Judge B. E. Bond, who has been very ill with pneumonia, has passed the danger mark and is improving daily.

— Working men attention. Pants at 75c., $1.00, $1.25, are being sold every day at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The remains of William Warren Davis, who died at Hyde Park last week, were brought here on Monday forenoon for burial.

— The series of balls by the Rifle Team closed in a blaze of glory last evening. They have afforded fine pleasure for dancers.

— Have you noticed the display of new wool shirts and drawers in our window selling at 49c. at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Rev. George H. Young, who has recently resigned his pastorate at Lawrence, used to be pastor of the Unitarian Church in this city.

— Mr. and Mrs. John K. Murdock and Miss Jennie E. Skinner returned early this week from a long and pleasant visit on the Pacific Coast.

— The Board of Health will give a hearing on April 4 to owners of land bordering on Town Meadow anent proposed improvements of that waste place.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones was the first person in this city to receive the news of the death of Dr. George P. Bartlett in Boston Tuesday forenoon.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The suit brought against the Russell Counter Co. by Mrs. Sexton to recover for personal injuries received in the factory of defendants some time ago has been settled out of Court.

— Hundreds of new spring samples in cheviot, madras, and percale shirts have arrived at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Mr. William Beggs, Mr. G. F. Jones, and perhaps others of our citizens, will attend the funeral of Dr. Bartlett in Boston this afternoon.

— Captain Sam Wellock, a Boston Pilot, and his bride of a month, Mrs. Wellock, received a cordial welcome from the Editor's family yesterday.

— Mr. Andrew C. Young, father of Mr. Edward A. Young of this city, died of grip at his home in Wakefield last Saturday, March 24. He was 86 years old.

— Mayor Davis has received an invitation to represent officially the City of Woburn and participate in the Patriots Day celebration at Lexington on April 19.

— A written description of a teacher by a lad in the 4th grade last week was a piece of work of which Supt. Emerson felt proud, and for which he had good reason.

— Grip took a strong hold on Dr. S. H. Sanborn, the dentist, last Saturday but his constitution was too much for the disease and he pulled out of it in good shape.

— Well, we didn't have "six weeks sledding in March" this year, anyhow. Perhaps there are snowfalls yet to come this spring but if so, they can't possibly amount to much.

— Great works are going on at City Hall. Carpenters are just more than doing things there. Improvements are the watchword. Nothing's to good for the inmates of City Hall.

— An attack of grip prevented Rev. Dr. Scudder from discharging his ministerial duties last Sunday. Rev. Dr. March preached and attended to other Sunday affairs of the pastor.

— Mrs. W. C. Barrows, wife of Rev. William Carey Barrows, former pastor of the First Baptist church, and daughter, Miss Maud Carey, were in town Saturday calling on old friends.

— Mr. Frederick W. Bosworth, who has been so ill with pneumonia that a few days ago his life was despaired of, passed the crisis safely and is now said to be on the road to fully restored health.

— Last Monday evening Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., entertained in fine style Harmony Lodge of Medford and Paul Revere Lodge of Somerville. Work in the third degree was performed.

— Mr. Clarence H. Kean, who was suspended from the police force by Mayor Davis about three weeks ago and subsequently had an investigation, has been discharged from the Police Department.

— Three old neighbors, Mr. Hiram Whitford, Mr. Curtis Greenwood, and Capt. L. W. Perham, who lived near each other 40 years, have died within a short time, and only two more old men are left in the neighborhood.

— The alarm from box 41 at 10 55 Friday evening was for a fire that destroyed the boiler house and portion of the greenhouse filled with carnation pinks, belonging to Mr. A. Richwagen on Washington. Damage $500. No insurance.

— We have received a full line of samples in percale, madras and cheviot goods from which customers desiring a custom made shirt can make a good selection. Come and examine samples and leave your measure at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Application of the X Ray lately located the bullet that entered the lower part of Capt. John Gilcreast's back in 1864 when he was fighting for the Union in the Civil War. The Ray searched out the bullet and found it flat and about the size of a 25 cent piece.

— Mr. and Mrs. William E. Blodgett are at the Columbia Hotel, Columbia, S. C., where, we suppose, they are enjoying all the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of life. And may their shadows never grow less. Mr. Blodgett will be back here in season to run for Mayor.

— At 10 a. m., Wednesday, April 4, Mr. E. Prior will sell at public auction at No. 7 Glenwood street, a large and desirable lot of household furniture by order of Mrs. Kate Battell. The lot consists of parlor, kitchen and bedroom furnishings, and will be sold without reserve.

— The name of Loran W. Perham, whose obituary is published in another column, appears on the original list of subscribers to the WOBURN JOURNAL, now hanging in this office, the date of which is Oct. 18, 1851, and he has taken the paper continuously ever since, a period of nearly 49 years.

— Mr. E. Prior, auctioneer, will sell at public vendue, at 9 a. m., Monday, April 2, at 422 Main street, the stock of groceries lately belonging to Mr. T. L. Loomer, and also a portion of the fixtures in the store. The stock to be sold consists of the usual variety of groceries and all firstclass.

— The report last Monday and Tuesday that Miss Louise M. Bacon, writer at the Goddard insurance agency in Savings Bank block, was dangerously ill of pneumonia was not true. She was laid up a few days with grip, or a cold, but was at her desk on Monday and is regularly attending to her duties.

— Mrs. Lizzie Brown, relict of the late Mr. B. B. Brown, died at the Home for Aged Women at North Woburn last Monday. She was nearly 79 years old. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon. Mr. B. B. Brown was a cousin of Mr. Waterman Brown, and was in business in Boston a good many years.

— The friends and associates of Miss Alma Harrington gave her a surprise party on her birthday, March 27. They presented her with a gold watch-chain. There was ice-cream and cake served, followed by selections of the graphaphone, games and piano playing. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs Richardson, Addie Green, Emma Trainer, Josie Trainer, May Ayer, Jennie Irving, Lizzie Rollins, Maude Fortis, Franklin Smith, Allie Ayer, Burrel Ayer, Eddie Green, Frank Green, Eddie Rollins, Albert Tompson, Richard Edmunds.

Spring Carpets

ARE READY!

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
Carpets and Upholstery,
658 Washington St., opp. Boylston, Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Your Doctor Fights Disease

With Medicine. Help your Doctor and yourself by having his Presciptions filled where they're put up JUST RIGHT. That's at Huntley's, "The Prescription Store."

JOSEPH W. HUNTLEY & CO., Apothecaries,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

— Miss Callahan, the leading milliner of this city, announces in the JOURNAL that her annual Spring Opening of bonnets, hats, trimmings, etc., will be held on April 5, 6, 7, and the women of Woburn and vicinity are requested to make particular note of the same. She has a splendid stock of goods, and wants everybody to see it.

— If it signifies anything the shake-up among the patrolmen means that Mayor Davis is not satisfied with the work of the policemen as it has hitherto been done. The change of beats alone means nothing in particular, but the reason for it may, or may not, mean much. It has been in the air some time that the Mayor contemplated a turnabout.

— It ought to have been mentioned in the report of the annual meeting of the Rumford Historical Society published in this issue of the JOURNAL that at that meeting Mr. L. Waldo Thompson presented to the Society a large photograph of the Baldwin Apple monument, a companion picture of the one sent to the Pomological Department at Washington for the Paris Exhibition.

— Miss Marie Catherine Conway, daughter of Dr. James H. Conway, gladdened the heart of the Editor of the JOURNAL a few days ago by presenting him with a beautiful cactus bloom and her compliments. The flower, which tipped a long prickly cactus leaf, was larger than a tube-rose and of the most brilliant hue; indeed, it is one of the handsomest blossoms that grow.

— The pupils of the Senior Class of the Woburn High School will give a dramatic entertainment at Music Hall on Friday evening, April 27, next. The price of tickets to the same has been placed at 25 cents. Unless the Class miss their calculations the entertainment will be a fine one. The JOURNAL will have more to say about it later on.

— If he has not already done so the Mayor ought to appoint J. Edgar Boutwell to fill the vacancy caused by the discharge of Officer Kean. Having served as a Special for a number of years he is well qualified for the position, and not only that, but the public have confidence in him. He has stood at the head of the Civil Service list a long time and deserves an appointment as a regular.

— The Woburn JOURNAL is wondering when that piece of street railroad between North Woburn and Wilmington is to be built. The JOURNAL man says "Its construction would be worth more to the business of Woburn than half a dozen boulevards on the far side of Horn Pond."—*Reading Chronicle.* We are pained to learn that the franchise has expired, and no efforts are being made to revive it.

— There is a difference in public officials. For example: Mayor Davis lately removed a Woburn police officer for alleged neglect to report a case of gambling in a certain place on Sunday; the Selectmen of Stoneham, a few days ago, removed the Chief of Police of that town because he raided a gambling hole, or something like it. For one, we don't want to see Stoneham turning up her nose at Woburn's morals any more.

— The School Board held a meeting last Tuesday evening at which some business was done. A special committee were appointed to consider the expediency of changing the names of certain schools. What for? Supt. Emerson argued for a modern heating equipment for the Plympton and Lawrence schools. The special committee on conference with a city Council committee reported on the new schoolhouse. That was about all.

— It is common report that the Towanda Whist Club next to annihilated the Mishawum Whist Club in the final windup of affairs. The Towandas freely and generously concede that, for amateurs, the Mishawums play a fairly good game of whist, but of course they have no business to be bucking up against experts, as the Towandas are, and if they do thus buck and get laid out no complaints should be heard. In their contest with the Towandas the Mishawums remind us of the words of Pope: * * "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

— We have made shirts to order for citizens in this city in half dozen lots and they have sent them to our laundry weekly, and they have service for two years and over. What better proof than this is wanted to speak of our first-class laundry work and the quality of our shirts? A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— When the JOURNAL said that Lawyer Feeney handled Mayor Davis without gloves in the Kean hearing a cog must have got loose in the JOURNAL's mental machinery, for the simple fact was, Lawyer Feeney conducted Officer Kean's defense very courteously. It was in the case of the gamblers that the Attorney rode his high horse, and not in Kean's. This explanation is due to all parties concerned.

— In the store formerly occupied by Mr. Caldwell in Allen Block Miss E Grant has established a candy factory and salesroom, to which fact she invites the attention of the public. She understands the business thoroughly and manufactures and keeps constantly on hand all the kinds of candy that are sold. Orders for specialties are promptly filled by her, and the most delicious candies are made "while you wait." Miss Grant merits the patronage of the people. Her prices are much below those of other dealers.

— Reports from Manila indicate that there may possibly be some more fighting soon in Panay where the 26th Regiment, in which are several Woburn boys, including Lieut. Homer B. Grant, are stationed. There is a growing restlessness there among the natives which may require a little campaigning to suppress. It is said that some of the boys of the 43d, in which Capt. L. E. Hanson commands a Company, would like to have such a chance as those of the 26th are likely to meet just to try their marksmanship, if nothing more, but the prospect for such operations is not bright just at present.

— The friends and advocates of a new house for High School and other purposes claim that the prospect for a beginning being made this season is far from discouraging. The committee of the City Council appointed to confer with a committee of the School Board have not yet reported back to the Council, but it is believed that their report will be favorable, and some active steps will result from the conference. Of course nothing has yet been done towards selecting a site for the new schoolhouse, but as soon as an agreement to build is reached this important and somewhat vexatious question will be attended to.

— The Home Bowling Tournament of the Towanda Club closed last Tuesday evening. The first prize was awarded to Team 5, comprising W. H. Holewine, E. S. Knowlton, B. B. Cahoon, J. W. Johnson and R. J. Durward. The second prize went to Team 1, made up of A. B. Buxton, F. H. Smith, W. H. Stevenson, F. A. Masson, S. E. D. Hartshorn, and H. E. Curtis. Mr. Curtis, owing to an injury, dropped out of the Team in mid-winter, and Mr. Hartshorn substituted for him. The individual average went to Harry Brown, and B. B. Cahoon was first in three highest strings and single string totals. The bowling teams will receive pictures for prizes, and useful articles will be given for others.

— Miss Jennie E Skinner winds up her last California letter to the JOURNAL, in which she gives an interesting account of the visit of her party to the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, 26 miles east of San Jose, their starting point, as follows: "We dined with Mr. John Brown's family in Oakland one evening last week. Mr. Brown goes to San Francisco daily to business. His leather factory is in Oakland. Miss Lizzie is contralto in one of the churches in East Oakland. She has a very beautiful voice. The hours spent at their home were most enjoyable. We will see Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at Oakland for a goodbye call as we pass through their city on Friday evening on our Eastern journey. Mr. Clarence Littlefield and Mrs. Martha Cummings remembered us most kindly by sending papers from Woburn to our hotel in San Francisco. Yours from the Santa Clara Valley."

— Do we tear buttonholes? We will answer you thus: we have taken a brand new shirt and have sent it through the wash fifty-two times, equal to two years wear; the body of the shirt showed the usage it received to some extent, but the buttonholes were all intact. A. L. Richardson & Bro., proprietors Woburn Steam Laundry, 431 Main street.

— In line for the demand for higher wages made by the New England Buffers Protective Union the managers of the Hide and Leather Company in this city have, so it is said, been notified by the Buffers in the factories that unless on and after April 2, their demand for $18 a week, an advance of $3 per week on present prices, is complied with a strike will be likely to follow. The Buffers are an important factor in the manufacture of leather; indeed their services cannot be dispensed with and the business continue; they therefore expect that their demand for more pay will be speedily complied with. The workmen claim that under the leather trust, which is in force here, more work is exacted of them for the same wages than before the owners sold out.

— With a record breaking entry list for the Boston Dog Show to be held in Mechanics Building April 3, 4, 5 and 6, the patrons of the exhibition are assured of a fine week's sport. All of the approved breeds are represented in the different classes, from the tiny pet dogs to the giant mastiffs, St. Bernards, and wolfhounds. Among the attractions will be an unusually high class display of beagles from the leading kennels in the country. All of the crack bull dogs from the New York Bull Dog Show will be seen on the bench at the Boston Show. In order to provide amusement for the children and young folks, the managers of the Show have engaged two troups of performing dogs, and exhibitions of the continuous order will be given on each day of the Show.

— The case of Dr. Peck against Dr. Coburn, or rather the case of L. Waldo Thompson who had received an assignment from Dr. Peck of the claim against Dr. Coburn, has been decided for the plaintiff and judgment entered for $322. The case was a complicated one, both of law and of facts, and occupied the attention of the Court for several days. It arose over a difference of opinion as to the terms on which Dr. Peck's business was purchased by Dr. Coburn, the value of that business, and the legal construction to be placed on the written contract written by Dr. Peck and signed by Dr. Coburn. The doctors attempted to do their own legal business with the result that whatever profits may have been due from their practice will probably go into the pockets of the lawyers.

— Smith & Wallace, proprietors, are doing a rushing business at the old saw factory in East Woburn. Since purchasing the property they have laid out a good deal of money in improvements and now have a fine factory containing all modern facilities with the best of machinery for their work. More than 40 workmen are employed in the factory, running up a payroll of over $600 a week. Although the factory is operated night and day the proprietors have orders for their goods on hand which would take two or three months to fill even if no new ones came in. The chief occupation of the smart, growing establishment is manufacturing electrical supplies, for which a brass and iron foundry are employed, with a complete outfit of necessary machinery. Instead of leather, it is a pity this city could not have many more manufacturing establishments similar to that of Smith & Wallace.

— For several years the disease known as the grip, for the want of a more scientific, but not better, name, has prevailed, more or less rigorously, in this community, but never has its attacks been so universal and severe as in the last four or six weeks. It has visited every section of the city; whole families have been stricken with it at once; and few have escaped. It has been epidemical and unusually savage in its onslaughts. Owing probably to the skill of our doctors and their familiarity with the disease no deaths, that we have heard of, have resulted directly from the cruel reign of the enemy, nor from other illness induced by it. In some cases pneumonia has followed the grip, but they have nearly all yielded to medical treatment and the patients have survived. The JOURNAL hopes that the city has got over the worst of it, but the disease still maintains its hold more generally and with greater tenacity among our people than is entirely agreeable to them. But this community is not an exception. In Boston the grip has been exceedingly severe and unusually fatal; and all about us, even in other States, reports tell the same story of "everybody sick with the grip."

— Last Wednesday the North Woburn Street Railway Company went out of existence as a corporation, and furthermore, there is no such a thing now as the North Woburn Street Railway. Last Wednesday, in Boston, the stockholders of this old line consented by vote to become absorbed by the great Street Railroad Combine, a large portion of the stock being already held by members of it, and that the line hereafter should form a part of and be called the Lynn & Boston Street Railroad. President Breed and the other officers, and the Directors, of which Mr. Gilman F. Jones of this city was one, were gracefully bowed out of their positions at the meeting, and the Lynn & Boston Company assumed full control. The N. W. St. Railway Company was chartered in 1866, after which date it experienced none too good fortune until Hon. Amos F. Breed and other capitalists got hold of it and a new organization was effected, when prosperity struck it and has continued with it ever since. It is now one of the best paying lines in the suburbs of Boston, and its name is Lynn & Boston, as is also what was once the East Middlesex, and the Woburn & Reading will follow suit. The change last Wednesday was only nominal, and does not involve a change of Superintendent, for Supt. Brackett, one of the best, will doubtless retain his present position.

— When Mr. Kize returned home from a fortnight's visit to Vermont last week he brought along a small brown bear. He did this to prove the truth of statements made by him in letters to friends here during his visit to the effect that as soon as he got there he went out to the woodyard and sat down on a log and while there bears in considerable numbers gathered around him and made friendly advances, just as they did when he was a boy sitting on the same log. This proved that his letters were true. He also wrote to his friends here that he went out one evening to "slide down hill." The hills in Vermont are very steep and he went down one so fast that he was landed on the top of an adjacent one. He headed the sled the other way and in about a minute was on top of the hill that he first started from. Noticing that the sled was smoking he turned it over and found the steel runners red hot, but he poured cold water on them and prevented the sled from being burned up. Mr. Kize did not bring the sled home with him and so the neighbors don't know for sure whether this story is true or not. But the bear story is all right. If anyone does not believe it he can go up to Mr. Kize's house and see the bear.

The Cut makes the fit;
The Fit makes the suit;
The Suit makes the man — so far as appearance goes.

It is our pride that no expenditure is spared — either in respect to materials or intelligent workmanship — in the manufacture of the

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING

with which our name has been identified for so many years.

☞ Garments are made in our own *clean* workrooms in the same building in which our salesrooms are located — constantly, therefore, under our own careful supervision.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St. — BOSTON — 400 Washington St.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

— The L. C. S. & Alliance will meet Thursday afternoon, April 5, in Unitarian church parlor. Papers by members on "Representative Women in Literature." Supper at 6.30.

— The First National Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent.

A Presentation.

An interesting incident was experienced by the First church Sunday School after the forenoon services last Sunday, March 25. At the close of the general exercises a portrait of the late Deacon Joseph G. Pollard, who in his day had been Superintendent continuously for 25 years, was presented accompanied by appropriate ceremonies. It was purchased by popular subscription and hung in the schoolroom as a memorial gift to the School.

E. H. Lounsbury, Esq., made a neat and appropriate presentation address, and Superintendent John R. Carter accepted the portrait in an equally felicitous speech. A solo, "Only Remembered," was admirably rendered by Mr. Marcus H. Cotton, and was one of the pleasing features of the ceremonies. The following was the

PROGRAMME.

General exercises by the school.

Presentation of Portrait,	E. H. Lounsbury
Reception of same,	J. R. Carter
Remarks on his Life and Work, viz:—	
As a member of the Parish Committee,	L. W. Fowle
From an associate Superintendent,	Deacon E. E. Thompson
My Superintendent,	F. B. Richardson
As a citizen and public man,	N. W. Frye
As a Deacon and church official,	Deacon O. F. Bryant
Solo, "Only Remembered,"	M. H. Cotton
Closing Address,	Daniel March, D. D

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Rumford Historical Society.

Last Monday evening the Rumford Historical Society held their 23d annual meeting, at which the following officers were elected:

President, Edward F. Johnson, Woburn; Vice-presidents, the Rev. Charles Anderson, Constantinople, Turkey; the Hon. Josiah Pierce, London, England; Abijah Thompson, Winchester; the Hon. Edward D. Hayden, William R. Cutter, Woburn; Trustees and Directors, Marshall Tidd, Andrew R. Linscott, Samuel A. Thompson, Nathaniel Watson, John W. Johnson, Woburn; Abijah Thompson, Winchester; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Andrew R. Linscott; Corresponding Secretary, William R Cutter, Woburn; Library Committee, William R. Cutter, Samuel A. Thompson, Warren B. Perkins; Librarian and Custodian, Warren B. Perkins.

A short address by President Johnson was followed by the reading of an historial paper by Mr. William R Cutter on the Blodgett House at North Woburn, now occupied by Mr. W. W. Hill and family.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

The University of El Aybar, in Cario, is the oldest in the world. It has records dating back 1,000 years.

The Gypsy Moth.

At intervals during the last ten years the JOURNAL has stepped up and contributed its mite towards the overthrow of the Gypsy Moth Commission and its business, and now after many days the bread which it cast on the waters has returned increased many fold. In the period mentioned above the State has appropriated $1,155,000 and there are more moths today than ever before.

The following is a summary of the report of the Legislative Committee on the subject. It is a squelcher.

The Committee recommends:

An abandonment of the theory of extermination and a repeal of the present law.

A continuance of the work by the cities and towns interested, with authority to impose such obligations on the citizens as seem proper and reasonable.

A substitution of the policy of suppression and of preventing the spread of the insect in place of the plan abandoned.

Such assistance from the Commonwealth in the form of reimbursement of a portion of the money expended by the municipality as to the Legislature seems just and fair.

The imposition on certain or city town officers of the general charge and oversight of the work in their respective communities.

A proper safeguarding of the State's interest in the public reservations.

We believe this course will result in doing away with a useless and complex army, now too largely officered, and in the following benefits:

It will abolish the wasteful method of scouting and hunting for work.

It will promote a feeling of responsibility now almost unknown.

It will re-establish an element of common sense in the treatment of this insect, as permitting the citizen to deal with it as he has dealt with other pests, instead of from a highly technical standpoint.

Instead of saying to the individual, "keep your hands off, don't touch the egg; don't touch the moth; send for the State," it will encourage him to kill the insect, not discourage him; it will give him information and teach him how to protect himself. But as the injury of one is the injury of all, the community should protect itself, and, as the city and town are the creations of the State, the State, always mindful of its own, should render needful assistance when its own larger interests are involved.

It will permit the introduction of business methods as a substitute for scientific accuracy in book keeping and field work.

It will save travelling expenses of highly paid officials by substituting local for outside management.

It will not involve the spending of such large sums for advertising, photography, caps, uniforms, postage, printing, telegraphing and telephoning, and many other items of office supplies will be rendered unnecessary.

It will go into operation with the advantage of well established methods of work, and save the time and money of costly experimenting.

It will foster and promote local civic pride, so essential to good citizenship.

It will end the temptation incident to such large share of patronage.

It will permit of discussion and adjustment on the merits of the question involved, but will not allow the question to be used as a vehicle to assist lame and impotent measures to become Legislative enactments.

The interests of State, town and citizens will be properly protected and no interests imperilled.

For Another Term.

There is no longer a doubt as to whether Congressman Knox will be a candidate for renomination. He said to the *Citizen* last night: "Yes, I am a candidate. During the past few weeks I have received several hundred letters urging me not to retire until the important work that the goverment has undertaken has been accomplished. I recognize the honors that the District has given me in the past, and if it is the desire of the party to select another candidate, I shall cheerfully turn in to work for him. If there is a contest for the nomination, it will be a friendly one. I am not unmindful of the favors that I have received from Lowell in the past, and I hope that the time will come when I can make some return for them."—*Lowell Journal.*

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. MEARKLE, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Seasonable Goods
— AT —
Reasonable Prices.

	PER CAN.
Good Southern Tomatoes	7c.
Best " " 3 cans for 25c.	9
Imperial Tomatoes	12
Larsen's Sweet Peas	13
Good Corn	8
Honey Drop Corn	12
Best Southern String Beans	9
White Wax " "	10
Best String Beans	12
Honey Drop Lima Beans	12
Red Kidney Beans	10
Shelled Beans	12
Honey Drop Succotash	12
Asparagus Tips	25
Best gallon Apples	25

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

First Church Notes.

So much enthusiasm is being shown by the workers who have the First Parish Fair in charge that it is certain that April 18 and 19, the date of this Fair, will be red letter days in the history of the parish.

Everybody will want to go both days in order to enjoy all there is to see and hear as well as to partake of the bountiful supper to be served each night. The following addition should be made to the list of committees published last week. Handkerchief Table, Mrs. Ruth C. Scudder, Chairman, Mrs. John M. Harlow, Mrs. Maria Bickford, Mrs. Dr. J. H. Hutchings, Misses Angie Fowle, Adeline Hinckley, Jennie Trecartin, Mrs. George W. Norris. Flower Table, Misses Belle Wetherell, Annie Wyer.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Workers Should Breakfast Sparingly.

Do not eat a hearty breakfast if you have any mental or physical work to do thereafter. The full stomach may satisfy your craving, but cannot give you the needed or desired strength under about three or four hours. Digestion, absorption and assimilation must take place before you can get any good from your breakfast. If these processes are not completed the hearty breakfast simply clogs the vital machinery. Therefore the hearty six o'clock dinner, which will not only build up the waste of the day, but provide a reserve for the morrow, is to be commended.—*April Ladie's Home Journal.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?" All are welcome.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Three Stages in Religious Growth" Sunday School at 12 M. Special Service with an address by the pastor on the Origin of Unitarianism in America at 7 P. M. Thursday, P. M., Ladies Charitable Society and Alliance.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday in Lent.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Services during Lent. Wednesday at 4.30 P. M. Friday at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. James L. Fowle of Cæsarea. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Preaching by Rev. Daniel March, D. D. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M. Friday, at 4.30 P. M., the Minister's Class.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "How Shall We Hinge Our Doors?" Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Going Abroad." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—5th Sunday in Lent. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "True Liberty."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Holy Communion and Reception of New Members. Preparatory Sermon: "Shed for You, for the Remission of Sin." Lenten Sermon: "Barabbas."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, March 22, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Arthur W. Walls and Harriet W. McKinstrey, both of Woburn.

In Boston, March 22, by Rev. Stephen Herbert Roblin, Samuel G. Smith of Woburn and Eva L. Lang of Roxbury.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices ten cents a line.

In this city, March 24, Harriet Gaton, aged 46 years, 5 months.

In this city, March 26, James Keating, aged 70 years.

In this city, March 26, Elizabeth M. Brown, aged 77 years.

In this city, March 27, Patrick O'Rielly, aged 70 years.

In this city, March 27, Caroline Kirkegoard, aged 81 years, 2 months, 10 days.

In this city, March 27, William James, son of Thomas and Ellen Mulhern, aged 4 years, 8 months, 14 days.

In Boston, March 27, 1900, Dr. George P. Bartlett, of Woburn, aged 49 years, 11 months, 10 days. Funeral at 1 o'clock, Friday, March 30, at 1770 Washington street, Boston.

Do you intend making a Wrapper or Shirt Waist for the coming season?

If you do we would call your attention to our lines of Percales, Calico, and Ginghams. Pretty styles are always desirable in these goods and we have a variety in the best quality of wash fabrics. The prices are as low as the quality will allow.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

THE TIME TO TAKE A BLOOD PURIFIER

Is Now.

THE KIND TO TAKE IS

Woburna

75c. PER BOTTLE.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Board of License Commissioners,

Woburn, Mass, March 21, 1900.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Hugh P. Maguire and Catherine T. Maguire, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Hugh P. Maguire and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class in the building numbered and with an entrance at 38 Main street and with another entrance at number 2 Lake Avenue in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building. Entrance to said cellar is through a bulkhead on the westerly side of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas J. Weafer and Patrick A. Kelley, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. J. Weafer and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class in the building numbered and with entrances at 45 and 47 Main street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the northerly and another unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building; in four rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Anthony A. Doherty and Jeremiah F. Carey, co-partners, doing business as A. A. Doherty and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Innholders of the first class in the building numbered and with entrances at 442 and 444 Main street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance leading from the southerly side of said building to yard to Main street; also an unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building leading to yard west of said building; also two unnumbered entrances on the northerly side of said building leading to yard. Said building is known as the Central House; in all the rooms of said building and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Patrick E. Kelley and James F. McLaughlin, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Kelley and McLaughlin, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class in the building numbered and with entrance at 38 Main street and with another entrance at number 2 Lake Avenue in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building. Entrance to said cellar is through a bulkhead on the westerly side of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas G. Meriam and Frank A. Meriam, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. G. Meriam and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in building numbered and with entrances at 283, 285, 287, 289 and 291 Main street, in said Woburn, with four unnumbered entrances on the easterly side of said leading building to Boston & Maine Railroad, in five rooms on the first floor of said building and five dining rooms on second floor of said building, which rooms are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, and are on the easterly part of said building. Stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Patrick H. Doherty and Daniel Lafferty, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as P. H. Doherty and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in building numbered and with an entrance at 470 Main street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the northerly side of said building, in five rooms on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that John F. Scalley has applied for a lisense to sell intoxicating liquors as a Common Victualler of the first class, in building numbered and with an entrance at 105 Prospect street, in said Woburn, in one room on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that John Maloney and James Maloney, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as John Maloney and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in the building numbered and with an entrance at 6 Broad street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the westerly and an unnumbered entrance on the northerly side of said building, in one room on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building and in storehouse near to said building and a part of said premises.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas E. Brennan and William J. Meehan, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Brennan and Meehan, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class in the building numbered and with an entrance at 48 Fowle street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the westerly side of said building leading to a private way; in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Daniel J. Murphy and Dennis McGrath, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Murphy and McGrath, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class in the building numbered and with an entrance at 88 Main street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the northerly side of said building leading to Buckman street and another unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building leading to yard; in two rooms on the first floor and stock in the cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas W. Kenney and Mary Kenney, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. W. Kenney and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in the buildings numbered and with entrances at 445 Main street and 8 Everett street, in said Woburn, in four rooms on the first floor of said premises and stock in cellar under number 445 Main street.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that James J. Doherty and Edward James, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Doherty and James, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class in the building numbered and with an entrance at 109½ Main street and with another entrance numbered 1 Conn street in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas Moore and William F. Murphy, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. Moore and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in the building sometimes called the Crane building, which is numbered and has entrances at 451 Main street and 3 Union street, in said Woburn, in five rooms on the first floor of said building and stock in cellar of same, and in the first and second floors of the building numbered 7 Union street.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Lawrence Martin and James Corrigan, co-partners, both of Woburn, doing business as L. Martin and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in the building numbered and with entrances at 306 and 308 Montvale Avenue and another entrance at 83 Washington street, in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and one room on the second floor of said building and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Richard Reynolds and Richard Reynolds, Jr., both of said Woburn, co-partners, doing business as Richard Reynolds and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in the building numbered and with entrances at 5 and 7 Main street, in said Woburn, in three rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that James P. Mooney and Sarah E. Mooney, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as James P. Mooney and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Common Victuallers of the first class, in the building numbered and with an entrance at 7 Broad street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building leading to yard; in one room on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas P. Salmon has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Common Victualler of the first class, in building numbered and with entrance at No. 1 Salmon Court, in said Woburn, said Court leading from Main street, in one room on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas P. Salmon has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Wholesale Dealer of the fourth class, in building numbered and with an entrance at No. 1 Salmon Court, in said Woburn, said Court leading from Main street; in one room on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Daniel W. Kelley, of the firm of Kelley and Callahan, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class in the building numbered and with entrance at 389 Main street, in said Woburn, in three rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Frederic P. Brooks has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class in building numbered and with entrance at 361 Main street, in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Chester F. Jones of the firm of Chester F. Jones and Company, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class, in building at corner of Central Street and Montvale Avenue, in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor, said rooms connected by open doorway, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Samuel Highley, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class, in the building numbered and with entrance at 394 Main Street, in said Woburn, in three rooms on first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Henry A. Wilcox, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class in the building numbered and with entrance at 15 Pleasant Street, in said Woburn, with a side entrance numbered 19, leading into hall, and an unnumbered rear entrance; in three roomson the first floor with stock in vault and in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Hugh P. Maguire and Catherine T. Maguire, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Hugh P. Maguire and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with an entrance at 38 Main Street and with another entrance at number 2 Lake Avenue in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Entrance to said cellar is through a bulkhead on the westerly side of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas J. Weafer and Patrick A. Kelley, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. J. Weafer and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with entrances at 45 and 47 Main Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the northerly and another unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building; in four rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Anthony A. Doherty and Jeremiah F. Carey, co-partners, doing business as A. A. Doherty and Company have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with entrances at 442 and 444 Main Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance leading from the southerly side of said building to yard to Main Street; also an unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building leading to yard west of said building; also two unnumbered entrances on the northerly side of said building leading to yard. Said building is known as the Central House: in all the rooms of said building and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Patrick E. Kelley and James F. McLaughlin co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Kelley and McLaughlin have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with entrance at 38 Main Street and with another entrance at number 2 Lake Avenue in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building. Entrance to said cellar is through a bulkhead on the westerly side of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas G. Meriam and Frank A. Meriam co partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. G. Meriam and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in building numbered and with entrances at 283, 285, 287, 289 and 291 Main Street, in said Woburn, with four unnumbered entrances on the easterly side of said building, leading to Boston and Maine Railroad, in five rooms on the first floor of said building, and five dining rooms on second floor of said building, which rooms are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, and are on the easterly part of said building, stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Patrick H. Doherty and Daniel Lafferty, co partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as P. H. Doherty and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers, of the fourth class, in building numbered and with an entrance at 470 Main Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the northerly side of said building, in five rooms on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of Public Statutes that John F. Scalley, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Wholesale Dealer of the fourth class, in building numbered, and with entrances at 60 and 62 Fowle Street, and an entrance at number 105 Prospect Street, in said Woburn, in three rooms on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary,

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that John Maloney and James Maloney, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as John Maloney and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered, and with an entrance at 6 Broad Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the westerly, and an unnumbered entrance on the northerly side of said building, in one room on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building, and in storehouse near to said building, and a part of said premises.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas E. Brennan and William J. Meehan, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Brennan and Meehan, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with an entrance at 48 Fowle Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the westerly side of said building leading to a private way; in two rooms on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Daniel J. Murphy and Dennis McGrath, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Murphy and McGrath, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered, and with an entrance at 88 Main Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the northerly side of said building, leading to Buckman Street, and another unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building leading to yard; in two rooms on the first floor, and stock in the cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas W. Kenny and Mary Kenney, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. W. Kenney and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the buildings numbered, and with entrances at 445 Main Street and 8 Everett Street, in said Woburn, in four rooms on the first floor of said premises, and stock in cellar under number 445 Main Street.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that James J. Doherty and Edward James, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as Doherty and James, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers, of the fourth class, in the building numbered, and with an entrance at 109½ Main Street, and with another entrance numbered 1 Conn Street, in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that James P. Mooney and Sarah E. Mooney, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as James P. Mooney and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered, and with an entrance at 7 Broad Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance on the southerly side of said building leading to yard; in one room on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Thomas Moore and William F. Murphy, co-partners, both of said Woburn, doing business as T. Moore and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class in the building sometimes called the "Crane Building" which is numbered and has entrances at 451 Main Street and 3 Union Street, in said Woburn, in five rooms on the first floor of said building and stock in cellar of same and on first and second floors of the building numbered 7 Union Street.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Lawrence Martin and James Corrigan, co-partners both of said Woburn, doing business as L. Martin and Company have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with entrances at 306 and 308 Montvale Avenue and another entrnce at 83 Washington Street, in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor and one room on the second floor of said building and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Richard Reynolds and Richard Reynolds, Jr., both of said Woburn, co-partners, doing business as Richard Reynolds and Company, have applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as Wholesale Dealers of the fourth class, in the building numbered and with entrances at 5 and 7 Main Street, in said Woburn, in three rooms on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Arthur Marston, of the firm of Fletcher Drug Company, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist, of the sixth class, in the building numbered and with an entrance at No. 156 Main Street, in said Woburn, in two rooms on the first floor, and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Notice is hereby given under Chapter 100 of the Public Statutes that Joseph W. Huntley, of the firm of Joseph W. Huntley and Company, has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Druggist of the sixth class, in building numbered, and with entrance at No 417 Main Street, in said Woburn, with an unnumbered entrance leading to Walnut Street, in two rooms on the first floor in southwest corner of said building known as "Mechanics Building," and stock in cellar of said building.

Albert F. Blake, Secretary.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles B. Bryant and Theophilus King, Jr., to the Woburn Agricultural and Mechanic Association, dated July 1, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1402, Page 214, and by said Association assigned to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank by deed of assignment dated October 6, 1882, and recorded as aforesaid, Book 1612, Page 116, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the second lot hereinafter described on

Monday, April 16, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except the portions thereof which have been heretofore released, the premises to be sold being bounded and described as follows, namely:—Two certain parcels of land situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, about one-half of a mile south from the Centre, and formerly known as the Conn Tannery premises. The north lot, so-called, is bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Conn steet at land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation, from thence the line runs in a northeasterly direction by said Conn street, two hundred and twenty-seven and 6-10 feet to land of the heirs of Simon Holden; thence northwesterly by said land of the Holden heirs one hundred and forty-two and 6-10 feet to land now or formerly of George B. Clapp; thence westerly by said land of Clapp, eighty and 7-10 feet to an angle; thence northwesterly still by said land of Clapp about one hundred forty-six and 8-10 feet to land of Eustace Cummings; thence westerly by said land of Cummings one hundred and one and 1-10 feet to land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence southerly by said Corporation's land about three hundred and ten and 4-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The south lot, so-called, is bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on Conn street at land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company; from thence the line runs in a northeasterly direction by Conn street to Bryant street; thence southerly by and with said Bryant street, two hundred and sixty feet to lot No. 14, as shown on a Plan of Lands surveyed for Bryant & King by M. M. Tidd, Engineer, which said Plan is recorded in the Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, in Plan Book No. 51, Page 44; thence westerly by said Lot No. 14, as shown on said Plan, seventy feet to a corner; thence southerly about one hundred and seventy feet to a stake at the northerly corner of Lot No 29, as shown on said Plan; thence southerly along the westerly side line of a street shown on said Plan, one hundred forty and 8-10 feet to another street, shown on said Plan; thence westerly along the northerly side of said last mentioned street four hundred seventeen and 30-100 feet to land of said Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; thence northerly by said Corporation's land about three hundred and fifty-three feet to an angle; thence westerly still by said Corporation's land about fifty-two and ½ feet to another angle; thence northerly again still by said Corporation's land, two hundred two and 3-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The premises are subject to whatever rights the City of Boston now has by virtue of a taking for sewer purposes made July 31, 1877, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in book of partitions, etc., No. 27, Page 491.

The sale will be made subject to taxes of 1898 and 1899 and five hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

THE WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage, By
Edward E. Thompson, Treasurer.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, March 20, 1900.

WOBURN
Co-operative Bank.
NOTICE TO SHAREOWNERS.

The Annual Meeting of the shareowners will be held on

Thursday, April 12, 1900,
At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, fifteen Directors, three Auditors, and Clerk of the Corporation, and to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

The polls will be open from 7.30 o'clock, P. M. till 9 P. M.

GORDON PARKER, Clerk.

Pain in the Back

A Sure Sign of Kidney Trouble.

A TRIAL BOTTLE SENT FREE OF A MEDICINE THAT WILL STOP IT.

Let us give you a piece of advice: Pain in the back is an almost infallible sign of Kidney disease; a surer sign is the condition of your urine; if you have a pain in the back then look to the condition of your urine. It is easily done. Take a glass tumbler and fill it with urine; after it has stood 24 hours, if it has a sediment, if it is milky or cloudy, if it is pale or discolored, stringy or ropy, your Kidneys and Bladder are in a dangerous condition and need immediate attention, or the consequences may prove fatal.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the one medicine that really cures all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation and corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer on the system. It is wonderful how it makes that pain in the back disappear, how it relieves the desire to urinate often, especially at night, and drives away that scalding pain in passing water and in a remarkably short time makes you well and strong. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold at all drug stores for $1.00 a bottle or six bottles for $5.00.

If you would like to try this wonderful medicine you can do so, absolutely free. Send your full name and address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., when a free bottle, together with a pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be sent you by mail postpaid, providing you mention this paper when you write. The publishers of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Dr. Bartlett.

On Tuesday forenoon, March 27, news came to this city that Dr. George P. Bartlett had just died at a hospital in Boston. It had been learned that he was extremely low from an abscess on the brain and that his death might be expected at any hour. He had suffered from the abscess but a few days, but its progress was rapid, and what was at first considered of no importance by the Doctor soon assumed alarming features and shortly ended fatally.

Dr. Bartlett and family were passing the winter and spring in Boston where he had a sanitarium, but retained possession of their pleasant home here. To the family, consisting of a wife and two children, Dr. Samuel D. Bartlett, and Miss Madeline A. Bartlett, the Artist, the sudden death of the husband and father was a terrible blow. They have the deepest sympathy of the people of Woburn.

George P. Bartlett was born in Maine while his mother was making a visit there about 50 years ago, but his home until he settled in Woburn about 1878 was in Winchester, where his parents lived.

After a thorough medical training in the best schools, and spending some time at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and receiving his deploma, Dr. Bartlett began the practice of his profession in this town and has continued it and his residence here ever since. He was always regarded as a skilful physician, and in the science of surgery stood high. Governor Russell appointed him a member of the State Board of Pension Surgeons, an office which he filled with credit. Some years ago he was a member of the Woburn School Board, and always took a deep interest in local educational matters. In National and State politics he was a Democrat, but always acted independently in municipal elections.

For more than 20 years, Dr. Bartlett had been prominent here in his profession, in politics, and in society, and he will be missed and mourned by many people.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

Captain Loran W. Perham.

At 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, March 28, 1900, Captain LORAN W. PERHAM peacefully passed away at his home, No. 8 Fairmount street, this city, after an illness of pneumonia of just one week. He was a man of many sterling qualities of head and heart, a familiar figure on our streets more than 50 years, and no one will be missed more than he.

Loran W. Perham was born at Athens, Vermont, Oct. 1, 1818, and was consequently in his 82d year at the time of his death. He came to Woburn in 1849, and for 51 years carried on the business of carpenter and builder here with success.

His first wife was Lydia K. Beers of Woburn by whom he had three children, none of whom survive. After the death of his first wife, on Oct. 26, 1853, he married Dorothy H. Clapp of Dorchester, who bore him two children, Alonzo L. and Etta Perham, both of whom tenderly cared for him during his illness, and are left to mourn the death of a kind and indulgent father.

Mr. Perham had no taste for public office and always declined it, except that for quite a number of years he was Captain of a Fire Company and in 1870 was chosen Chief Engineer of the Fire Department. Hose Company No. 1 was named for him. He had been a Master Mason since 1871, and took a lively interest in the Order.

It was pleasant to meet Capt. Perham. He was of a genial temperament, bright, happy, and had a kind word for everybody. Because of his strict integrity and exemplary life Captain Perham enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a large circle of friends and acquaintances who now regret his departure from among them.

The funeral will be held at First church on Sunday, April 1, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. Dr. March will conduct the religious services, and the burial will be with Masonic ceremonies and honors by Mt. Horeb Lodge, at Woodbrook Cemetery.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Augustin Daly's admirable company of singers and comedians will return to Boston to present that dainty and delightful melange of mirth, melody and magnificence, "A Runaway Girl," at the Tremont Theatre during the fortnight beginning next Monday, April 2. There are elements of humor and gaiety, with here and there bright touches of travesty, in "A Runaway Girl," and the musical numbers with which it is studded have attained greater popularity with all classes of playgoers than the songs of any other musical comedy produced during the last decade. Its scenic environment is most picturesque, the costumes are brilliant and nothing has been left undone to make the piece in its entirety the most acceptable entertainment of its class. The Daly company is again this season headed by the irrepressible comedian, James T. Powers, with whom are associated such well known favorites as Marie Coleate, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Rachel Booth, Arthur Cunningham, Paula Edwardes, Maurice Abbey, May Baker, Joseph C. Fay, Jeanne Towler, Henry Stanley, Carolyn Gordon, Charles Ruthven Smith, Frances Tyson, Spottiswood Aitken, Elmira Forrest, George Lesoir and others, supported by a large chorus of pretty young girls and comely young men of marked vocal ability. The enormous popularity of this piece during a run of five weeks at the Tremont last season warrants the belief that the closing engagement will be in every way a success.

A. R DeFluent, editor of the *Journal*, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

North Woburn.

Mr. Plummer is very ill with grip.

Mrs. Brown of the Old Ladies Home died on Monday.

Mrs. Whittemore has been visiting at North Woburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Walls have returned from their bridal trip.

Mr. Carlton Warren has recovered from a very severe illness.

Mrs. Seviah Thompson has recovered sufficiently to be up and dressed.

The Peterson children are here for a three months' visit with their Lund cousins.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Gordon Parker's drug store.

Literary Notices.

In variety of attraction, it would be hard to surpass McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April. The account of the interior of China, written by Mr. W. B. Parsons, Chief Engineer of the American China Development Company, and illustrated very fully from photographs taken by him; the account of Professor Huxley's life in London between his twenty-sixth and thirtieth year, when he was having a terrific struggle to maintain himself with its passages from his unpublished correspondence and portrait of him; and the account of the Russian ship "Ermack," the new ice-breaker that gives promise of being able to cut a passage for herself to the Pole,—these are all articles of the strongest interest and the highest value. And as much may be said for Wellman's An Arctic Day and Night—a chapter from his experience in house-building, house-keeping, and daily work and sport, including some thrilling bear-hunting, up near the North Pole. In addition, the number offers two excellent poems, a heroic story of railroading and Indian fighting on the Plains, a story of English prison life, a story of American newspaper and political life, a love story having to do with a Pacific coast "boom" and an Atlantic coast maiden, and a humorous story by Robert Barr of "a scientific miscalculation that involves, especially, England and America. Nearly all of the articles and stories are fully illustrated. The S. S. McClure Co., 141, 155 E. 25th Street, New York City.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for April opens with an account of Delft and Delft Ware, by J. Perry Worden, beautifully illustrated with many artistic views. The article is a historical and descriptive sketch of one of the most interesting spots in Holland. Among the illustrations are views in the pottery Another feature which will have special interest for the American tourist is A Chapter on Norway, illustrated with several fine full page views of the wonderful Norwegian scenery. Mr. Wm T. Brigham writes of New England's share in shaping the Southern metropolis of Baltimore. Portraits of prominent Northerners who have become closely identified with the city's life, and pictures of New England homes in Baltimore accompany his paper. Mr. Max Bennett Thrasher, for nearly two years connected with the Farm School on Thompson's Island in Boston Harbor, contributes an account of the municipality called Cottage Row, there built and governed by the boys. An article that will attract wide attention is that on The Robin's Nest, by Miss Sarah J. Eddy. It is an account of a brood of robins reared under the eye of the author, and photographed at frequent intervals through a peep-hole in the barn studio on whose balcony rail the robins had built their nest. In The Alcotts at Harvard, Miss Annie M. L. Clark recalls memories of the community called Fruitlands which Amos Brouson Alcott and other Transcendentalists sought to establish in Harvard, Mass. There are some half dozen illustrative views. Mr. Edward Mortimer Chapman's paper on American History and English Historians deals with three British legislators, W. E. H. Lecky, author of England in the Eighteenth Century; James Bryce, who wrote the American Commonwealth, and Sir George O. Trevelyan, whose volume on The American Revolution has recently appeared. In His One Good Deed, Miss Emily Binney Smith writes of almost the only praiseworthy act which stands to the credit of New Hampshire's early governor, Walter Barefoote, when he assisted a band of persecuted Quakers who had sought refuge in Salisbury. The Superintendent of Schools, was for some years supervisor of a district in western Massachusetts. There are two good stories in the number,—The Passing of Thorndale, and The Yale Habit There are poems of merit. The Editor's Table is devoted to the subject of Better Homes for the People, its immediate occasion being the recent tenement house exhibits and conferences in New York and Boston. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N Y) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Mrs. Eunice L. Matthews

desires to inform her customers that she has removed her Dressmaking rooms from 83 Winn street

TO 333 MAIN STREET,
Putnam's Block, Woburn.

Sincerely thanking them for their patronage in the past she will be pleased to receive them at her new quarters on and after Wednesday, March 14, 1900.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

WINCHESTER.

Our town is flourishing.

There is talk of organizing another Canoe Club here.

Lawrence and Richard S. Sanborn have gone to Cuba.

Henry F. Johnson is visiting at Old Point Comfort, Va.

The street across the Pond is certain to be built, and the people are glad.

Charles E. Sanderson had a setback and was obliged to take his bed again.

Mr. Chester Flagg is the new Assistant Principal of the High School.

The Calumet Club will hold their quarterly meeting on April 3, to elect a Treasurer.

Col. Edward H. Gilbert and daughter of Ware recently visited Mr. George H. Gilbert at Sunnyside.

J. Murray Marshall has been elected Chairman of the Republican Town Committee; George C. Coit, Secretary; and F. L. Ripley, Treasurer.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, the great financial ground and lofty tumbler, is going to lay out a good deal of money in buildings here this season, so it is said.

At the Town Meeting held here Tuesday evening the vote in favor of keeping the kindergarten was 402 to 36. It was a signal triumph for the friends of education for the little ones.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,
pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

We have this year a full line of the

Andrae Bicycles

which we sold so many of last year, and which gave such good satisfaction. We want you to call and examine them. We guarantee them fully and the prices will suit you.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

EASTER OPENING!

Miss Callahan

announces her Millinery Opening for

Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
APRIL 5, 6 and 7.

A choice salection of Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, and all the latest novelties in millinery will be on exhibition.

No cards.

CITY OF WOBURN.

OFFICE OF
Board of Health.

WOBURN, MASS., March 28, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Health, acting under authority of Chapter 160, Statutes of 1868, will give a hearing in the Municipal Building on

Wednesday, April 4th, 1900,
At 7.30 o'clock, P. M.,

to all parties interested in the petition of L. W. Thompson and others, praying that a nuisance caused by stagnant water on land in the rear of the Woburn Public Library be abated.

Per order of the Board of Health.
A true copy. Attest:
JOHN LYNCH, Clerk.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, April 6th, 1900,** at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before April 7, will draw interest from April 1, 1900.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.
Woburn, March 23, 1900

All the Time
—AT—
Linnell's Market
Fresh Butter and Eggs.
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

For Sale.

About 4 Cords of Prime Horse Manure. At No. 5 School St., North Woburn. If applied for at once.

To Let.

A desirable tenement of 5 rooms. Apply at 87 Kilby St.

Fine Watch
Clock and
Jewelry Repairing.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

Wednesday, April 18.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Eyes Examined FREE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELECT A
SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles H. Bean and Jane T. Bean, wife of said Charles H., in her own right, both of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn of Burlington, in said County, dated September 25, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2401, Page 568, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on

Monday, the sixteenth day of April, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, that is to say:—A parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Union street, there measuring sixty-eight feet; easterly on land of William S. York, there measuring one hundred and thirty-three feet; southerly on land of Emma C. Whitcomb, there measuring seventy-six feet; and westerly on First street, there measuring one hundred and fifty-eight feet.

$300 in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 23, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Harris Block and Anne Block, his wife, to Samuel R. Duren of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated February 7, 1898, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Libro 2631, Folio 95, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

Tuesday, the seventeenth day of April, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land containing about thirty-five and ¾ acres, situated in the westerly part of said Woburn and bounded southerly partly by the old road leading from Woburn to Lexington, and partly by land formerly of William Fox; easterly by land formerly of said Fox and land of heirs of Obadiah Kendall; northerly by land formerly of heirs of Reuben Johnson, and by land of McManus; and on the west by land formerly of William Pierce.

$300 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

SAMUEL R. DUREN, Mortgagee.
March 23, 1900.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary D. Doherty, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Fanny T. Doherty of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, or to some other suitable person:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of April, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

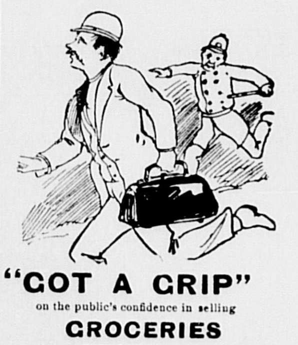
Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

Barn For Sale
At One-quarter Cost.

To save moving it I offer for sale a FRAME BARN, 38x40, 15 feet posts, nearly new, at one-quarter its real value.

☞ It must be moved from the lot at once.

Apply on the premises to
A. A. CLEMENT,
No. 7 Clinton St., Woburn.



"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
—DEALER IN—
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 18, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
341 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Symbols of Success

A vacant chair and a portrait on the wall—strange symbols of success! Yet, in many a home these are the symbols of the success of the man who did not find time to care for his health, or neglected the increasing warnings of disease which Nature gave him. When the stomach is "weak" and food is imperfectly digested and assimilated, it is only a question of time until the break-down comes. The stomach is the very center of vital power and must be kept in health if sickness is to be avoided. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It increases the supply of pure, rich blood, and gives the body strength to withstand the strain put upon it by the struggle for success.

"I was a sufferer from what the doctors called indigestion, but after trying several eminent physicians failed to get a cure," writes Mr. Frank Mericle, of Independence, Jackson Co., Mo., Box 473. "Some of my symptoms were soreness in pit of stomach, fullness, tired feeling, constipation; sometimes soreness would extend to bowels. Some one recommended me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, and after taking only a few bottles of 'Discovery' and your 'Pleasant Pellets' can say I derived more benefit from them than any other medicine I ever tried. I began to gain flesh from the start. Have recommended it to others and will continue to do so."

The sluggish liver made active by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

AN ELUSIVE BONANZA

THE STORY OF THE LOST LODE OF GORE RANGE.

How a Tenderfoot Accidentally Discovered This Wonderful Bank of Gold and Why He Didn't Enjoy the Richness Thereof.

They were telling mining stories in the courthouse, and Dee Reese, the lawyer, asked:

"Did you ever hear of the lost lode of the Gore range?"

The other lawyers sitting around him said they had never heard of it and then waited for him to begin. Mr. Reese borrowed a fresh chew of tobacco and told this story:

"Hundreds of experienced and inexperienced miners as well have spent a great deal of time and money looking for the lost lode of the Gore range, and they are searching for it yet. This famous mine was found and lost in the fall of 1896. A party of men from Iowa visited Routt county, Colo., in the fall of 1896 on a hunting and fishing trip. The party made its headquarters at Steamboat Springs. In the latter part of October the party moved up and went into camp on Rock creek, in the Gore range of mountains, which runs through northern Colorado. One of the party was a druggist, who had gone on the trip for his health. He knew nothing of mining. He had been warned by an old miner before he left Iowa not to be fooled, as many a tenderfoot had been, by what is known as 'fool's gold,' or iron pyrites. So this druggist paid no attention to the rocks, but attended strictly to his hunting and fishing.

"One afternoon while hunting for deer he started a fine buck and fired at him and wounded him. The buck fell, but got up and ran before the druggist could get to him. Where he fell was a pool of blood, which showed that he was badly wounded. The hunter trailed him by the blood spots on the dead leaves and grass for a mile and there found where the buck had lain down and then rising had gone on again. In this way the chase continued until sundown, and then the hunter, who was exhausted, sat down on an outcropping ledge of rocks to rest.

"In the enthusiasm of the chase he had not noted which way he traveled, and he realized that he was lost in the heavily timbered mountains, with night coming on. He knew it would be useless to try and find the camp that night, so he gathered a pile of dead limbs and kindled a fire against the ledge of rocks and laid down with his feet to the blaze and prepared to sleep. While lying there he noticed the rocks sparkled in the firelight. He got up and examined it, supposing it was the 'fool's gold' he had been warned against. But the rock looked so pretty that he broke off several pieces and put them in the pocket of his hunting coat, intending to carry them back to Iowa with him as curiosities.

"The next day he wandered all the forenoon, and then found the Gore pass road over the range and followed it to the camp. That very afternoon a regular mountain snowstorm began, and the party broke camp, returned to Steamboat Springs and from there went east.

"The druggist, whose name I have forgotten, staid in Denver for a few days on his way to his home in Iowa. In the lobby of a hotel in Denver the talk drifted to mining, and the druggist mentioned the specimens of stone he had found and was taking home. An old miner never misses a chance to examine a specimen and in this group in the hotel lobby was an old prospector. He asked to be shown the specimens. The druggist went to his room, fished up the old hunting coat from the bottom of his trunk and took out the piece of stone. The miner examined it closely and exclaimed:

"'Man, that's the richest specimen of gold bearing quartz I have ever seen!'

"The druggist thought at first that he was being joked with, but at last the old miner induced him to take the specimens to Burlingame, the best assayer in Denver. Burlingame assayed a piece of the quartz and reported that it yielded gold at the rate of $17,000 to the ton. The druggist was not satisfied. He submitted another piece of the quartz to another expert assayer and got a report that it yielded gold at the rate of $15,000 to the ton.

"The druggist returned at once to Steamboat Springs, but there was snow in the mountains. He went back to Iowa and returned to the Gore range the next spring and has spent every summer since then looking for the lost lode, and others have searched for it, too, but no trace of it has been found."—Kansas City Star.

A bell sounding the curfew signal to go home smacks as much of ring rule as a new married man not being allowed a latchkey.—Philadelphia Times.

One never realizes how little he really knows until he has read a page or two of the dictionary.

INDEXING THE LAWS.

MEMORIZING DEVICES IN THE GOVERNMENT BUREAUS.

The Method by Which the Mass of Legislation Which Congress Enacts Each Year Is Untangled and Sent to Its Proper Department.

In view of the immense mass of legislation which congress enacts from year to year, much of it simply in the form of half hidden clauses attached to appropriation bills, strangers often wonder how any one can keep track of the details and make sure that some of the minor laws are executed. When a bill is in the last stages preceding completion, one member after another thinks of something he wishes to throw into it before the final vote is taken. It is perhaps a proviso that the secretary of the treasury shall do this, or that the secretary of the interior shall do that. Up springs another member, who wishes to make sure that the duty shall not be neglected and who therefore adds an amendment that the secretary shall report to congress at each session so and so. And thus it goes into the permanent law of the land, adding one more to the multitude of tasks already assigned to the cabinet officer in question, insuring the compilation of one more public document which few persons outside will ever read and at which not one congressman in 50 will ever glance.

But the work will be done and the report made, as ordered by congress, for there is no one to utter a protest. It is not the business of the head of a department to ask the reason why. It is enough for him that the lawmaking power has issued its command and furnished him with the men and the money required to do the work. The clerks who toil painfully through the process of collecting the data and preparing the report do not bother their brains with the conundrum, Who is going to read it when it is finished and in print? They are there simply to obey orders and draw their salaries. But how does any one keep track of the odds and ends of laws tucked away in budget bills and the like? When the accumulation of statistics for a whole session is bound up in a fat book in the chronological order of their approval by the president, how is any one to dig out the details that the secretary of the treasury and the secretary of the interior must know?

This is the work of digest clerks and indexers, who take each enactment and cut it into bits. One bit in the legislative appropriation act, another in the sundry civil act, a third in an urgent deficiency act, a fourth in a general deficiency act and a fifth perhaps in a special statute, all relate to one subject and belong together. Each subject has its proper place under one of the broad heads, legislative, executive or judicial, and again under one of the subcategories as pertaining to the senate or the department of the interior or the circuit court of appeals or what not. When, therefore, all the fragments of legislation for a session are shifted about and regrouped according to topics and the topics arranged in their normal order, we have a very simple but effective digest for reference on any subject touched by congress.

With a pretty exhaustive index added we can do either of two things—consult the index for the specific title of a certain subject or search the body of the book for the subject itself, in its place in a certain invariable order of topical sequence. For example, if we wish to ascertain how much it has cost to light the New York postoffice building for a certain year, we may either look in the index under "New York" or we may turn in the digest itself to the executive branch of the government, there find the appropriations for the treasury and in the group of public buildings under treasury jurisdiction follow the paragraphs down till we come to the particular building in which we are interested.

So much for the convenience of the officers charged by law with such and such duties. With the orderly distribution of functions between the several bureaus and divisions of each department there is no difficulty in each functionary's learning from the digest just what he is to do and usually how he is to do it.

But what shall keep congress reminded of the reports and recommendations which it has ordered all these persons to prepare? Here comes another memorizing device. A standing rule of the house of representatives requires the clerk of that body to submit at the beginning of every session a list of the reports which any of the laws say shall be made to congress during that session. He incloses the list in a formal letter of transmittal to the speaker, and letter and list are printed together as a document. Each page is ruled in four columns, the first containing the title of the officer and the nature of the report required of him, the second a reference to the volume of laws authorizing the report, the third a citation of section or page and the fourth the date at which the report is expected or the period within which it may be presented or the frequency with which it is always necessary to have a certain class of reports ready.—Boston Transcript.

First Cents In Kansas.

Tanner Bros., who came to Kansas shortly after the civil war and established a store at Humboldt, which they ran until they became immensely wealthy, was the firm that first introduced the use of pennies in making change in Kansas. Prior to its arrival the nickel was the smallest change used in the state. The Tanners brought in 20,000 pennies and established the custom of making the right change to the penny, which now prevails all over the state.—Topeka Letter in Kansas City Journal.

He Got the Gun.

Several years ago Colonel Jack Chinn visited Texas. He brought with him a negro valet, Sam. This negro had been a slave in the Chinn family before the war began in the states and idolized his young master. One night while in Houston the darky came to Chinn and said:

"Massa Jack, I'ze goin out in cullud society heah tonight, an I'd like to borrow dat ivory handled six shooter of yours to take along."

"Why, you black rascal," returned the colonel, "some of these Houston coons will take that gun away from you and break it over your head!"

The darky straightened up. Like his master, he was a man of unquestioned nerve, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye as he said:

"Massa Jack, you let me hab dat gun, an if I don't show up heah wid hit in de mawnin you can go down to de morgue an throw down de sheet an say, 'Lawd, don't he look nacherl!'"

Colonel Chinn's body servant was that night armed in a manner that entitled him to move in the best circles of Afro-American society in Houston.—Dallas News.

A Woman's Trials

increase from girlhood to the grave.

The question of health is always before her. Thirty years of her life is a battle with menstruation, and not one woman in a hundred escapes the ills which lie in wait from month to month.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Componnd

has restored a million women to health.

Letters from grateful women are constantly being printed in this paper.

Mrs. Pinkham has fifty thousand such letters. Her counsel is safe counsel. It always helps women and it will help you.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. She will advise you free.

THE PAST.

I said: "The past it is dead.
I will bury it deep and still,
With a tablet over its head,
'Of the dead one may speak no ill.'"

I dug deep down in the loam,
I sealed up the grave with prayer,
But the past was the first one home
And waited to greet me there.

—Jeanette Bliss Gillespy in Columbia Literary Monthly.

ANTS ACT AS STRATEGISTS.

Colonies of the Insects Transact Business With Military Precision.

From a military standpoint the methods employed by ants to provide food for an ant colony are almost perfect. Their foraging parties are faultless, both in planning and execution, and are almost uniformly successful. A resident of this city who visited South Africa gives this description of a foray of an army of ants.

The army, which he estimates to have numbered about 15,000 ants, started from its home in the mud walls of a hut and marched in the direction of a small mound of fresh earth but a few yards distant. The head of the column halted on reaching the foot of the mound and waited for the rest of the force to arrive at the place of operations, which evidently was to be the mound of fresh earth When the remainder had arrived and halted so that the entire army was assembled, a number of ants detached themselves from the main body and began to ascend to the top of the mound, while the others began moving so as to encircle the base of the mound.

Soon a number from the detachment which had ascended the mound, evidently the attacking party, entered the loose earth and speedily returned, each bearing a cricket or a young grasshopper, dead, which he deposited upon the ground and then returned for a fresh load. Those who had remained on the outside of the mound took up the crickets and grasshoppers as they were brought out and bore them down to the base of the hill, returning for a fresh load. Soon the contents of the mound seemed to be exhausted, and then the whole force returned home, each carrying his burden of food for the community.

Here, then, was the regular foray, planned and executed with military precision, the country surveyed, the depot of provisions known accurately before the march was made and at the mound prudential division of labor and care taken that none of the victims should escape.—New York Herald.

Test For a Weak Mind.

Two men in a cafe were discussing a gift by a noted millionaire of a large sum of money to found a college chair of psychology.

"What is psychology, anyway?" asked one.

"It's the study of the mind, of the soul," said the other.

"What's the good of that?" asked the skeptic.

"A great deal of use," answered his companion. "I have studied it to some extent myself and can detect a weak minded man from a strong minded one by a very simple test. For instance, if I can make you say 'fourteen' against your will you lack will power. Will you let me try it on you? I believe I can make you say it."

"Make me say 'fourteen' against my will? You can't do it. Fire away!" And this is the way the test worked:

A.—How much are six and four?

B.—Ten.

A.—How much are eight and three?

B.—Eleven.

A.—How much are nine and seven?

B.—Sixteen.

A. (triumphantly)—Aha! There, you said it. I knew you would.

B. (indignantly)—Said what?

A.—Sixteen.

B.—But "fourteen" was the word we chose for the test.

A. (coolly)—Well, you've said it now, anyway.—New York Tribune.

Costly Wall Paper.

The most costly wall paper ever designed is metaled and lacquered, the lacquer preventing the metal from becoming tarnished by the atmosphere. The paper, which, unlike the cheaper wall papers, is hung horizontally, and not perpendicularly, is made in length of 12 yards and costs not less than $60 per piece.

Such a cost seems enormous when one considers that the cheap wall papers hung in cottages cost something like 6 to 8 cents apiece. The designs, however, for these expensive papers are by the leading artists of the day, who receive heavy fees, and the cost of metaling and lacquering is really enormous, so [illegible] the profit on a wall paper sold at $5 per yard is, after all, not very great.

Ordinary hand painted wall papers cost anything from $10 to $20 apiece. Of course, these patterns are very thick, and have to be affixed to the wall with a solution of glue and paste. It is interesting to note, however, that very often the papers are mounted on calico and placed upon the wall in such a way that when the tenant moves to another house or flat, he may take this costly wall paper with him.—Everybody's Magazine.

Gems of America.

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found within our borders except that form of chrysoberyl known as alexandrite, a stone most commonly found in the Urals and showing green by day and red by artificial light. We have also found but few of the varicolored garnets of which Russia furnishes such remarkable and beautiful examples and none that have their brilliancy, though the red garnets of Arizona and contiguous territory are unsurpassed in richness. We have several gems, moreover, that are almost peculiar in this country and that should be used more extensively because of their intrinsic beauty. Such are the golden beryls of Connecticut, that are of a brilliant yellow, full of light and sparkle, and the curious chlorastrolites and thomsonites of Lake Superior, that are useful as green or mottled grounds in the making of designs.

Among the lesser known but interesting and often beautiful minerals that are found in this country and that lend themselves to purposes of ornamentation are the grass green hiddenite, the superior of emerald in vivacity; the duller green diopside, the utahlite, which is a rival of turquoise if it can be made to keep its color and texture; the zircon, of red and brown, and especially the tourmaline, which presents a wide range of color, from jet black to almost water white, and including pink, brown, blue and almost every shade of green.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lively Barometers.

It looked like rain, and naturally he had no umbrella. The car stopped on the far side of Girard avenue, and a young lady got in. She bowed and sat down beside the saunterer, who recognized in her a schoolteacher friend.

"What do you think of this beastly weather?" queried he disgruntedly. "Is it going to rain or isn't it?"

"I can't tell you today," answered the young lady, smiling an acceptance of whatever might come. "If it were a school day and you were willing to come to school with me, I could tell you in a very few minutes with absolute certainty. It'll sound funny to you, but it's true. I have noticed that you can always tell what the weather is going to do by the children. They're regular barometers. If there's going to be a storm, they get restless, and I have the hardest kind of work to control them, particularly the boys. The girls aren't so bad, but there seems to be some mysterious quality about approaching rain that always affects the former. I've got so now I don't blame them, because I don't believe they can help it. So, you see," she concluded, as she got at Chestnut street, "children have their uses after all."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Peculiar to Boiler Makers.

"I noticed a peculiarity about a certain class of men not long ago," remarked a life insurance agent, "the cause of which I can't explain. My business not long ago carried me into one of the large boiler making shops in Memphis, and amid the din of the riveting I tried to talk to one of the men. I raised my voice to the loudest pitch possible, but he was unable to hear me. Finally he said, 'Speak low and I can hear you.' I found he was right. But the evening of the same day I saw the man at his home and found that there, where there was no noise, he could not hear me at all when I spoke in a moderate tone. I had to raise my voice to a very high pitch in order to be understood.

"This was not only the case with this man, but I noticed the peculiarity in all of the other boiler makers I had any dealings with."—Memphis Scimitar.

Dan Rice's First Circus Tumble.

"Did you ever hear of the joke which got Dan Rice, the most famous of all the circus clowns, his first job under the canvas?" asked an old timer.

"No. What was it?"

"Dan, while still in his teens, applied to a circus manager for a position.

"'What salary do you want?' asked the manager.

"'Eight hundred dollars a night,' replied Dan.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' said the manager.

"'Well, speak quick,' returned Dan. 'I'm losing time.'

"'I'll give you $4 a week.'

"'All right,' said Dan. 'It's a go.'"—Atlanta Journal.

Strength of Insects.

If man were to emulate the common flea, a jump over the dome of St Paul's would be a trifle to him. If he were as strong as the common horn beetle, he would be able to pick up and carry away two railroad trucks, each loaded with five tons of coal. If he could build like the African termites, quite an ordinary house would overlook the top of Ben Nevis. If he could run as rapidly as one of the small hunting spiders, he could spring a quarter of a mile without trouble and run at the rate of 24 miles a minute!—London Standard.

Degrees of Respect.

"I see that the Atchison Globe says that a good breadmaker 'is more respected than a good whist player.'"

"But not more respected than a good poker player. Think of the dough he handles!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE GRAY SQUIRREL

HE IS THE QUICKEST WITTED OF ALL OF HIS TRIBE.

This Saucy Long Tail Knows Enough to Shun the Man Who Carries a Gun—The Peculiar Feeding Habits of the Squirrel Family.

If only conceit and contentiousness were ponderable, "Mr. Long Tail," as the negroes name the squirrel, would weigh as much as a calf. The three sorts of squirrels have this in common, they war with pretty nearly every sylvan thing and most of all with each other. The red, or fox, squirrel will not tolerate either the black or the gray fellows in his chosen haunts. The black squirrel in turn flouts the gray and drives him out, and the gray revenges himself by stealing the hoardings of his lowly brother, the ground squirrel.

The gray squirrel is far and away the quickest in wit of the three. At the opening of the shooting season young gray squirrels become gun shy and learn to dodge at the sight of armed hunters ever so much more quickly than the other sorts. They learn also to differentiate. While the sight of a man with a gun makes them whisk away around trees or lie crouched flat against a high branch, they will hop boldly out before one unarmed, chattering saucily and even coming within a yard or two for a nut or berry.

The squirrel family are epicures. Only the sharpest hunger will drive them to feed upon buds or young leaves. They will not store bitter acorns in the nest along with hickory nuts, chestnuts, chinquepins, sweet acorns and walnuts. Instead, they bury the bitter ones under a few inches of earth and leave them undisturbed until spring, when the acorns are ready to sprout. Then, by nature's alchemy, the bitter has become sweet, the starch in the cotyledons having turned to sugar and the astringent taste almost vanished. Science says we owe to the squirrel planters much the larger part of our oak forests, as well as some nutwoods.

Occasionally a squirrel ventures into a wild strawberry field. But it is only occasionally. His two chief enemies, the big blue hawk and the black snake, have too good a chance at him there. More commonly he saves his fruit tooth until mulberries are ripe, contenting himself meanwhile with sucking birds' eggs as fast as they are laid. He can plunder the nests only of small birds. Robins, catbirds, jays and thrushes fight him stoutly and often successfully. The jay, a fellow thief, makes the biggest outcry of all, after the manner of thieves, great or small. But when the finger long mulberries swell and grow black and full of rich juice there is a truce throughout the woods, especially those along the water side. Nobody needs to steal anything. Bird and beast find spread for them a riotous plenty.

A week after mulberries ripen young squirrels are in their prime. It is amazing what a different flavor the fruit puts into the flesh. For the whole summer, indeed, a tender squirrel is a tidbit. Mulberries last until the early corn is in the roasting ear, and before the late fields harden hazelnuts are in the milk. Ten active squirrels left undisturbed will make away with the best of an acre of corn. The furry marauder runs up the stalk, whips off the husk and gnaws the milky grains until he cannot hold another. A peculiarity is that he never returns to a half eaten ear, but pitches on a fresh one. Likewise, though he may snatch a nut from another squirrel and run off with it, he will never eat it if the first owner has gnawed through to the kernel.

It is a liberal education in dainty feeding to watch a squirrel rifling a hazel copse. The nuts grow in clusters at the very tips of slender stems. "Mr. Long Tail" runs down the stem as far as he dares, lies along it, reaches with his fore paws and catches the nut cluster. Still holding it fast, he backs a little, then sits upright, holding the green frilled cluster fast, and sinks his sharp teeth in one nut after another and sucks out the kernel. Then when he has eaten the very last he lets the hull fly back to place. It may have held a dozen young nuts, but he rarely misses one.

A failure of mast is sure to result in the migration of squirrels. All save the few saucy enough or bold enough to plunder corncribs set out about the same time, commonly about the 1st of October, in search of new feeding grounds. Often they travel hundreds of miles, crossing considerable rivers by the way. This is the more wonderful because commonly they have great fear of water. They swim well for a few yards, but beyond that the big bushy tail drags them down. In the migrating, old hunters say, they develop a faculty very close to reason. When a broad stream is reached, they run up and down it, hunting for bits of stick or bark small enough to be moved and light enough to float them over. Upon these improvised rafts they get safely across by taking pains to keep their tails out of water.—New York Sun.

More Than Enough.

Johnny arrived at school in the morning five minutes late. He explained that the clock at home was slow and that the street car had broken down with him on his way to school.

"Johnny," the teacher said, "either of those excuses would have been sufficient, but the two together make a suspicious superabundance. You will stay in this room after school hours and copy out a page of your reader."

The moral is that when you are late in keeping an engagement you should not come primed with too many excuses.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dorothys In England.

Do you realize how many children are named Dorothy? A children's hospital in London not long ago asked every child in England named Dorothy to contribute a shilling toward a bed to be called by that name. The result was enough money to found a dozen beds, showing that there are thousands and thousands of children named Dorothy living in England alone.—Atchison Globe.

Quite Free.

Pastor—I understand Brother Jorkins considered my sermon very free. Do you know on what ground?

Deacon—I have an idea. When the collection was taken up after it, he was asleep, and it passed him.—Philadelphia Press.

Stumped.

He—I can trace my ancestry back through nine generations.

She—What else can you do?

Then he blinked and looked at her as if he wondered where he was and how far he had dropped.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 1.

Text of the Lesson, Math. iv, 25, to v, 12—Memory Verses, 3-9—Golden Text, Math. v, 8—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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iv, 25, to v, 2. If Matthew has the order of events here—and it is probable that he has, though he does not always state events in the order of their occurrence—then the sermon on the mount was delivered while our Lord was making His first general circuit of Galilee and before the events which we have studied in the last two lessons. The great aim of the Holy Spirit in either of the gospels does not seem to be to set forth all the events of our Lord's life in their historical order, but rather to select and set forth the doings and sayings which best prove the point in hand. The aim in Matthew seems to be primarily to set forth the Lord Jesus as Son of David and Son of Abraham (i, 1) or the Messiah of Israel so long expected.

3. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." God's two dwelling places, heaven and the humble heart, are set forth in Isa. lvii, 15; lxvi, 2. And where God dwells there is a foretaste of the kingdom. The poor in spirit are not necessarily the same as "the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom" (Jas. ii, 5). They are the opposite of the proud, for "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble" (Jas. iv, 6). They are such as have the spirit of Him who became poor for our sakes (II Cor. viii, 9), and they only can truly say, "Hallowed be Thy name."

4. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." We must bear in mind that He is speaking to His disciples (verses 1, 2) in the hearing of the multitude. The whole teaching of the sermon is for the saved, not for the unsaved. He could not say to the unsaved: "Ye are the salt of the earth;" "ye are the light of the world" (verses 13, 14). Who, then, are these that mourn but the redeemed who know that when the kingdom comes the days of their mourning shall be ended (Isa. lx, 20; lxvi, 13; xl, 1, 2). And such truly and continually pray, "Thy kingdom come."

5. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." So said the Spirit through David. "The meek shall inherit the earth" (Ps. xxxvii, 11). This again is the spirit of the King, for He said: "I am meek and lowly in heart. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me" (Math. xi, 29). It is also written that "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price" (I Pet. iii, 4). The meek do not live unto themselves nor seek their own will, but delight in the will of God, and, knowing the blessedness of that will, they long and pray for the time when it shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven (vi, 10).

6. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Righteousness is essential to our entrance into the kingdom, for the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom (I Cor. vi, 9), but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4). He is made unto us righteousness (I Cor. i, 30; II Cor. v, 21). Then as we yield to Him He fulfills the righteousness of the law in us (Rom. viii, 4) and points us to the time when "A King shall reign in righteousness, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect (or service) of righteousness quietness and assurance forever" (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17). It is this hunger which enables us to pray from the heart, "Give us this day our daily bread," for we do not live by bread only, but by every word of God.

7. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The Lord is merciful and gracious (Ps. ciii, 8; Ex. xxxiv, 6; Deut. iv, 31). The true Christian life is Christ living in us (Gal. ii, 20; II Cor. iv, 11), and all these beatitudes are just different features of the Christ life, whether in Him or in us. It is written, "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful."

8. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart (Ps. xxiv, 3, 4). It is Christ Himself who is our purity, our holiness, our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption (I Cor. i, 30). We have nothing good except in Him, and only in Him do we see God. Some are continually seeing and imagining evil; some see God in Christ, and Christ in all things and have neither eyes nor heart for the evil.

9. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." It is nowhere said, Blessed are the peace breakers, but there are many such even among Christians, who either thoughtlessly or willfully are continually breaking the peace of some person or family. Do not look around to find such people, but ask, honestly, Is it I? Our Lord is the Prince of Peace. He made peace by the blood of His cross; He proclaimed peace (Isa. ix, 6; Col. i, 20; Eph. ii, 17). We are commissioned as His representatives to publish peace, the peace made by His blood to all creatures that all who will may have peace with God and enjoy the peace of God (Rom. v, 1; Phil. iv, 6, 7). The devil is the great author of confusion and of all that is not peaceful, therefore the peacemakers pray, "Deliver us from the evil one" (revised version).

10-12. Having glanced at the seven blesseds which are parallel, as we have seen, with the seven petitions in the prayer of chapter vi, 9-13, we now come to a double eighth for the persecuted and the suffering for Christ's sake. Such are taught that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed (Rom. viii, 18), and they find comfort in the conclusion of the prayer: "For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen." All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, for as the world hated Christ, so it will hate us if we are like Him (II Tim. iii, 12; John xv, 18-20). Paul prayed, "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings" (Phil. iii, 10), and every believer should be willing to help fill up the afflictions which are behind for His body's sake, which is the church (Col. i, 24). When reviled or persecuted or suffering from having evil things said about us falsely, however hard it may be to bear these things, the suffering one should say: I am a blessed person. I am a happy person to be thus privileged to have fellowship with my Lord. My reward is great in heaven. I will rejoice and be exceeding glad.

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES

A TRAINMAN'S CAUSTIC COMMENT ON RAILROAD RULES.

To Obey Them All, He Says, Means to Lose Time and Win a Discharge. To Break Them and Have an Accident Means a Discharge Also.

It is an interesting position that one finds when studying the relations that connect the railroad employee with the road itself with regard to the rules and regulations. It has a ring of "heads I win, and tails you lose" in favor of the road when it comes to deciding where the responsibility lies when an accident occurs. An old railroad employee, a member of a train crew, was conversing with the writer recently, and in going over it the situation might be better and more readily understood if he were to be rather closely quoted from his standpoint and in his language.

"On our line," he said, "we have many a good mile that composes the whole road, but I will confine my knowledge and experience of working under rules and regulations as standing between the general manager's office and the actual operation of trains. To follow every rule and regulation to the letter would make travel far safer than lying in bed, but it would be so slow and tedious to the passenger that the time made in the old days of stage lines would appear a 'flier's' time of these days.

"To make from even 30 miles per hour up to the 80 reached these days and to live up to everything pertaining to slow ups, grade crossings, saving of coal, oil and material, slow stops and starts, reduced speed over switches and turnouts and a hundred and one things to be remembered, would be the worst kind of folly if making time was a consideration.

"Take my run, 150 miles, which is on the card to be made in 4 hours and 52 minutes, not such a swift gait, to be sure, although in winter, with snow, ice and bad weather, it is some little kind of a job to get around on time. To live up to every ironclad rule, those in the book, on the card and various specials issued every day, you could not pull that run through in ten hours, and you might count yourself lucky if you went through upon that time.

"A trainhand has the choice of either making his time, for, if he is frequently late, he is either set back, suspended, fined or dismissed, or living up to every rule, and, if not found doing so in case of accident, being dismissed. Of course where no accidents occur the rules can be tampered with and the management be blessed with bandaged eyes, but let a mishap occur, and in order to protect themselves they jog out the thousand or two rules, and if you are found guilty you receive an early dismissal. So the trainhand takes his desperate chances by playing at luck, by using discretion in obeying his rule, as he keeps his position longer than he would through strictly carrying out every one and eventually being dismissed when the first salary day arrives.

"In one book of rules upon a large road appear nearly 500 regulations for the employee to familiarize himself with, or, as one of the general rules says: 'The head of each department must be conversant with the rules, supply copies of them to his subordinates, see that they are understood, enforce obedience to them. No one will be excused for the violation of any of them, even though not included in those applicable to his department. Ignorance is no excuse for neglect of duty.'

"Then follows a most remarkable clause or rule which reads, 'Every employee while on duty connected with the trains on any division of the road is under the authority and must conform to the orders of the superintendent of that division.' Now, if the employee has a certain order from the superintendent that conflicts with those of the book, the road has him double headed.

"To obey the superintendent and disobey the rule means discharge, as it distinctly states that 'no one will be excused for the violation of any of them,' while on the other hand 'he must conform to the orders of the superintendent,' so he is apt to become discharged either way, but the road stands unblamed in either case. Besides these 500 regulations there are numbers of rules, about 20 forms of train orders, 4 hand and lamp signals, 17 manner of using signals according to the train rules, besides nearly 100 special rules on time card.

"Then comes the changing occasionally of a rule or from day to day the time of some new rule. With this the employee must learn by heart the scheduled time of some 25 regular trains, not to mention as many specials. Is it a wonder not more accidents occur when one employee may be on duty 18 or 20 continuous hours and happens to forget just one of these things to be remembered?"—Portland (Me.) Argus.

Boiled Salt Meats.

The indigestible properties of boiled ham, corned beef and other salt meats may, according to Mrs. Parloa, the cooking expert, be eliminated if the meat is sufficiently boiled. The salt toughens the fibers, and it takes persistent boiling to overcome this. The time allowed for a ten pound piece is five hours, but as the pieces are apt to be thick rather than long one of half this weight would need about the same amount of time. The meat should be partly cooled in the water in which it is boiled.

Confirmed drunkards are shamed into reformation in many of the towns of the Argentine Republic by being compelled to sweep the streets for eight days each time they may be arrested for intoxication.

The Loggerhead's Name.

"The loggerhead turtle," said an old fisherman, "gets its name from the resemblance of its head and neck, under some circumstances, to the end of a log. You take a big turtle, one weighing, say, 600 or 800 pounds, at sea, with its body submerged and head and neck out of the water, and they look at a little distance just like the end of a log sticking up. Hence the name loggerhead."—New York Sun.

A Nice Girl.

Mabel—Why do you always buy two kinds of note paper?

Maud—Well, you see, when I write to Tom, I use red paper—that means love—and when I write to Jack I use blue paper—which means faithful and true.—Chicago News.

A college education spoils a fool, but it shows an intelligent young man how to acquire knowledge that may be useful to him.—New Orleans Picayune.

Some men have the reputation of being jolly good fellows, but that doesn't go with the paying teller of a bank.—Chicago News.

PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

Figments of Thought During Sleep Vanish In Waking Hours.

Mental phenomena have of late years been subjected to scientific investigation in what is known as modern physiological psychology, and an attempt has been made to bring them under the laws that apply to material things. Many curious connections between the mind and the body have been discovered, but dreams seem to resist analysis. It is impossible for an outsider to note the dreams of another person, and the dreamer's own report is apt to be very indefinite, for he cannot tell what he really dreamed, but only what he thinks he dreamed. We all have noticed how quickly a dream fades and is forgotten unless set down in writing promptly on waking.

A theory has been adduced which seems to connect the phenomena of dreaming with the gradual manner in which human consciousness has risen from the depths—from dead matter perhaps—in the long history of the race. It is that sleep submerges us sometimes as a flood might submerge a continent, covering up the lower part of our natures first and not blotting out our higher moral principles till the last, and thereby reversing the steps of the process through which man passed in his development from a lower state.

Thus the first power an animal acquires is the co-ordination of its muscles and its will, the power to make prompt, decisive movements of its limbs. This is a power acquired by children during the first year or two of their lives and is nearly the entire sum of the faculties of the lowest savage. In the state of sleep this power is lost first, for sleepwalking is entirely an unconscious action, the body acting as a machine not under control of the will. As the savage rises in the plane of life he acquires the rudimentary reasoning powers and becomes able to estimate roughly the relation of cause and effect. This logical power is the next faculty we lose as sleep rises from the depths over us.

Every one must have noticed that in dreams things happen at random. We find ourselves in strange places, and people appear and disappear on the scene in an absolutely lawless manner. While we are in this condition we are still capable of remorse if we do anything wrong, and we feel fear or joy. Our higher moral natures are still active. Now, the conscience and the establishment in the mind of a reasonable standard of ethics are the last things that grow up in the mind of man either in the race or in the individual. Savages have but the rudiments of either, and only the man in whom the conscience is developed can be called civilized. In the final stage sleep rises so high as to cover up our moral natures, the peaks of which had projected above the fog covering our logical powers. In this condition we kill our best friends in our dreams without the slightest hesitation and are troubled with no remorse, though we commit in imagination frightful and unnecessary crimes in a mood of placid indifference.

It is believed that the experience of every one as to the character of dreams, or, rather, of sleep, will confirm the reality of the above stages. Nearly all who have testified on the subject agree that in "sleep thinking" their logical powers disappear first and their moral natures afterward. If it be really so and sleep is a rehearsal backward of the great drama of human development, our nightly repose is a more serious matter than we thought it to be and ought not to be lightly entered into. If our dreams do dimly shadow the stages of life history of the race, it is only another proof of our common origin and our mysterious heredities.—Hartford Times.

Where Hypnotism Didn't Work.

"I think," said the careworn, sad eyed citizen to the professor of hypnotism, "ef you could manage to git Maria under the influence of them ere hypnotics an jest leave her so, we would git 'long all right atterward. I want you to sorter change the natur' of her—git her so that she'll reckernize my rights an be in subjection, as the Scripter commands. You kin do that—can't you?"

"I certainly can," said the professor.

But just then a woman who had been taking up tickets at the door came forward.

"Look here," she said to the professor, "what are you doing—jabbering with that feller, when there ain't enough tickets sold to pay the gas bill? Git on the outside this minute, an go to work, you lazy—trifling"—

"Air you his wife, ma'am?" meekly inquired the careworn citizen.

"Yes!" snapped the woman. "Have you got anything to say about it?"

"Nuthin at all, ma'am—nuthin at all! I wuz only jest waitin round here fer my own wife!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The English Drill Sergeant.

"Now, then, number seven," the corporal continues, "we'll make another start—that is, if you've quite finished feeling if your back hair happens to be on straight this morning. It's you I'm talking to—third man from the left of the front rank. I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, but I expect to be writing it down for an hour's extra duty pretty soon.

"Now, then, look to your front—squad, 'tchun, left dress! Turn your eyes to the left without squinting like Chinese dummies if you can. Stand up in the ranks, too, like soldiers, not like a measly row of lopsided, spindle shanked cockney shop boys! Stick your chests out and put your stummicks somewhere out of sight altogether. There's 'arf of you with figures like bags of potatoes. Strike me crimson if I ever saw such a mob! Hi, you in the center—the ginger headed man, I mean—don't grin like that! This ain't no perishing beauty competition, not by no manner of means."—"The Queen's Service," by H. Wyndham.

Humors of Organ Blowers.

An Irishman had been obtained at a pinch to blow an organ. The player was ready and the signal was given, but no wind came. The signal was repeated a second time, and again a third time, but still without result. The delay was becoming awkward, the congregation was getting uneasy. What was to be done? Choristers and organist now united in shouts of "Blow! blow! blow!" Not the slightest zephyr stirred within the wind chest.

At length the organist hastened to the blower's sanctum. And what a sight it was that met his eyes! Clinging with heels and hands to the long wooden handle of the bellows, there hung the son of Erin, his eyes starting from their sockets and his cheeks distended and crimson, blowing as if for dear life into the end of that long wooden handle!

The anecdote of the ex-sailor blower is not so funny, but it is in keeping. The old tar when he went to blow took off his boots and his coat and, if it were warm, nearly everything else, "for," said he in explanation, "I can 'old on better."—Longman's.